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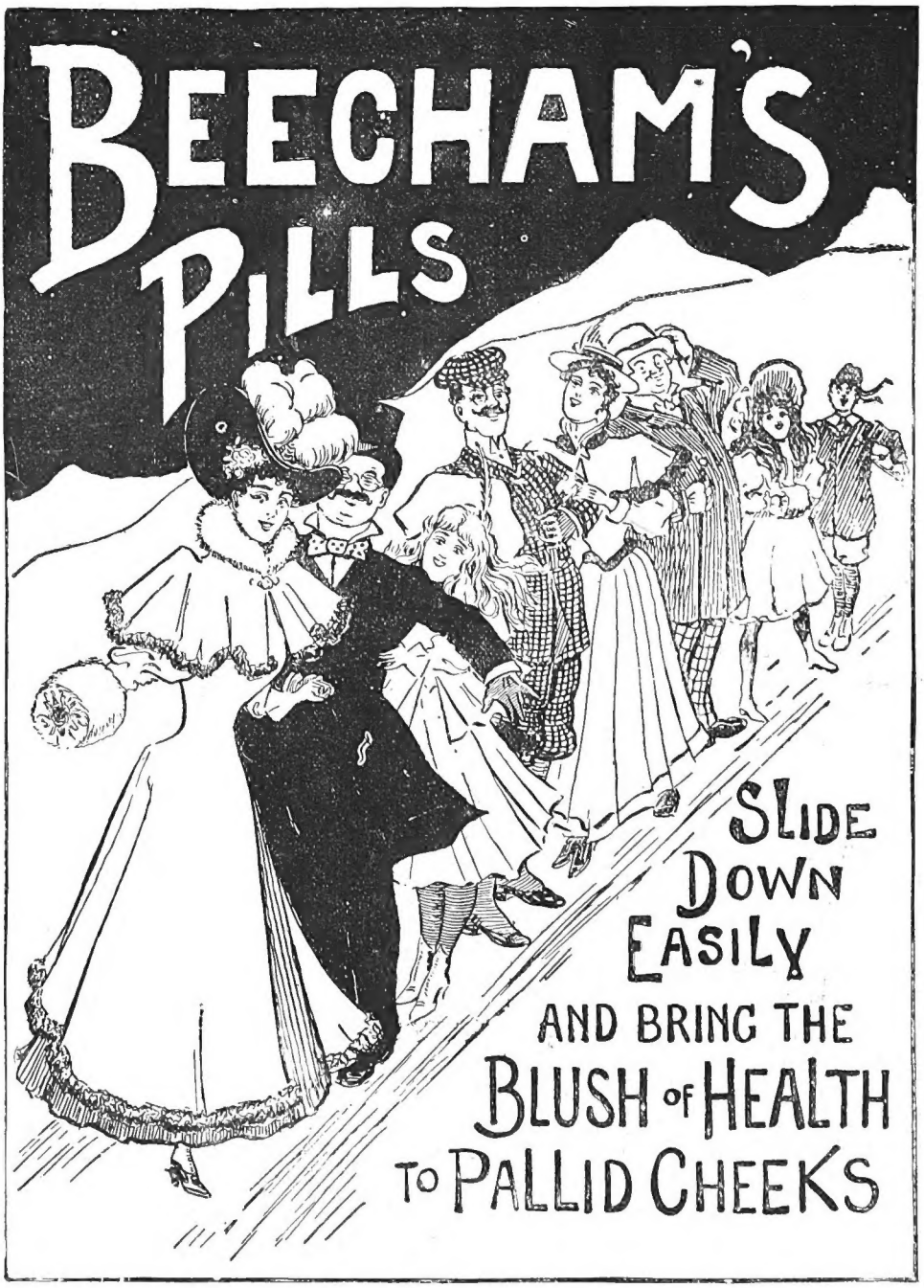
BEECHAM'S PILLS



SLIDE DOWN EASILY AND BRING THE BLUSH OF HEALTH TO PALLID CHEEKS

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TIME IS THIS LIFE'S RECKONER!

'Tell me what you LIKE, and I'll tell you what you ARE.'

Ruskin.

TEACH DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL; make ITS PRACTICE PLEASURABLE, and you create for the World A DESTINY MORE SUBLIME than EVER ISSUED from the brain of the WILDEST DREAMER. A SUNNY HOLIDAY—WISDOM, HEALTH, LONGEVITY, and PROSPERITY. WITHOUT these you have the GREATEST of ALL EVILS that can befall man, AN EARLY EXIT, which, like the brittle glass that measures time, is often broke, ere half its sands are run.

The Transvaal!!

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN FEVER-STRICKEN PARTS OF AFRICA.

LACK OF SANITATION IN JOHANNESBURG.

"*Lydenburg Camp, near Johannesburg, Transvaal.*

"I feel as in duty bound to write and compliment you upon the WONDERFUL EFFECTS of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in CLEARING the BODY of ALL FOUL SECRETIONS. I may add that for the last twelve years I have never been without it. I spent four years in New Orleans and the West Indies, and although people DIE there DAILY of FEVER, YET I ESCAPED, and I feel sure that it was owing to my KEEPING MY BLOOD COOL and my Stomach in order by the use of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I came to this country eight years ago and have lived in my capacity of GOLD PROSPECTOR in some of the MOST FEVER-STRICKEN parts of AFRICA. Just after the Jameson Raid I and five companions volunteered for service in Matabeleland. I, of course, took a good supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' with me. I may say that of my five friends, with the exception of one who was killed, the REST were ALL DOWN with FEVER whilst in the Fly Country. Never in my life have I felt better, although FEVER is VERY PREVALENT in JOHANNESBURG owing to LACK of SANITATION or any system of drainage. You are at liberty to make whatever use you wish of this letter or of my name.—Yours faithfully, 'TRUTH,' Nov. 16, 1896."

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED A SERIOUS ILLNESS. Its effect on a disordered or FEVERISH CONDITION is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

Caution.—*See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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TURKISH BATHS AT HOME.

With the **Century Thermal Improved** (Self-purifying, Folding) **Bath Cabinet** you can take Turkish, Vapor, and Medicated Baths at home, even better than in Turkish Bath Rooms. You save breathing hot air; save exposure to cold air afterward; save inconvenience, time and expense. The cost is three halfpence per bath. *The* **Century Cabinet** *is made of Hygienic Waterproof Cloth over a steel frame. Folds into 2 in. space. Weighs with Spirit Stove complete less than 20 lbs. Is set up,* **heated** *and ready for use in five minutes.*

FOR THE SICK A Turkish Bath brings tiny streams of impurities from five million pores at once. Sweats from the system all impure matter, giving robust health and strength, preventing and curing disease. Cures **Rheumatism**, a Hard Cold, and breaks up all symptoms of Fever with one bath. Immediate relief in cases of insomnia, blood, skin, nerve, kidney diseases, and Female complaints. **Reduces Surplus Flesh.**

FOR THE WELL The Turkish Bath aids one to keep well. It frees the system regularly from all waste and impurities. It keeps the mind and body up to the highest vigor. It rests the tired, quiets the nervous, and makes the sleepless sleep. It removes from the skin all that clogs and discolours it, clearing the complexion. It takes out of the skin more uncleanliness than a common bath washes off from it. Gives all the invigorating, cleansing, and purifying effects of the most luxurious medicated bath, and is a luxury that quickly becomes a habit.

LADIES should use the **Complexion Steamer.** It gives the face the same vapour treatment as the body. Clears the skin of pimples and blotches, leaving it clean and soft as velvet. Invaluable for the successful treatment of Catarrh & Asthma.

THE CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET

Is in every respect the best one on the market. We do not compare it with the worthless affairs, too bothersome to use. We guarantee that it is better than the best of the good ones. We sell on approval, to be returned at our expense if not as represented

OVER 200,000 SOLD DURING THE LAST YEAR.

PRICES of Cabinets, complete with heater, range from 25/- to 70/-

AGENTS WANTED, Both Sexes. **Large Commission. We Furnish Capital.**

FREE sample of goods and valuable book on "HEALTH & HYGIENE," with medical testimonials to all who write. Formula furnished for every description of medicated bath. **The L. T. CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET CO.,**

REGENT HOUSE (Just below Jay's), REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

THE HOPWOOD

DIRECT FROM THE MILL

CALICOES

TWILLS, LONGCLOTHS, SHEETINGS, &c.

SAVING 30 to 50 PER CENT.

PURITY GUARANTEED.

The "**QUEEN**" says:—

"They comprise about **100** different sorts of cloths at considerably lower prices than charged by retail dealers. These are in qualities to suit all purposes, from Unbleached Twill Sheetings to the Finest Twilled Longcloths, the yarns from which they are made being of a high-class. The Soft-finished Longcloths are admirable for Ladies' and Children's wear. The discount and other advantages allowed by this firm reduce these necessary materials to an almost nominal price."

FREE! Patterns and Price List post free on request. Patterns may be kept without charge. ALL PARCELS CARRIAGE PAID. NO AGENTS.

The HOPWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.

7, Princess Mills,

Heywood, MANCHESTER.

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"I'se Like Papa"
in one of his
PETTIGREW & STEPHENS beautiful WHITE SHIRTS

Fitted as they are with reversible cuffs

they last twice as long as ordinary shirts

The ECONOMIC ADVANTAGES of REVERSIBLE CUFFS.

Their economic advantages are apparent at a glance. By permitting the shirts to be worn twice with absolutely fresh cuffs each time they reduce the laundry bill by one half, and the shirts with less frequent washing wear twice as long. The invention has commended itself to hundreds of thousands of customers all over the world.

UNLAUNDRIED WHITE SHIRTS

Straight from the Needle to the Customer at Wholesale Prices.

IN THREE QUALITIES.

No. 1.—'THE DEFIANCE.' Pure Linen Cuffs and Fronts. With large single cuff, **2/6** each, **14/6** half-doz. post free.

No. 2.—'THE CONQUEROR.' Reversible Cuffs, to button back or front. **3/3** each, **18/9** half-doz. post free.

No. 3.—'THE CITY SHIRT.' Fit for a duke to wear. Reversible Cuffs, to button back or front. Free by post, **3/9** or **21/6** half-doz.; **City Broad-fronted Evening Shirts** with 1 stud-hole and large single Cuffs, same price. Colonial postage (except Rhodesia) 3/6 per ½-doz. extra. *When ordering mention size of Neckband & whether to button Back or Front.*

PETTIGREW & STEPHENS, Manufacturers, S Dept., 191, Sauchiehall St., GLASGOW.

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ENAMELINE

THE MODERN

STOVE POLISH

SAVES ELBOW GREASE

Allison's 'EGLINTON LEVER'

Price **30**/- *Post Free.*

A Solid Silver English Hall-marked Cased Lever, jewelled in six holes, compensation balance, equal in appearance and time-keeping to a £5 5s. Watch

GUARANTEED FOR TEN YEARS

Famed Silver

HUNTING WATCH.

Price **15**/- *Post Free.*

A really handsome and highly finished Watch with strong solid Sterling Silver Cases. First-class timekeeper, and **guaranteed for five years.** Sizes to suit Lady or Gentleman. Ladies' size beautifully engraved in new style.

ALLISON & CO., *Jewellers,*

197, EGLINTON STREET, GLASGOW.

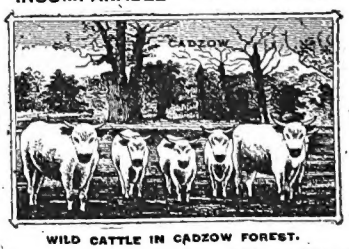
ESTAB. OVER HALF A CENTURY.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

KEITH'S PERFECT "CADZOW" (10 YEAR OLD) WHISKY

INCOMPARABLE

TRADE MARK



WILD CATTLE IN CADZOW FOREST.

THE LANCET says, June 17th, 1898:—"Thoroughly matured. Its character, in regard especially to taste and aroma, is quite consistent with the statement that this Whisky is kept in bond from ten to thirteen years."

GRANVILLE H. SHARP says:—"Possesses an especially fine aroma and flavour that is only obtainable by time."

43s. per doz. case, Carriage Paid. Sample Bottle, 4s., Carriage Paid.

Cash with Order or Reference.

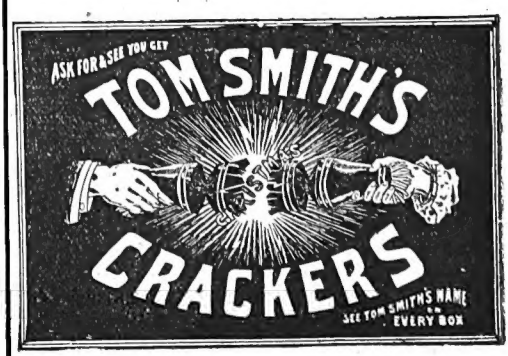
JAMES KEITH, HAMILTON, N.B.

SULPHOLINE

SHILLING BOTTLES **SKIN LOTION**

GIVES A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

clears off Pimples, Blotches, Spots, Roughness, all Disfigurements, and Cures Irritation. Develops a Clear, Smooth, Healthy Skin.



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Used by Her Majesty.

CEREBOS

This dainty and delicate

TABLE SALT

contains the strength-giving and constitution-building properties which are wanting in White Bread owing to the removal of the Bran.

It is therefore invaluable in the diet of children, mothers, and brain-workers. Used like common salt.

Sold by all Grocers.

HALL'S SANITARY WASHABLE DISTEMPER

(Patented.)

A NEW SANITARY WATER PAINT.

HAS GREAT ADVANTAGES, some of which are as follows—

That it Sets Hard, Kills Vermin, and Disinfects.
That it is Washable in three weeks, does not Scale, and can be Painted or Varnished.
It is made in Dark Rich Shades as well as in Light Tints, contains no Lead, and does not turn Black.
It is equally suitable for outside as well as inside application.
It only requires the addition of Water to make it ready for use, so that anybody can apply it.
It is cheaper, cleaner, and more artistic than wall-paper.

It is sold by leading Chemists, Drysalters, and Ironmongers, and manufactured by

SISSONS BROTHERS & Co., Ltd., HULL

from whom Samples, Shade Card, and other particulars can be obtained.

FOREIGN AGENTS WANTED.

Benger's Food

FOR INFANTS,
INVALIDS, & THE AGED.

Sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

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"Balmoral Castle,
"Scotland,
"25th Sept., 1896.

"Sirs,—Please forward to Balmoral Castle one dozen 2/6 Tins of BENGER'S FOOD for H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, addressed to Miss Coster. We have received the box ordered from Peterhoff.

"Yours truly,
"F. COSTER."

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Pleased

to see you

STILL SMOKE

OGDEN'S

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MEDICINES FOR DOMESTIC USE.

Indigestion, Flatulence, &c.

Bismuth, Pepsine & Chlorodyne Tablets.—The most effectual remedy for severe or long-standing cases of Indigestion, especially when attended with pain, flatulence, heartburn, acidity or spasms. This combination of medicines seems to be absolutely a specific for such cases, and affords almost instantaneous relief. They are also of service where there is flushing of the face, and general discomfort after eating.

The theory of the good effect of these Tablets is—
THE BISMUTH removes any gastric irritation and acidity.
THE PEPSINE completes the digestion of food not yet thoroughly acted upon by the gastric fluid.
THE CHLORODYNE allays all pain and discomfort.

A Physician reports—"In those frequent cases of Dyspepsia, where excessive acidity and flatulence, with pain and general discomfort, follow every meal, the immediate relief afforded by these Tablets is a genuine reality."

Bottles, 1/- and 2/6 each, post free.

Blood Purifier.

Sulphide of Calcium Tablets (Sugar-Coated).—Of the greatest service where eruptions of the skin, such as pimples, blotches, boils, &c., show an impure state of the blood. The skin quickly acquires the clear bright appearance which is an unerring certificate of good health. Medical Journals report long-standing cases of acne cured by the use of this medicine. It is remarkable also for its property of dispersing boils.—*Bottles 2/6 only, post free.*

Hæmorrhoids or Piles.

Cocaine and Bismuth Suppositories.—A wonderfully effectual remedy, giving instant and remarkable relief. The curative properties of these Suppositories are exerted on affected parts which ordinary applications, such as ointments, fail to reach.—*Boxes, 1/9; treble size, 4/6; post free.*

The presence of Piles indicates a congested condition of the Liver, and a gentle stimulus directed to that organ by means of Compound Cascara Tablets greatly hastens a cure.

Compound Cascara Tablets *are sold in 1/- and 2/6 (treble size) Bottles, post free.*

Nervous Exhaustion, &c.

Compound Hypophosphite Tablets (Sugar-Coated).—These Tablets are composed of the Hypophosphites of Potassium, Calcium, Manganese, &c., combined with Nux Vomica. They are recommended where a powerful restorative and vitalising medicine is required.

This combination of Tonics is essentially a *Brain and Nerve Food*, and is of infinite value in want of nerve power, lowness of spirits, whether brought on by too close an application to business, overstudy, weakness after influenza, bronchitis, poorness of blood, or other causes of nervous exhaustion.

Students, literary, professional and business men, who are habitually overworked, or periodically subject to mental strain, derive immense benefit from a course of these Tablets, as they supply the system with the necessary elements for making good the "wear and tear" incurred by the modern high-pressure mode of life. *Sold in 2/6 Bottles only, post free.*

For Coughs.—A Lung Tonic.

Senega and Glycerine Tablets.—A most effectual remedy, equally efficacious whether the cough is of a bronchial nature, following a cold, or a chronic winter cough. They quickly effect the removal of phlegm from the chest, and allay the tickling in the throat, which induces the frequent fits of coughing. This preparation is undoubtedly the most certain and speedy cough remedy known.—*Sold only in Boxes, 1/1½ and 2/-, post free.*

Sleeplessness, Headache.

Tri-Bromide Tablets.—Produce a tranquil state of the nervous system, and thus induce healthy and refreshing sleep, most noticeable where overwork, grief, or worry causes broken rest.

They are a remedy for headache and for nervous irritability, and may be taken at any time for this purpose.—*Bottles 1/-; treble size, 2/6.*

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(Your address on a post card will do.)

This List contains full particulars of all domestic medicines, and proper treatment for Asthma, Piles, Rheumatism, Gout, Constipation, Anæmia, Colds, Coughs, Throat Affections, Neuralgia, Diarrhœa, Sleeplessness, Nervous Breakdown, and other Common Ailments.

KILBY PEARS'
BISMUTH, PEPSINE, and CHLORODYNE
TABLETS
For the Immediate Relief of INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, FLATULENCE & SPASMS.
Full directions on bottle.
16, WESTERN ROAD, Hove, Brighton.

It is particularly requested that all Orders, however small, be sent direct to the Manufacturers:

KILBY PEARS & SON,

Manufacturing Chemists,

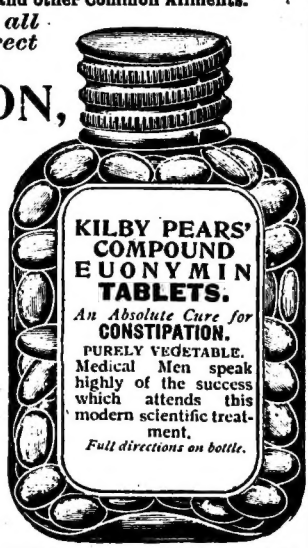
16, Western Rd., HOVE, BRIGHTON.

By this system Customers ensure receiving the goods in faultless condition by return of post.

All Packages are sent secure from observation.

POSTAGE FREE.

COLONIAL ORDERS above Ten Shillings in amount also sent post free.



Sold in 1/- & 2/6 Bottles, post free. **Sold in 1/- & 2/6 Bottles, post free.**

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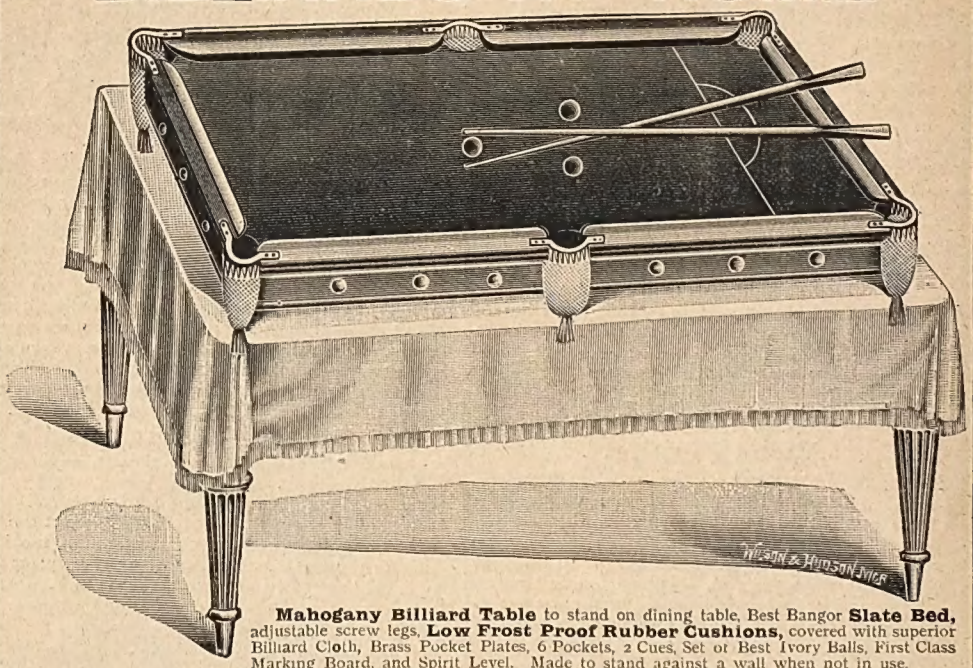
BILLIARDS AT HOME.



Mahogany Billiard Table to stand on dining table, Best Bangor **Slate Bed,** adjustable screw legs, **Low Frost Proof Rubber Cushions,** covered with superior Billiard Cloth, Brass Pocket Plates, 6 Pockets, 2 Cues, Set of Best Ivory Balls, First Class Marking Board, and Spirit Level. Made to stand against a wall when not in use.

Money returned if not perfectly satisfactory. **Catalogue Free.**

PRICES:

3 ft. 4 in. by 1 ft. 10 in., for Room 11 feet or above, **£3 10**s.
4 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 4 in., for Room 12 feet or above, **£4 10**s.
5 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 10 in., for Room 13 feet or above, **£5 10**s.
6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in., for Room 14 feet or above, **£6 15**s.
7 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 10 in., for Room 15 feet long ... **£9 0**s.

In OAK or WALNUT, **10** per cent. extra.

FULL SIZE BILLIARD TABLES, 50 to 250 Guineas.

The Largest Show Rooms out of London. *Old Tables converted to New Fast Low Frost Proof Cushions.*

E. J. RILEY LIMITED, Accrington, England.

COX'S
SPARKLING
GELATINE

A GREAT MANY DELICIOUS DISHES for the FESTIVE SEASON

Can be prepared with this Pure and Wholesome BRITISH production.

CLEAR CRYSTALLINE JELLIES,
DELICIOUS BLANC-MANGES, CREAMS & PUDDINGS, DELICATE SAVOURIES & INVALID DISHES

A large RECIPE BOOK will be sent to any address on receipt of penny stamp to defray postage.

J. & G. COX, Ltd. *(of Edinburgh),* **Eastcheap Buildings, LONDON, E.C.**

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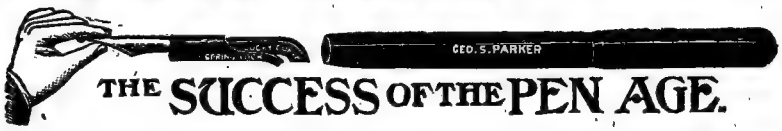
THE PARKER

JOINTLESS Lucky Curve

FOUNTAIN PEN FREE



THE SUCCESS OF THE PEN AGE.

NO JOINTS TO LEAK.
NO SCREW TO BREAK.
NO OLD-FASHIONED NOZZLE.
PERFECTION.

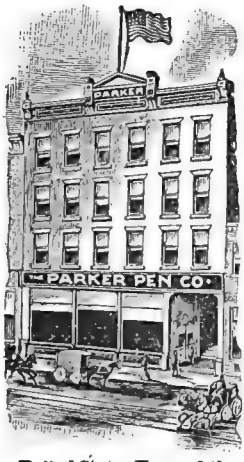
The Greatest Improvement ever made in Fountain Pen Construction.

Costs no more than the old-fashioned, joint-leaking, screw-breaking kind. To make a luxury of writing, use a **JOINTLESS LUCKY CURVE.** It is warranted perfect by us, and also warranted, recommended and sold by more than 6,000 dealers in all parts of the world. If the dealer of whom you inquire does not keep them, and urges you to buy "a just as good," don't buy. Insist on having the Parker Pen with the Lucky Curve.

To those who have never owned a Fountain Pen, the "Parker" is a *delight*; to those who have tried others it is perfection. First right in principle, then skilfully made to avoid the weak points found in other makes, Parker Pens seem to "go alone," so smooth and easy is the movement. When you buy an up-to-date "Parker" Lucky Curve JOINTLESS, you have the world's greatest Fountain Pen.

Investigate.—Our interesting little Booklet, giving full particulars, awaits your request. Sent FREE.

This being our First Advertisement in Great Britain, we have determined to make it memorable by giving everyone answering this advertisement a guarantee entitling them, on complying with same, to one of our best 14-carat Gold 020 JOINTLESS Fountain Pens Free.



United States Home of the Lucky Curve.

Order to-day as this offer may not be repeated.

SUPPLIED ONLY with the very finest 14-carat

GOLD

Nibs to suit all writers, and finished in almost any style of point—fine, medium, coarse, or J. When ordering by post send nib generally used.

REGULAR PRICES to those not taking advantage of this Inaugural Offer.

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No. 025..	17/-
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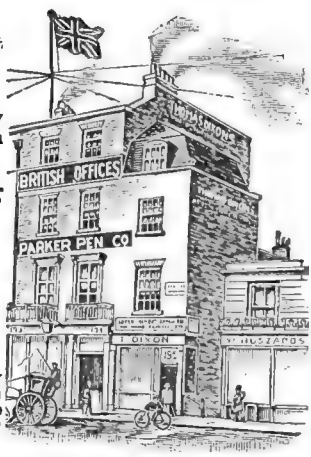
Also the PARKER Physician's Clinical Thermometer Lucky Curve **Fountain Pen**. Accompanying each is a certified certificate that it has been corrected to the Yale Observatory Standard, which is known by all Physicians to be correct.



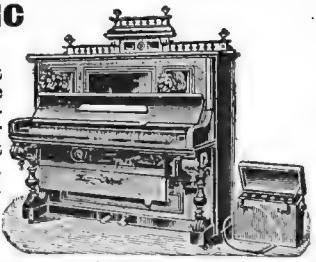
British Home of the Lucky Curve.

Of all Dealers. If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining Parker Pens apply to the British Offices—

THE PARKER PEN CO. (Largest Manufacturers of Fountain Pens in the World) **195, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.**

ELECTRIC PIANO.

The greatest marvel of the age. Plays unlimited number of tunes in most brilliant style. Can be played by hand, handle, and by electricity.



EXCELSIOR POLYPHON.

Plays thousands of tunes, unrivalled in grandness of tone. A splendid Xmas Gift to everyone and an everlasting pleasure at home and places of resort.

Illustrated Catalogue of every description of musical instrument—Polyphons, Symphonions, Gramaphones, Phonographs, Mechanical Singing Birds, Automatic Machines, &c., and Mechanical Advertising Novelties, post free on request.

GUILDMAN & CO., 7, Sugar Lane, MANCHESTER.

MARTIN-SILENT SADDLES.

1900 Patterns now ready. Send for price lists. Of all Agents or direct. One quality—each Saddle perfect. A combination of skill and high-class materials.

LADIES' 105.

"Your 105 Expanding Saddle is the most comfortable I have ever ridden."

"I have ridden your 070 Racing Saddle thousands of miles and am delighted with it." "I have won 11 first and 17 second and third prizes on your 070 Racing Saddle."

A lady writes: "I send my saddle to be repaired. Don't mislay it, as money will not buy another: I call it my easy chair.

MAKERS OF THE CELEBRATED MARTIN'S GOLF BAGS.

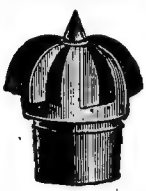
Always neat and tidy.

MARTIN-SILENT TOOL BAGS.

One Piece of Leather. No stitching. One strap opens the Bag.

MARTINS-BIRMINGHAM, LTD.

Martin's Silent Pump Carrier will not scratch the enamel. 6d. pair.



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BY USING THE WORLD-RENOWNED

'Acme' Revolving Smoke-Curer.

An instant and permanent cure. The largest sale in the world. Over **90,000** in use. Delivered, carriage paid, to any address in the United Kingdom on receipt of Postal Order for **12/6.** Printed directions sent with each. Any person can fix it. State inside diameter of chimney-pot. Particulars and Testimonials on application to Sole Maker—

JOHN COCHRANE, 44, KIRKGATE, LEITH, N.B.

STUDY YOUR HEALTH

by using only The Finest Confections.

HART'S TOFFY

Has a reputation of over 80 years, and is altogether different from the multitude of soft, sweet, sticky productions which so extensively flood the market. Its distinguishing features are

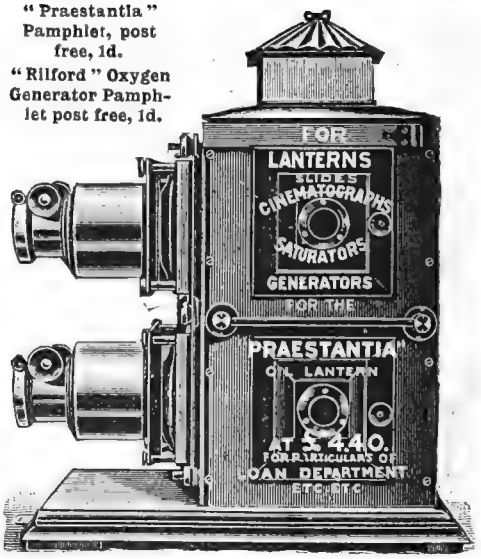
PURITY & DELICIOUS FLAVOUR

Highly recommended by the Medical profession. Post free, 1 lb. tins, **1/3**; 2 for **2/4**; 6 for **6/-**; direct from the Sole Manufacturers—

JAMES HART & SON, A Department,
Pharmaceutical Chemists, **Bolton, LANCS.**

"Praestantia" Pamphlet, post free, 1d.

"Rilford" Oxygen Generator Pamphlet post free, 1d.



Catalogues, post free, 6d.
Hire Lists, gratis and post free.
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Apply to—

RILEY BROS., LTD.,

55 & 57, GODWIN STREET, BRADFORD.

Drum in position.

DEAFNESS

and Head Noises relieved by using
WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR DRUMS.

A new scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are safe, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment.

Write for Pamphlet. Mention this Magazine.

WILSON EAR-DRUM CO.
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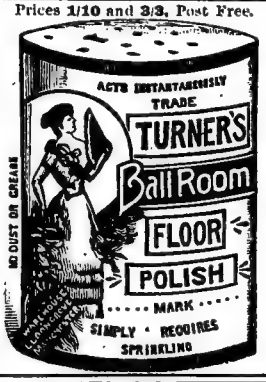

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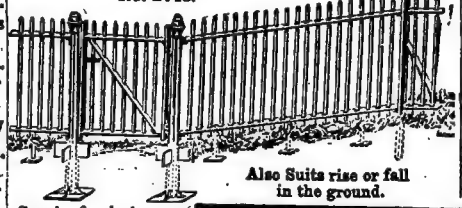

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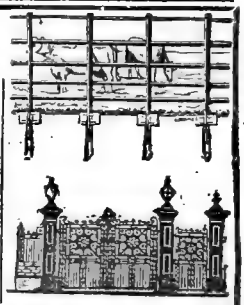

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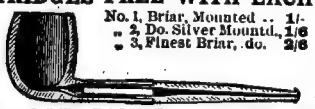

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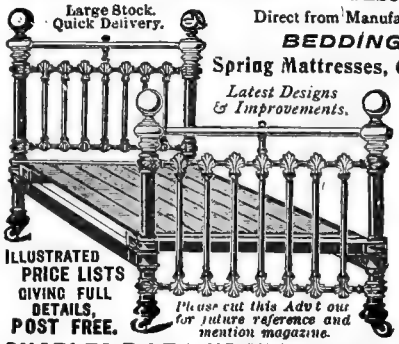

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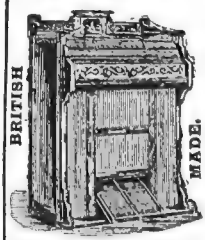

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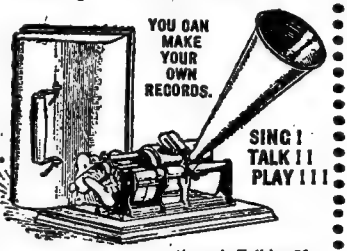

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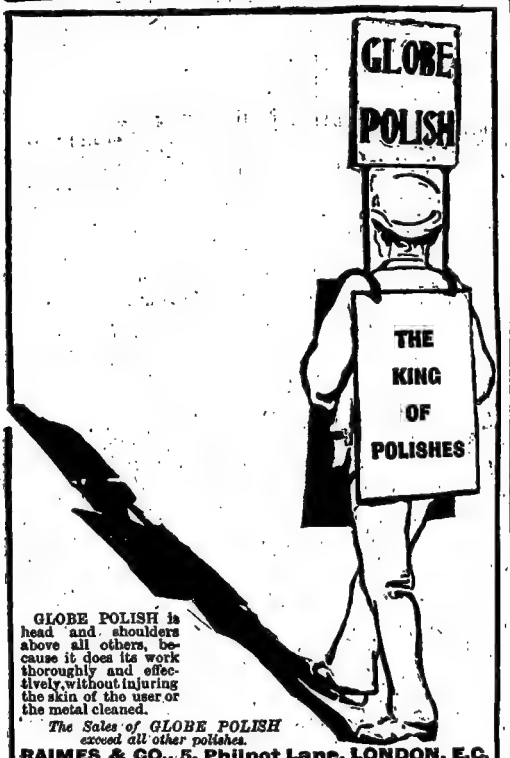

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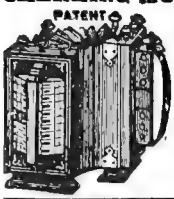

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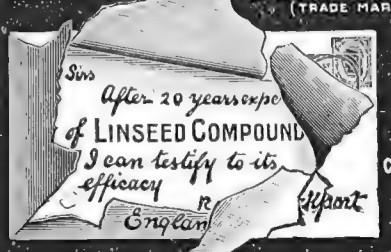

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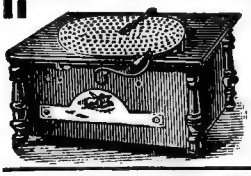
Our **Breakfast Service,** also in **Queen Ware White China,** is exceptional value. It consists of 6 breakfast bowls and saucers, 6 breakfast-plates, 2 bread and butter plates, 6 egg cups, 1 slop bowl, 1 sugar bowl, and 1 milk jug, in all 29 *pieces*: for **8/6**. Carefully packed; package free.

Send 8/6 for Sample Service to-day.

100 pieces of **Queen Ware White China** for a Guinea. SAMPLE Cup and Saucer post free for 9 stamps. FREE! Every housewife who studies economy should send for our Catalogue.

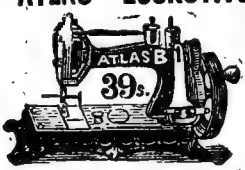
STEPHEN PEARCE, 18, PAYNTER ST., FENTON, STAFFORDSHIRE.

HAND ORGANS, FROM 20s.



Made in 3 sizes, in Ebony and Gold Case. Full organ tone. Plays all Songs, Hymns, or Dance Music. If desired, sent on receipt of P.O. 5s. Write for Terms to pay 5s. Monthly. List of Tunes and Prices. ATLAS CO., 184R, High St., Camden Town; 63, Seven Sisters Road; 14, High Road, Kilburn.

"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39s.



Equal in size and quality to any machine. Works by hand or treadle. Four years' guarantee.

To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid 5s. MONTHLY. Write for designs and samples of work—**The Atlas Sewing Machine Co.,** 184R, High St., Camden Town London; or 63, Seven Sisters Rd.; and 14, High Rd., Kilburn. Mention this Magazine.

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Curls the hair naturally in a few days. The hair will always remain curly. Note.—Crimpoline curls the hair permanently. No tongs needed. Other curling fluids **only** keep the hair in curl. Crimpoline is not greasy or sticky. See that you get Crimpoline. Have no other, or you will be disappointed.

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From the first dose of **OZERINE** fits cease. It has cured PERMANENTLY the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price **4.6** and **11/-**, post free. Thousands of Testimonials. **Send for a Free Sample Bottle** and Test it. **Write to Dept. B., W. NICHOLL, *Pharmaceutical Chemist*, 25 HIGH ST., BELFAST.**

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RITCHIE'S MUSICAL INDICATOR

enables anyone entirely ignorant of Music to play the Piano, Organ, or Harmonium beautifully by ear, and to vamp to songs in all keys IN ONE WEEK. **104,000** sold, and every customer delighted. Post Free, **1/8.**

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It SOFTENS and IMPROVES the HANDS, FACE and SKIN.

30 Years' World-wide Use.

Sold by Chemists and Stores in metallic tubes, **6d.** and **1s.** Sample post free, **6** or **12** Stamps, from OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN, Perfumers to the Queen, 19, Golden Square, Regent Street, London.

N.B.—Beware of spurious Imitations.

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PHOSFERINE

THE ROYAL TONIC AND DIGESTIVE.

Supplied by Command to

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Dr. GILBERT SUTHERLAND writes:—"Phosferine is a distinct improvement upon any preparation of a similar character, and scientifically perfect It is a capital tonic and nerve invigorator, soothing and perfect in its action, and perfectly harmless."

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FREE PARTICULARS

of my Special Cure, which is not of a TRANSIENT, BUT A TRACEABLE LASTING EFFECT, not only combating single symptoms, but removing the causes of those diseases. Therefore a **PERMANENT CURE** is assured. I HAVE TRIED THE TREATMENT ON MYSELF, and have practised it for 18 years on many thousands of Special Cases, with the very best results; and **many Medical Men and many Clergymen** have acknowledged to me that my cure is a successful one. Officially confirmed letters of thanks testify to surprising success by patients who have **suffered for 30 years** and more, though in advanced years—say, 70 to 80. Many are cured after having been

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No interference with daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and mention if you suffer from Cold Feet.

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We are pleased to be able to announce that we have lately added to our establishment a Hydropathic, at Burgess Hill, for the treatment of Asthma and like diseases. Wynnstay is beautifully situated and luxuriously furnished. Patients speak highly of the attention bestowed upon them, and the beneficial results of the treatment. Full particulars and terms on application.

ASTHMA (Five Years' Standing) CURED.

(When Mr. Bailey applied for the Treatment he described his symptoms as follows: Habitual Shortness of Breath, Asthmatic symptoms principally showed first thing in the morning, attacks occasionally serious, suffocating cough, phlegm coming away with difficulty, sleepless nights when attack's about, perspired when attack's on; had suffered from Bronchitis, suffered five years from Asthma). After the Treatment he writes:—Dear Sir,—Let me congratulate you on your splendid success in bringing me back to perfect health. Before following your Treatment I was always troubled with the Chest, Shortness of Breath, &c., but since, through your aid, I am enjoying the best of health and I hope others suffering from the same complaint will have the same good fortune and be shown the right way to health. Thanking you for what you have done for me,—I remain, Yours sincerely, W. BAILEY, Crewe. (Full address on application.)

Mr. WEIDHAAS is prepared to pay

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to any Charitable Institution if the above are not genuine extracts from letters of patients. The originals may be seen at his Institute by any bona-fide inquirers.

CURABLE

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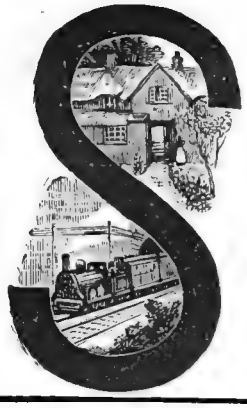
LADIES AT HOME OR ON TOUR.



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NEEDHAM'S METAL POLISHING PASTE

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Of all Druggists, 2/, or in plain sealed case post free 2/2. —HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London, E.C.

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SEND NO MONEY.

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GL**G*W.
B*LF**T.

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MAY, CARLAND & Co. (Dpt. 116), 15, Mortimer St., London, W.

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Immediate relief in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough is gained by the use of

POTTER'S DATURA ASTHMA CURE.

Sold by all Chemists and Herbalists in Tins at 1/- each. Free Samples sent on receipt of Post Card to POTTER & CLARKE, Wholesale Druggists, London, E.

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Second Prize—A MOTOR CYCLE, or £50 Cash.
Third Prize—An A. B. TANDEM, or £25 Cash.
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ONLY OPEN TO PRIZE WINNERS IN COMPETITION SET BELOW.

WHAT TO DO.—Make up the best sentence you can out of eleven words, each word commencing with a letter of "TESTIMONIAL" in proper order. Thus, for example, "**T**estimonials **E**verlastingly **S**eem **T**o **I**ncrease **M**aking **O**ur **N**ame **I**mperial **A**mongst **L**adies." Enclose Two Penny stamps for postage of result, with Catalogue, Testimonials, &c.

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TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE—COMPETITION IS NOW OPEN, AND CLOSES MONDAY, JANUARY 15TH, 1900.

Enclose Two Penny stamps for postage Result of Competition. As so few are able to call and inspect the machines, WE GUARANTEE TO REFUND THE FULL AMOUNT paid for a Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, or for one of our Consolation Prizes IF THE OWNER IS NOT PERFECTLY SATISFIED with it on arrival. We cannot give any money or other prizes in lieu of cycles, and consequently cannot enter into any discussion relating thereto. One solution only allowed to each competitor. Disregard of this regulation renders any prize liable to forfeiture. Prizes may be increased if success warrants it. Results will be declared as soon as possible. Prizes unclaimed in a week or ten days are forfeited.

£100 IF you can purchase our cheapest machine, brand new, from us, or if any agent or dealer can buy one from us for less than Fifteen Sovereigns, we will promptly hand you a Hundred Pound Bank of England Note.

SEND YOUR REPLY TO THE MANAGING DIRECTOR, MARKING ENVELOPE "ROYAL."

A. B. CYCLE COMPANY, LTD., 59, 60, 67, 68, & 69, Chancery Lane, Holborn. W.C.

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Much money is saved by our Dry-Cleaning System. The same article can be frequently cleaned, each time being restored to its original appearance without detriment to the fabric.

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Don't cast the suit off simply because it is soiled. Send it to us and we will return it equal to new. All orders returned, carriage paid, in a few days. Write for Price and Colour List.

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One Complete Dinner Service for 6 persons, beautifully printed on Semi-Porcelain body. One Complete Tea Service for 6 persons, pure white Semi-Porcelain, finished in fine gold; One Complete Breakfast Service for 6 persons, in pure white Semi-Porcelain.

This is undeniably the most remarkable value ever offered for **21/-**. *Money returned if not perfectly satisfactory. Just the thing for a nice Wedding or 'Xmas Present.* **Packed Free.**

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Will be delighted with the light and dainty tea-scones and cakes, the delicious, wholly digestible pastry and bread which you can make with the least possible trouble by adding a small quantity of BROWN & POLSON'S Paisley Flour to ordinary flour when baking, without using any barm, yeast, or baking powder. Baking with it is easy and rapid; indeed, it has been well said that it makes home-baking a pleasure; there are no disappointing results.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

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5 GOLD MEDALS

FOR MAKING DELICIOUS BREAD, CAKES, PUDDINGS & PASTRY

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ALL WHO DESIRE TO HAVE

SOFT, VELVETY SKIN,

CAN OBTAIN IT

BY USING

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It Removes and Prevents all

ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, TAN, IRRITATION, &c.,

and keeps THE SKIN **SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE** at all Seasons.

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first two half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes of the first and second six months are also ready, price 3/6 each; post free, 4/-.

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This delicious Caramel Sweetmeat is made from the finest Pure Rich Milk and other choice ingredients, and is therefore most nourishing and sustaining. It has a rich and delicate flavour, and is absolutely pure.

Sold everywhere, **1d., 3d. & 6d.**

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OF ALL CONFECTIONERS AND GROCERS.

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MILK-CHOCOLATE

NO IMITATION HAS THE CHARM AND DELICACY OF PETER'S

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Modern cookery is the most useful and important of the domestic arts, and, since the advent of Bovril as a culinary necessity, has made rapid strides in mansion and cottage alike. What can be achieved with a bottle of Bovril is well-known to those who have succeeded in coupling high-class cookery with strict economy.

BOVRIL

Begin the Century with it.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

by misleading statements that other makes are *just as good* and *more economical* than FRY'S PURE COCOA, which being HIGHLY CONCENTRATED is the CHEAPEST in the end. It has been pronounced by the HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES to be the "STRONGEST AND BEST COCOA that can possibly be produced." See that you get FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA, and refuse substitutes which are so often pushed for the sake of extra profit.

Fry's

PURE CONCENTRATED

Cocoa.

"No Better Food."—*Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.*

275 GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS.

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THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

Modern Progress. This is a marvellous world—I mean with respect to the wonderful discoveries each month brings us. There is nothing new under the sun it is said. I am not perfectly sure of the truth of this, but I am quite certain also that ten years hence we shall be able to do mechanically, all manner of extraordinary things that we cannot do now. In photography more especially is this true, for each year brings with it some improvement, and not infrequently it is something which, if it is not new, is extremely like new.

Colour Photography. To photograph in colours is of course not a new idea. As a matter of fact it is pretty well half-a-century old, for it is now nearly fifty years since the first attempt was made to obtain photographs in natural colours. During this time many processes have been advanced, some possible in theory only, others flagrant frauds.

Apart, however, from all such miserable shams, two or three methods have been discovered whereby genuine and even brilliant results have been obtained. But at what a cost!

Apparatuses of the most delicate description, and skill of the highest order were necessary, in fact only experimental experts could hope to obtain any result at all.

A New Apparatus. I am not at all sure but what a new era has dawned with respect to colour photography. By this I mean that in the first place the process will not be too costly, and in the second it will not be too intricate for an amateur of average intelligence.

The results are curious and beautiful. Of course they do not amount to putting a plate in a camera, pressing a button, and then developing and printing and finding a lovely coloured picture before you. I daresay someone will one day or another enable us to do even this.

But meanwhile we must be thankful for small mercies, and remembering this, I fancy that the "Kromaz," as the new apparatus is somewhat mystically named, may be a source of considerable amusement to some of my readers.

Photo by C. F. Inston.

Caught Napping.

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Eugene Lee Ferguson.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

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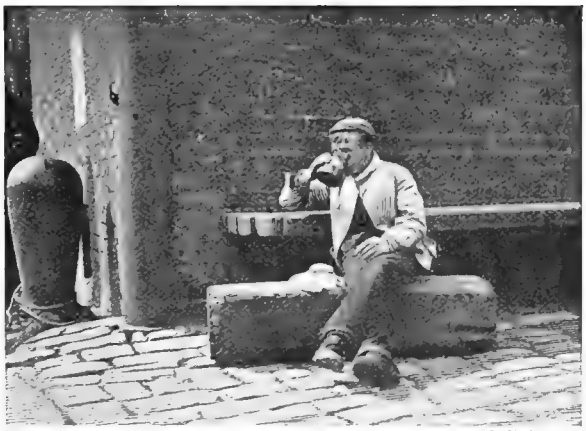

Photo by C. F. Inston.

Taking his Lunch.

The Kromaz. It is not difficult to understand the principles upon which the Kromaz works, but it is necessary to go to the root of the matter. I don't want to be too technical, but the explanation is distinctly interesting.

According to accredited theory, light is simply the sensation by which we recognise, or become aware of, the existence of certain waves in the ether. Ether is the infinitely rare and imponderable medium which science has found it necessary to assume pervades all space. Now these waves are not all alike, so that in looking at a piece of white paper the eye receives waves of many lengths. If the paper be coated with a substance that will absorb some or any of the waves of a particular length, say a wash of yellow paint, the eye immediately sees not white but colour.

The Meaning of Colour.

It therefore comes to this, that when we are conscious of perceiving colour, it is merely our way of noting the absence of some portion of the waves that go to make up ordinary daylight. Now, it is found that the three colours called "primaries"—namely, red, green, and blue-violet—mixed together form white light, and, further, that any colour can be exactly matched by the admixture of some or all of these three.

Photo by L. C. Keighley-Peach.

Will He Never Come?

From this fact it may be assumed, for convenience, that the eye possesses three nerves, each one of which responds to one of the primary colours. When we see white or colourless light, it therefore follows that the three are being agitated together. When one, or perhaps two, have ceased to be influenced, we see colour. The problem that the inventor of the Kromaz set himself was, therefore, to split up the waves, as it were, that convey a picture of many colours.

The Apparatus. To this end, one part of the Kromaz consists of three light filters of coloured glass. These filters are fixed side by side in a frame that fits over the dark slide, so that when the shutter is drawn the image from the lens has to pass through one of the filters before it can reach the sensitive plate. In short, the filters are designed to act towards the

Photo by W. Farwell.

The Wives of Fisher-folk.

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Photo by S. Jacobsson.

The Child's Prayer.

sensitive plate in the same way as the nerves of the eye act towards the brain. They discriminate between the waves of different lengths. Theoretically, as we see, three of these filters are necessary, but, as the stereoscopic effect is desirable in order to obtain the fullest degree of realism in the results, one of them—the green—is doubled. Thus four images are recorded upon the plate.

They are taken two at a time in stereoscopic pairs, but the necessity for a double-lens camera is obviated by the use of the Kromaz mirrors, a simple attachment that throws two separate images of the subject through one lense.

The records of the red and the blue sensation are secured simultaneously by the first exposure, and constitute one stereoscopic pair, whilst a second exposure on the other half of the plate gives a stereoscopic pair due to the green sensation. These two pairs of images together constitute the Kromaz colour record. They are all obtained upon a single dry plate of the size known as half-plate, which, after the exposures have been made, is developed in the usual way.

The Result. From the four-fold negative a positive, or transparency, is taken, and this, on being placed in the Kromaz stereoscope, yields a brilliant reproduction in natural colours of the original subject. It is unnecessary for me to enter into minute details as to how this is accomplished. It is sufficient for me to say that the Kromaz breaks up the light of day into its three primary colours, and projects these through the colour record, each passing through its proper portion. The finished picture, as viewed through the lenses, consists of these images of coloured light thrown together. Of course, a mere description of the instrument cannot give any very adequate idea of its achievements. Mr. Barnard, of Potters Bar, Middlesex, is the inventor.

Photography in War. The fact that the War Authorities have considerable belief in the possibilities of the camera in time of war, was proved during the preparations at the outset of the Transvaal trouble.

One of the most important features of the equipment of a modern army is the captive balloon. It serves two purposes, I believe, the one for dropping explosives, the other as a point of look-out. The pressure of the wind in one direction and the upward tendency of the balloon combine to hold it stationary at one point.

From such a height a wonderfully fine view of the surrounding country can be obtained. This view is photographed, and

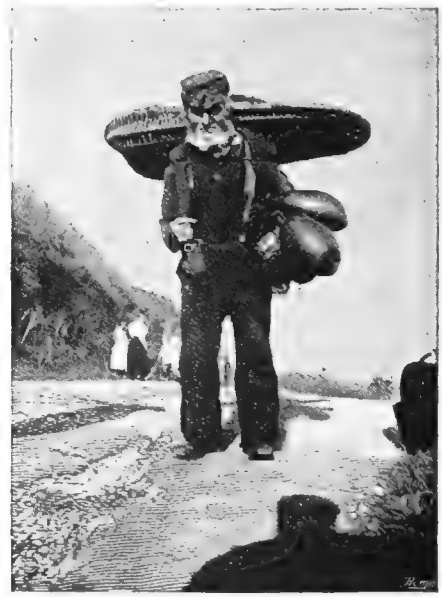

Photo by W. Farwell.

At Eventide.

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Photo by Lallie Garet Charles.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

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Photo by W. & D. Downey.

"Sweetness and Light."

photographed in such a way that the whole of the horizon is included.

The picture thus obtained is, when finally developed and printed, laid before the general in command, who has a better idea of the nature of the country and of what is taking place than can possibly be given him by any amount of verbal description.

Telephotography. It must often have struck you that to photograph through a telescope would be a very useful

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thing. With any ordinary camera, no matter how costly or excellent, objects at a great distance are impossibly minute.

The possibility of photographing through a telescope has not only been proved—that was scarcely necessary—but the apparatus can be made for a reasonable sum. Moreover, the telephotographic lens can be constructed so as to fit an ordinary camera.

This lens is the ordinary simple opera-glass arrangement of a magnifying lens and a concave lens for getting the rays. There is, of course, a rack adjustment for focusing both with respect to the distance between the lenses and the distance between the inner lens of the plate.

The results of such a camera are simply delightful for objects impossible to photograph under ordinary circumstances. Pieces of lovely architecture on great buildings such as cathedrals, are easily taken. Also photographs of lofty mountains. Strangely enough in this latter class of picture the effect of distance and atmosphere is remarkable.

In addition to these, very wonderful and interesting pictures of animals and birds can be taken through a telescope. For the great difficulty about photographing animals with an ordinary camera is that the proximity of the photographer often disturbs and frightens the quarry. Through a telescope you can choose your distance and take your picture without the "sitter" having the least suspicion of what is happening.

Coloured Stereo-slides.

THE idea of adding stereoscopic pictures at the end of the ROYAL was distinctly enterprising. I remember prophesying that they would catch on, and they have. There is always a pleasure in being able to reflect on a correct prophecy, and I feel I am entitled to do so in this instance.

From a Photo.

"Me no understan'."

A new notion has occurred to me with respect to them. I write new because it has only recently come to me, but possibly some of my readers may already have tried the experiment.

Why not colour the pictures? There is no great difficulty in doing so beyond the fact that you must be extremely careful to keep the two sides identical. The paint must not be laid on too thick, but, if carefully done, it will tend to hide the "screen" of the picture, the tiny dots that make it up. A little skill ought to give some excellent results and materially heighten the interest in the stereoscopic pages.

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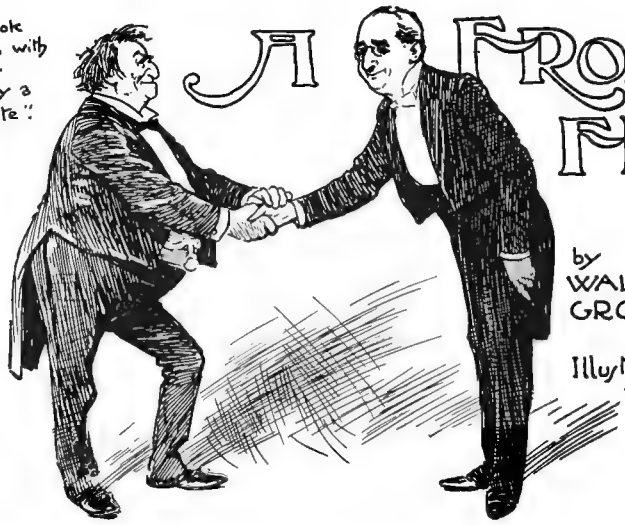

A FRONTIER FIASCO.

by WALTER E. GROGAN.

Illustrated by TOM BROWNE.

"THERE is a good deal of secret history in the diplomatic service which journalists never handle."

Septimus P. Harkanshaw, at one time well-known in diplomatic circles as an American who successfully united diplomacy with commerce, rang for some whisky, which an obsequious waiter brought, settled himself in his chair, and proceeded to tell me the story that I give to the world now for the first time.

"Among the duties of an Ambassador is the reception of the travelling citizens of his country. It is not always a pleasant duty. Sometimes one is proud of these itinerant specimens of home produce; generally one is not. Whether we who live in foreign lands are rather apt to lie about the beauty and wisdom of our countrymen and do not care to have the foreigners disabused, I cannot say. Personally, I lean towards the opinion that the people who travel are generally the worst members of a state. It seems to me pretty natural for a man who gets cold-shouldered at home to try pastures new.

"In this matter, we American ministers are worse off than the representatives of European countries. Our citizens take a personal interest in their Government. They like to see how the machine works. With you it is different. Unless a man has a fairly assured position he does not call upon his Ambassador. He has no curiosity as to the working of the machine. With Americans, their interest takes them to their representative with a regularity very laudable but distinctly embarrassing. They cost a good deal in tea and bread and butter, and a great deal in patience. They all want to be presented at Court, and most of the unmarried daughters consult me as to the eligible male members of the Royal Families of Europe. As a rule, it takes me a long time to convince them that there is a corner in Royal husbands.

"Of course, all Americans are not like the creations of English dramatists, people who are everlastingly talking of dollars and pig-killing. An American gentleman is just a gentleman—and a gentleman is a gentleman all the world over. But we at the Embassies get a fair number of wealthy Americans who are peculiar and whose origins are obscure.

"The story I am to tell you concerns an American who was perfect—of a type. He had made money—how, is not very essential to the story. There are many ways of making money, and an American does not scruple about employing more than one. He came from Chicago, and, like Chicago, he was blatant. He was quite alone. He had nothing on earth belonging to him but his banking account. I felt sorry for him at first, but I found out that he had never realised his loneliness, so that I guess that sympathy was thrown away. The affection he had for that banking account filled up all the scope there was in his nature for tender feelings.

"He left cards at the Embassy. They were very elaborate and very vulgar. His name, Josiah Huggins, was printed very large; and when I caught sight of Chicago, U.S.A., in the corner I could tell within a dollar or so what sort of man he was. You can only gauge such men by dollars. At the Embassy we used to know them by

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numbers—representing their assumed value in cash.

"I met him two or three days after. He came to a reception I gave. He shook hands with me for nearly a minute. I smiled throughout, having had private advices from Washington that his banking account had been useful in the last Presidential campaign. He then took up a position at my right hand, and bowed affably to all of my guests as I welcomed them.

"I believe he had some sort of idea that he was helping me in my official duty. I noticed that his smile was a little supercilious. At first I own that I was annoyed, but his evident impression that he was of immense service to me dispelled that feeling, and I grew amused.

"When I had finished he took me by the elbow and led me gently to my own fireplace. There he drew himself up to his full height and gathered his coat tails together in either hand. As it was a hot summer's day, and the sun was merciless in the Strasse outside the action was more characteristic than serviceable.

"'See here, Mr. Ambassador,' he said, 'I guess you know a mighty big collection of people?'

"'In my official capacity I have to know a very large circle, Mr. Huggins,' I answered.

"'Many titles among 'em?' he queried, nodding his head comprehensively round the room.

"'A fair number.'

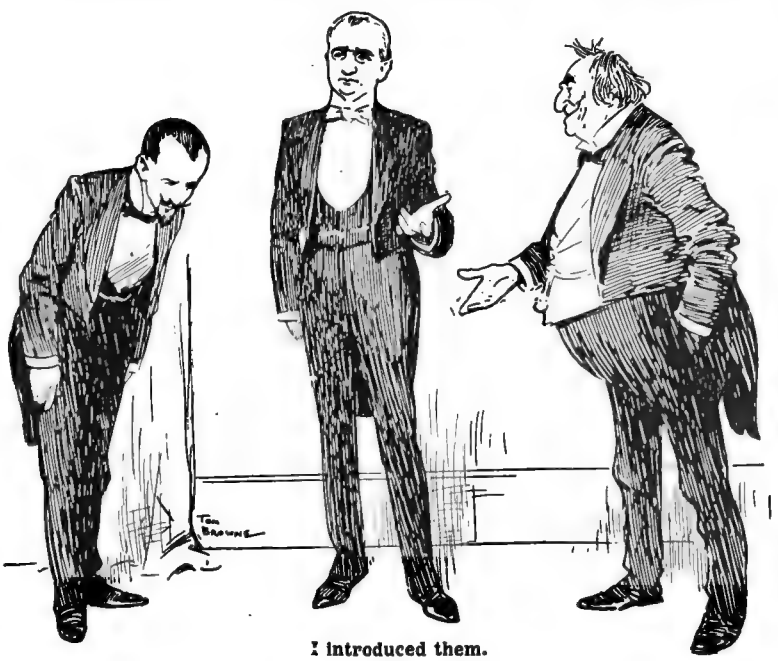
"'Ah!' He pondered a long time. 'Pity I didn't marry. I guess I shouldn't have minded much if I had a daughter coupled to a title. It seems to me that a title is a pretty sort of ornament hanging round a back parlour. However, a bachelor can't expect to do much in that line.'

"'You might marry yourself,' I suggested.

"'Not much! You see it ain't the same thing. I allow it's no great shakes to have a titled wife—not being able to share the luxury. If marrying would make me the Count de Huggins, or some such thing, I wouldn't much mind, but it wouldn't, and there's an end to it.' He sighed, and looked moodily at his watch chain which was long and large.

"'I guess you have heard of me from Washington,' he suddenly said. 'I am Huggins, of Chicago—canned goods you know. I've made my pile, and I guess I want to live some of the time.'

"I moved across the room to the Comte de Mordans, the chief secretary to the French Embassy. He was a pleasant little fellow, but ambitious, and an ambitious French diplomat is a dangerous man. I steadily refused to listen to any schemes of his, however, and consequently we got on tolerably well. There was a lady in the Berlin Court in whom I took an interest, and the Comte—but that has nothing to do with the story.



I introduced them.

"When I had finished chatting with the French secretary, I looked across the room and saw Mr. Huggins, of Chicago, still surveying us with a happy smile. When he caught my eye he jerked his shoulder in a peremptory manner.

"I was so far amused with him that I obeyed his call.

"'You might introduce me to your friend, Mr. Ambassador,' he said. 'I guess he must be somebody, or you

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wouldn't be so friendly. Who is he?'

"'That is the secretary to the French Embassy, the Comte de Mordans.'

"'Ah, the Comte de Mordans,' he repeated, rolling the title over his tongue. 'Yes, you might introduce me. And, oh, I say, just mention the canned goods and the dollars. I reckon the dollars smooth the way.'

"I introduced them, and presently saw them go away together. I was a little surprised, and wondered what new scheme might have entered my volatile colleague's brain.

I was watching them from the shadow of a pillar.

"I saw a good deal of Mr. Huggins in the next few weeks. He seemed to have settled in Berlin for a time, and he made a point of calling to see me and give me some advice in the discharge of my duties.

"'Don't forget that you're an American, and that an American is out and out the best work the Almighty has ever undertaken. Don't be dazzled by their titles, and their kings. I guess all that is vanity. There ain't a title in Europe I couldn't buy, and I began life sweeping out a store.'

"As he spent most of his time seeking out members of the old nobility, and was incessantly talking of his friend, the Comte de Mordans, I was not very much impressed.

"'You couldn't give them an ultimatum?' he went on wistfully. 'Somehow I seem to hanker after an ultimatum. I reckon if Uncle Sam likes to bark, all these foreign mongrels will lie pretty low.'

"'My dear Mr. Huggins, I am afraid there is no question admitting of such a course of action at present. I am sorry. I should not mind straining a point for you, but I am afraid it is out of the question.'

"'Well, if you say so there's an end to it.' He was, however, visibly depressed.

"He was a generous fellow in his way. He made me some very handsome presents, and more than hinted that I was welcome to a moderate use of his cheque book. He seemed rather surprised that I did not respond to his hint.

"He took a box at the opera for the season, and used to sit contentedly smiling at the audience.

"'I guess it would rather surprise some of my old friends at home to see me now,' he said to me confidentially one night. His box was filled with members of the different diplomatic corps, mostly junior clerks and attachés, and the Comte de Mordans was very conspicuous. He appeared to have taken a violent fancy to my fellow countryman, and as Mr. Huggins was of no political importance and as likely to advance the Frenchman's career as the Arc de Triomphe, I own I was more than a bit surprised. He dined with Huggins, walked with Huggins, and occupied with Huggins the box on the grand tier. It was more than surprising.

"I tried to warn Huggins once. He looked very knowing and slapped me on the back.

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"'*That's* all right!' he said. 'I made a pile in Chicago, and I guess all the cutest men in this yere world are located there. I bet no Frenchman can get a rise out of Josiah Huggins!'

"An argument with a man like that is like a chapter of Ruskin to a coal lumper—it has no chance of appreciation.

"De Mordans fought shy of me in rather an unaccountable way. I tried to engage him in conversation on three several occasions, and each time he was too busy to give me more than a minute and a half. That made me more suspicious. When a diplomat has only ninety seconds at the disposal of a friend you may be pretty safe in guessing that he is hatching some mischief. Huggins came to me afterwards and said he was going to Paris.

"'I guess I ought to see Paris. They tell me their pictures beat Chicago. I suppose you can't come? If you can I shall be tarnation pleased to do the needful. I allow you won't have any cause to regret.'

"I explained that my duties would not permit me to leave Berlin.

"'Well, it beats me hollow to know how you pass your time in this shanty. It seems to me that things would go on pretty much the same without you. Just get your secretary to shake hands with people and smile, and I guess the whole business is provided for. However, if you won't come you won't, and there's an end to it.'

"'Do you go straight through?' I asked.

"'Pretty well,' he said. I thought he looked at me a little apprehensively. 'I guess I may stay a bit at Strasbourg.'

"The next day I happened to be at the station when he started. He had very little luggage, and seemed in buoyant spirits, swearing at the porters in a light-hearted manner. As he smiled throughout, and they were unacquainted with the American language, they smiled back in a stolid Teutonic fashion.

"A few minutes before the train departed Comte de Mordans hurried on to the platform. I was just going forward to help Huggins, but at sight of the Comte I drew back. The two greeted each other effusively, and were soon pretty deep in conversation. The Comte seemed a little excited, but Huggins looked affably confident.

"I was watching them from the shadow of a pillar when two men brushed hurriedly by me, and sprang into a compartment at the rear of the train. As they passed I caught sight of their faces, and I guess I was more puzzled than ever. They were two members of the Berlin Secret Police, and somehow I could not help connecting their presence with the Comte's friendship for my Chicago acquaintance.

"As the train steamed out of the station Huggins leant out of the window. He had taken off his hat, and his scanty mud-coloured hair fringed a face which excitement had rendered as vivid as beet. An official yelled at him, for he was swaying more than half way out of the window.

"'I guess you'll lose that bet, Comte! I'm from Chicago, I am, and I reckon a Chicago man is equal to any number of these furriners!' Then he was whirled away.

"The Comte looked annoyed, and turned away abruptly. I followed him.

"'Mr. Huggins seems in good spirits,' I ventured.

"'He is a little excitable. I always thought your countrymen were cool. He goes to Paris for the first time. I have told him somewhat of the glories of the Queen City. Voila!'

"'You will miss him?'

"'He was—what shall I say?—amusing. It is piquant to study the virgin soil. He is a clever man in his way. Yes, perhaps I shall miss him.'

"'Then you will be glad to know that he is coming back.'

"'Ah, is it so? But I make my departure soon—in a week—for Paris.'

"'Perhaps,' I ventured.

"The Comte revolved on his heels.

"'What do you mean?' he demanded. He was evidently ill at ease. There was apprehension in the quivering of his waxed moustache ends.

"'L'homme propose, my dear Comte,' I said. He looked at me narrowly. I shrugged my shoulders, looking wise, and he went off with an uncomfortable impression that I knew something. An air of wisdom is as good as the genuine article sometimes.

"Three days later I was summoned mysteriously whilst enjoying my after dinner cigar. In an anteroom a police official waited. He rose when I entered and said that it was a fine evening. I knew, however, that he had not ridden over to tell me that, so I begged him to proceed. I am afraid, as far as my memory serves, that I was not over cordial. Digestion requires a certain rest after dinner, and I believe in obeying the simple rules of nature.

"'We have with us one who belongs to your nation. He desires to see you. He desires

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to see you most emphatically. He has already half murdered our commandant in his anxiety'

"'Who is he?' I demanded, although I had already jumped to the conclusion that it must be Huggins.

"'He sent to you his card, your excellency,' the official replied.

"I took the card. My friend, the police officer, I found was not particularly scrupulous in personal cleanliness.

"The card read:

JOSIAH HUGGINS,
Wholesale
Merchant,
198th Street,
Chicago, U.S.A.
Canned Goods and
Notions.

On the back was a short note, hastily scribbled with what I fancied must have been an official pencil. In places the words were so faint as to be nearly illegible.

"'Dear Ambassador,' the note ran, 'I am in a hole. They have arrested me, and I don't fancy the lodgings. Come and get me out of the fix. — Yours, J. H.'

"I looked up. The officer was stolidly examining the carpet.

"'What is the charge?' I demanded.

"'Treason, your Excellency,' he answered, without moving a muscle.

"'Absurd!' I cried. 'Why, he is only an ordinary traveller, and knows as much about politics as you do of soap!'

"'Particulars can be exacted of the commandant,' he answered stolidly.

"'Have you a carriage?' I inquired.

"'It waits your Excellency at the door,' he replied.

In an ante-room a police official waited.

"He mounted the box with the driver, and I seated myself inside. I was in a bad temper. I guessed Huggins had got mixed up in one of those silly tricks which Europeans dignify by the name of diplomacy, and I was tolerably sure that I should not finish the business in time to meet—well, there was a lady in the Imperial Court, and she had suggested that she might be at the Opera that evening. I am but human, and it was excusable that I was bad tempered. We went down the crowded streets at a hard gallop, and presently pulled up at the State Prison.

"The official ushered me in. Under the gaslight I suddenly remembered him. I had been so distressed before that I had not recognised the face.

"'You left Berlin three days ago by the same train as Mr. Huggins,' I said. 'You had a comrade with you.'

"'Your Excellency is perfectly correct.'

"I knew the commandant, and he rose to receive me on my entry into his private room.

"'You have a compatriot of mine,' I began.

"He referred to some papers before him. At his elbow was another officer, the man who had accompanied my guide on the railway journey of three days before. He had his head bound up in a handkerchief.

"'Mr. Josiah Huggins, of Chicago, a merchant. Yes. He is charged with treason.'

"'This is absurd, Colonel,' I said. 'Why, the man is a blatant fool. If anything, he

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must be the victim of others. Of course, I can see him.'

"'Certainly. I will conduct you to him. He has been very violent since his arrest.'

"The officer with the handkerchief round his head put his hand to his forehead and sighed. I guessed Huggins had resented interference with his liberty.

"The commandant preceded me down a long corridor, and then turning sharply to the right, halted outside an iron studded door. From within I could hear my friend's loud voice expostulating in a forcible manner. The commandant chose a key from a bunch at his side and entered. I followed.

"Huggins was walking excitedly up and down the narrow room, smoking a huge cigar and swearing voluminously, whilst two German policemen, fully armed, kept wary eyes upon him.

"'I will have the city blown about your ears for this! I am a free and enlightened citizen of the greatest nation on earth, and I guess you'll hear of this matter from Uncle Sam, you——!' and then followed a string of most eloquent epithets.

"When he caught sight of me he stopped his flow of language.

"'These fools don't understand a word I say to them. Just swear at them a few minutes in German, will you? There's a dear fellow.'

"'What's the meaning of this?' I asked.

"'They've arrested me—hauled me all the way back from Strasbourg. Did you ever hear of such an insult? Without any reason, without a word, too. They've collared all my luggage, and when they got me here they searched me. Do you hear—searched me! me, a freeborn American citizen!'

"'But they must have told you why they did it,' I said.

"'How can any decent man understand the rot they speak? It's an all-fired lingo that no respectable man would use. Go and see the Emperor, tell him what he has done, let him have it hot and strong!' Then a light dawned in his face. 'I guess you'd better send him an ultimatum. I reckon you need not stretch a point now.'

"'What were you doing at Strasbourg?' I queried again. 'It's no use getting excited. If you have done nothing I can get you out very quickly, but I must know the truth.'

"'Well, it's nothing to make a fuss about. I guess I was smuggling some lace over from Strasbourg.'

"'But in that case the French, not the German, authorities would have interfered;' I confess I was puzzled. Besides the commandant had told me that the charge was treason.

"'I don't care a cent about that. De Mordans, the little French Comte, bet me that I wouldn't convey some lace from Strasbourg into France undiscovered. I was to stop at Strasbourg and go to an hotel where a friend of his would give me the lace sealed in a packet, so that they might be sure that I did not buy it over the frontier. I was to take it to Paris and give it intact to De Mordans, who was leaving Berlin a few days after me.'

"'Ah!' I said. 'I begin, I think, to see your mistake. What happened?'

"'I guess I went to the hotel, and a man came in. He was a quiet, mysterious sort of fellow. He spoke to me and gave me a packet. I laughed when I saw it, it was so small. The whole thing seemed as simple as canning figs. I reckoned the bet was mine. I put the packet inside my vest, and the man went out. When I left the hotel two Germans seized me. I guess they will remember me. Josiah Huggins ain't the sort of man to be taken liberties with.'

"I turned to the commandant.

"'What is the precise charge against my friend?' I asked.

"'Treason. He was found with tracings of the fortifications of Strasbourg in his possession.'

"I whistled. 'Can you give me a few minutes?' I demanded.

"'All my time is at your Excellency's command,' he answered.

"In his private office I explained what Huggins had told me. The commandant looked grave.

"'It is very probable,' he said. 'The tracings were made by an officer in a German line regiment. He has long been suspected, also the Comte de Mordans. The officer gave the tracings to a confederate, who in turn delivered them to your friend. That was to avoid any chance of being identified. The Comte was clever. He dared not risk carrying the tracings himself, but this time he has been a little too clever. We knew all about the matter a week ago.'

"'How did you find that out?'

"'Pardon me, your Excellency; that is our secret. It is our duty to know. The German officer was court-martialled to-day, and this telegram'—picking up a piece of paper—'informs me that he has been found guilty, and sentenced.'

"I talked to him about Huggins. It seemed

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that they had all along regarded him as a tool in the hands of the Comte.

"'He is a very big fool,' he said gravely. 'He has created a great deal of trouble. He has assaulted three officers as well as myself. For myself I do not care. It is all a matter of business. But my officers, they must be protected.'

"'Possibly a certain number of marks might help to heal their wounds,' I suggested.'

"The commandant smiled. 'Possibly, your Excellency. If we let him go, however, it must be on the understanding that he leaves Berlin immediately and travels outside our frontiers. The matter is unfortunate; the Comte de Mordans being so high in the French Embassy renders it most delicate.'

"'I can assure you that he shall leave at once.'

"'And the marks?'

"'Shall be paid. You may rely upon me.'

"We went back to Huggins. He was still engaged in rebuking the police officers.

"'My friend, you have had a very narrow escape,' I said; and then I explained to him the nature of the lace he had tried to smuggle.

"The news sobered him somewhat.

"'But why didn't the officer send the tracings to De Mordans by post?' he asked.

"'The post is not so sacred in Germany as in America, and he was probably aware that a parental government which was already suspicious of him would exercise a censorship over his correspondence.'

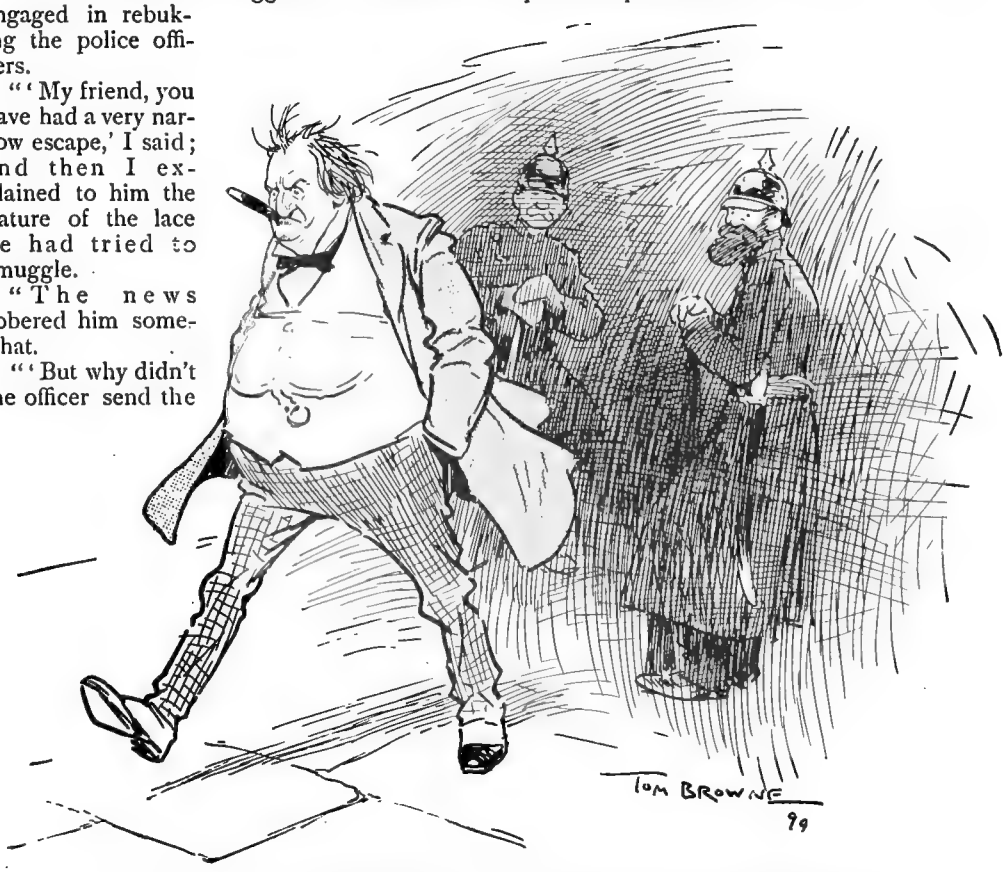
"'Well,' he answered, 'of all the all-fired countries I ever came across I guess this blamed place is the worst! I reckon I take a ticket back to Chicago.'

"The next day I saw him off by train to Havre on his way home.

"'It was a pity you didn't send that ultimatum,' he said, at parting. 'I guess I should like to have seen the Emperor sit up. If you are ever in Chicago look me up. Anyone knows Josiah Huggins, you bet.'

"I never saw the old fellow again, but heard lately that he had taken to his heart the daughter of an impecunious English baronet.

"The Comte de Mordans was recalled to Paris immediately, and, I believe, quitted the diplomatic profession."



Huggins was walking excitedly up and down the narrow room, smoking a cigar.

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Photo by Frith & Co., Ltd.

WATCHERS OF OUR COASTS.

By Thomas S. Johnston.

Photographs by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

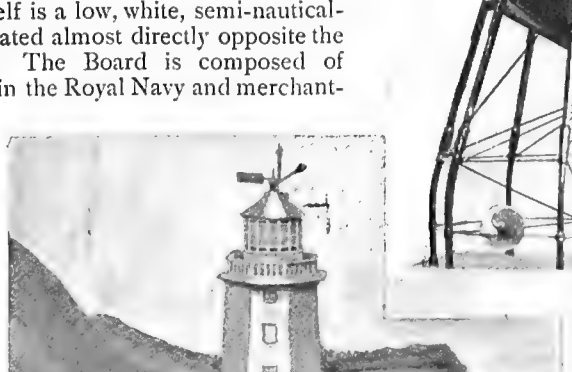
When the gale comes snorting and swirling up the Channel, and the white-crested billows lash themselves in impotent fury against the rock-bound coast, our thoughts instinctively revert to the perils of those brave fellows who "Go down to the sea in ships." But give him a taut craft and plenty of sea room, and Jack will smile even in the teeth of the fiercest gale. It is the yellow, impenetrable fog, and the treacherous currents, the deadly shallows and sands, and the cruel, black rocks that suddenly loom up in the darkness, that are the real terrors of the mariner, and it is to protect poor Jack from such dangers that Trinity House has been called into existence.

One of the few wise acts of Henry VIII. was the incorporation by Royal charter of this useful institution.

Originally Trinity House was more of a religious than a temporal organisation, and the Elder Brethren contented themselves with offering prayers for the benefit of seafarers. Gradually, however, work of a more practical nature came within the scope of their duties, and lighthouses, buoys, and other warnings were placed round the coast to warn the sailor of the more dangerous spots.

Trinity House itself is a low, white, semi-nautical-looking building situated almost directly opposite the Tower of London. The Board is composed of retired commanders in the Royal Navy and merchant-service, its working members, or, as they are still styled, *Elder Brethren*, being recruited from its honorary members, or younger Brethren. It provides and maintains all the lights, beacons, and buoys used around the coasts of Great Britain, the Channel Islands, Gibraltar, and Heligoland.

A model of the Maplin beacon—a lighthouse built on sand and secured by iron piles driven a depth of 14ft. 6in.



The St. Anthony Head lighthouse, Falmouth.

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The funds are supplied by means of dues levied on passing ships, and accounts of all receipts and expenditure are returned to the Board of Trade.

The museum or model room, however, is to the ordinary visitor, its greatest attraction. Here are to be seen beautifully designed models of the more interesting lighthouses, buoys, lightships, and other appliances that have been placed around our coasts by the Elder Brethren.

A model of the second Eddystone lighthouse

Prominent among these are the carefully-designed models of the various Eddystone lighthouses that have at different times served to warn the storm-tossed mariner from the deadly Eddystone rocks, which lie some fourteen miles off Plymouth; and foremost and most noteworthy among these, the model of the curious old oak tower that was first erected by Rudyard between the years 1704 and 1709. It was designed pretty much on the lines of the present-day lighthouse, only that the builders were inclined to pay too much attention to ornamentation, forgetting that every projection exposed the building still more to the wind—an oversight that ended, as was to be expected, in disaster. Rudyard's tower stood 92ft. in height, was 24ft. in diameter at its base, and was lighted by candles, twenty-four of these being burned throughout the night.

A miniature model of the Smeaton lighthouse is also to be seen in this room. To Smeaton belongs the credit of having invented the system of dovetailing the huge slabs of stone together, a method that added considerably to the resisting power of his lighthouse. The Smeaton lighthouse was, like many other useful appliances invented by man, copied from nature, and was built practically on the same lines as an oak tree—that is, with a sharp upward curve from the base. Strange to say, however, his idea proved to be fallacious, for in practice it turned out that the rapidly diminishing diameter of the tower actually weakened the building. At times, it is said, the whole structure vibrated by the action of the waves. Ultimately it was found necessary to destroy it altogether, because of the fact that the sea had undermined the rock on which it stood. Among the more interesting relics of this lighthouse still preserved at Trinity House are two of the candles then used as illuminants, each of which weighs half a pound, and is 12in. in length; and a quaint old Dutch timepiece possessing only one hand, so constructed that it chimed every half-hour to warn the keepers to snuff the candles.

The present Eddystone.

A model of the present Eddystone lighthouse is also to be seen, and it is interesting to compare it with the second Eddystone lighthouse. The present building stands 141ft. in height, and can throw a light representing hundreds of thousands of candle-power across the waves.

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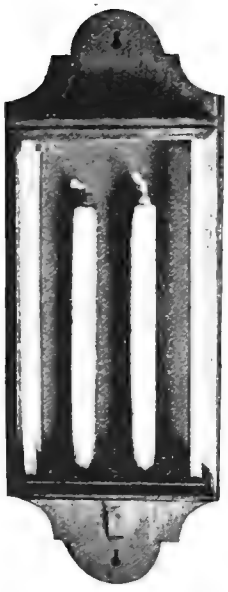


Two of the candles used in the Smeaton lighthouse. They weigh half-a-pound each.

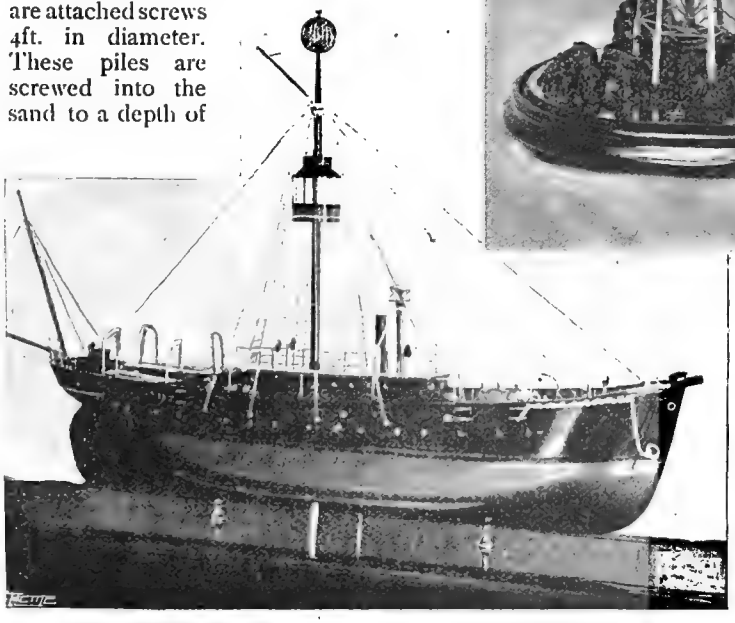
A great attraction is the model of the oldest lighthouse erected in this country, which took the form of an old tower built by the Romans at Dover. It was lit up by a huge beacon at the top, and, no doubt, served its purpose indifferently well.

In one large case are to be seen a number of models representing the various types of buoys which are placed round the coast by Trinity House. Some of these are fitted with a deep-toned bell, which sends forth its mournful toll across the waters, as the action of the waves causes the big iron globe to toss about. Others, again, are provided with shrill sirens that shriek forth warnings by means of compressed air, and others are, to all intents and purposes, miniature lightships, standing well out of the water with a bright light burning incessantly at the top. In addition to these, there are, of course, numerous types of the ordinary silent buoy, so familiar to all seafarers.

The folly of building one's house on sand has been denounced on the highest authority, but the builder of the Maplin beacon, of which an illustration is to be seen on page 201, was evidently of a daring type, and he certainly succeeded in proving how successfully the modern engineer can cope with the greatest difficulties. The Maplin beacon has no firmer foundation than sand, and is anchored by means of long iron piles, to the ends of which are attached screws 4ft. in diameter. These piles are screwed into the sand to a depth of 14ft. 6in., and the whole weight of the iron structure is supported by them.

Model of the first Bishop's Rock lighthouse, which was carried completely away by a terrific gale.

Model of a curious type of lighthouse.



A model of the Royal Sovereign lightship, stationed off Eastbourne.

Among the many exquisite models to be seen in this room is one of the famous lightship, the Royal Sovereign, which is stationed off Eastbourne, and is fitted with a revolving light similar to that used in up-to-date lighthouses.

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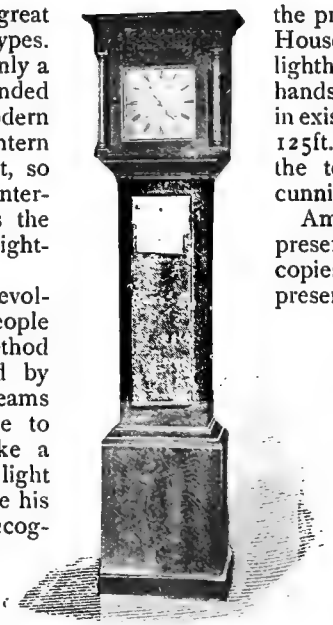
The modern lightship is a great improvement on the older types. The lightship of the past was only a small vessel with lanterns suspended from the yard arms, but the modern lightship is fitted with a lantern arranged to fit round the mast, so that it can revolve and throw intermittent flashes of light across the waters, just like an ordinary lighthouse.

The advantage of having a revolving light is greater than people generally imagine. By this method the light can be concentrated by means of lenses into separate beams of light, which can be made to sweep round the horizon like a search-light. The revolving light also assists the mariner to locate his position, for sailors are able to recognise the different lighthouses and lightships by the time between the flashes.



An old Dutch timepiece with only one hand. It was used in the earlier lighthouses to chime the half-hours and warn the keepers to snuff the candles.

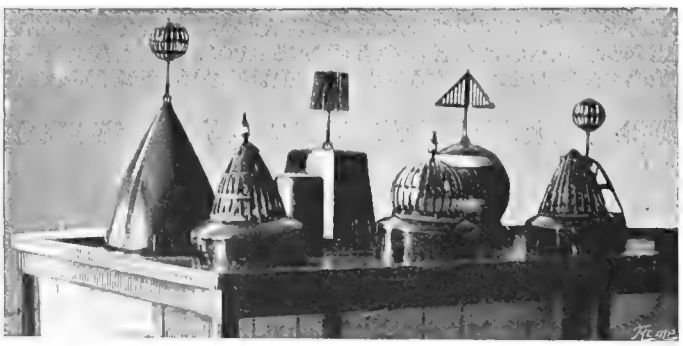
A novel form of lighthouse sometimes erected by the Trinity House authorities is known as the "apparent light," so called because it really possesses no lantern, and, strictly speaking, therefore, should not be called a lighthouse at all. In such structures there is merely a reflection of a light focussed on its reflectors from a point some distance away. This method is generally adapted for places where there are sunken rocks, upon which a large lighthouse could not be erected. These "apparent lights" are constructed of iron columns, which incline to an apex, where is placed the apparatus that reflects the light. The first of these was erected in Stornoway Bay in 1851, and proved so great a success that many others were speedily built at various places round the coast.

Mention has not yet been made of one of the prettiest of the models at Trinity House, viz., that of the Small's lighthouse, which is one of the handsomest structures of its kind in existence. The lantern is situated 125ft. above high water mark, and the tower is built of huge stones cunningly dovetailed together.

Among the other models here preserved are two very interesting copies in miniature of the first and present Bishop's Rock lighthouses. The first lighthouse was carried completely away in a night by one of those fierce gales that suddenly devastate the south-western corner of the coast. The present lighthouse is unique in that it is built round a former tower, so that there is now practically a lighthouse within a lighthouse.

The photo of the Falmouth lighthouse is noteworthy, as this is the lighthouse nearest to those fateful rocks, the Manacles.

But perhaps the most curious of all the models in this room is a large model of a lighthouse, which was the work of a lighthouse keeper, and was the outcome of many years' patient labour. It is built completely of tiny mahogany blocks. The model is made in sections, so that each storey can be lifted off, and the interior is furnished with the most delicately made fittings. There are small lockers about an inch and a half high, each supplied with doors and shelves, and at the bottom are the oil reservoirs, miniature ladders having also been built from storey to storey. The most perfect part of the mechanism, however, is the lantern, which is an exact replica in miniature of the same feature of a real lighthouse.



Models of buoys—some filled with deep toned bells, others with shrill syrens, and others again with lanterns.

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THE LOVE AFFAIR OF HAWKINS MAJOR

By

Ulyss Rogers

I.

"Th' 'ead desires the pleasure of your company," said Biffins, the house-porter, with a leer. "At once, young gentlemen, *if* you please."

Biffins dexterously dodged the "Livy" Hawkins Major hurled at his pleased countenance, and left the pair of culprits to the contemplation of their misdeeds, and the imminent reckoning.

"Which of our sins has hit back at us now?" inquired Lippincote of his friend. "That buzzard stalking adventure we had with old Gaybone's turkeys takes my vote."

"But not mine," returned Hawkins Major. "Gaybone hasn't missed the two we catapulted yet. No, it's the "whited sepulchre" affair. We've been spotted for it at last. It's that beastly Timmins, Dobson's fag, who's split. I could swear I saw him lurking in the quad as we were giving the finishing touches to the old Don's effigy."

"Then, if that's it," said Lippincote, stuffing an exercise book down the back of his neck, between his shirt and waistcoat, "it's as well to be prepared for the worst. The Head worships that dirty old copper effigy of his predecessor, and the look he put on when he cast eyes upon our desecration of it, I, for one, estimate at a dozen cuts and four hundred lines, to put it at its mildest."

Experience, combined with instinct, urged them to a momentary delay before interviewing the head-master. And the short interval was occupied in bodily fortifications of a character likely to minimise the anticipated onslaught.

The tone of the Head's voice as, in response to their timid knock at his study door, he growled, "Come in," was not reassuring.

"It's five hundred lines," whispered Lippincote. "I know the signs of that voice."

"All right," said Hawkins Major. "Don't funk."

"Who is?" asked Lippincote in a whisper, a question which was not answered, for they were now inside, and the hawk eye of the Rev. Peter Dadds was endeavouring to hypnotise them into a condition of quiescent dejection.

The Head was not alone. Behind him, shrinking into the shade of a towering bookcase, was a fat stubby young man, with black hair, peering at the boys through a pair of goggles, which seemed to focus not only his half-closed eyes but the greater part of his face into the bargain.

He was the French master, M. de Zachari new this term, and he was a recluse and a scientist, and in his heart disliked boys, a compliment as genially returned. When he declined to handle a bat, and moped up in a corner of the field instead, lost in contemplation of a mole hill, a grave doubt as to the length of his stay at Hillhurst was shared by masters

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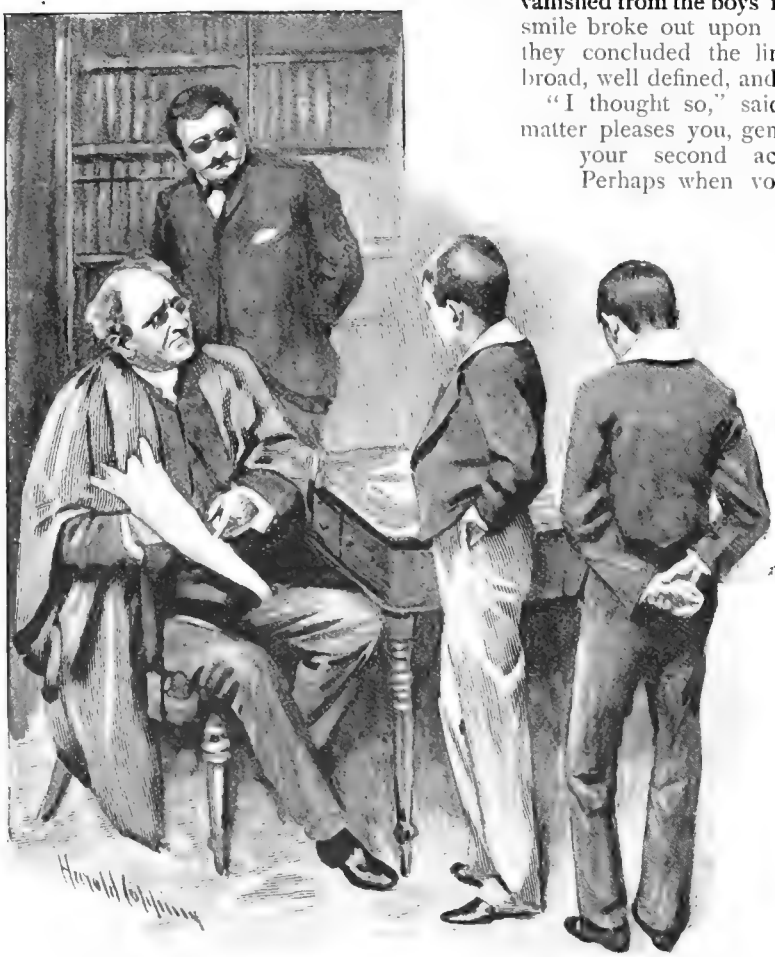
and pupils alike. Two days later, when one of his ant colonies (he kept two nests in cases in his private den) broke loose, and swarmed all over the house, he was voted a thorough-paced nuisance.

Hawkins Major and Lippincote perhaps could have shed some light upon that matter had they liked. But they didn't, and "Zacchy," as the new master was nicknamed, received an intimation from the Head that in future all plagues of that sort were to be studied out of doors.

But worst of all, Zacchy was sentimental and a poet. It was to be demonstrated also that he was in love.

The Head broke the ominous silence. He picked up from the table a current copy of *The Hillhurst Chronicle*, and, pointing with his finger:



"Read that," he said. "Your handiwork, I presume?"

"Read that," he said. "Your handiwork, I presume?"

"Ours, sir?" said Hawkins, inquiringly and innocently, as his fingers closed automatically upon the badly printed sheet. "There must be some mistake, sir. We haven't had anything to do with newspapers."

"Read it and refresh your memory," said the Head portentiously.

There was a section casually marked in blue lead pencil. The boys doubted not it was to this their attention was directed, and they bent to the consideration of it. Above in ornamental text was the heading "Poet's Corner." Encircled by the blue were three verses of arrant twaddle, and at their foot in brevier capitals the hopelessly inculpating initials, A. H. de Z.

As they read, the gravity of the situation vanished from the boys' minds, and a flickering smile broke out upon their faces which, as they concluded the lines, gave place to a broad, well defined, and exuberant grin.

"I thought so," said the Head. "The matter pleases you, gentlemen, even despite your second acquaintance with it. Perhaps when your amusement is at an end you will explain why you stole that poem from M. de Zachari's room, and have held the school and its masters up to the ridicule of the county."

The laugh died from the boys' faces.

"We never stole it," said Hawkins Major, "and for my part I've never set eyes on it before."

"Nor I," said Lippincote.

The Head's glance penetrated them. He was more than half inclined to believe in their innocence, when Lippincote's lips began to curl into a smile again. The remembrance of the verses was

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too much for him, and he could not restrain the laugh that would force itself into outward manifestation.

"Lippincote," roared the Head. "Remember yourself, sir," and Lippincote remembered. "Monsieur de Zachari informs me," the Rev. Peter went on, "that he scribbled those lines just for mere amusement, that he left them upon his table—or possibly dropped them in the corridor, and that someone has had so little respect for the school or for him as to hand them to the editor of this journal for publication. Inquiries at the newspaper office point to you as the offenders. The description of the clerk leaves little doubt of your identity, I fear. Were you or were you not at the office of that paper on Wednesday afternoon?"

There was a strange and sudden light of recollection stealing across the boys' faces, but they said nothing.

"Speak! sir," cried the Head, singling out Hawkins. "Have you been near the *Chronicle* office this week?"

Hawkins looked up. "I will not deny it, sir," he said.

"And you?"

"I was with Hawkins, sir," said Lippincote.

"Monsieur de Zachari, you may leave me if you will," and the Frenchman, more horrified than the boys, was glad to make his exit.

Thence emerged also, ten minutes later, two boys with troubled faces and a pained recollection of the pattern of the study carpet as contemplated from an ungainly attitude at the height of the Head's desk.

"Confound Zachari," muttered Hawkins Major, throwing his chest forward in the obvious effort to bring relief to the small of his back. "Strange the Head didn't rise to his daughter's description—'the golden hair'—'the ruby lips,' 'the cerulean eyes.'"

"Zacchy's a fool," said Lippincote. "I wonder how Miss Dadds got hold of the rot. I say, Hawky, we were sold when we took that note to the *Chronicle* office for her."

"I'd do it again," said Hawkins Major, defiantly. "Even if I knew what was in it. How dare a frog-eating Frenchman write such stuff to her! He'd done it before, I know. She told me. Lippy, you won't split?"

"Not I," replied Lippincote, pledging himself.

"I'm in love with her myself."

"So am I," said Lippincote, not to be outdone in gallantry.

"No, but I mean really," said Hawkins Major. "It's the first time I ever properly cared for anybody, you know, and I'm not going to be outdone by this French fellow."

"But he's got the pull of you. You can't speak French, and give her private French lessons."

"Yah! Girls aren't won by parley-vooing. Lippy, between me and you, she told me she was awfully glad I got the average bat last year. We shall be engaged before I leave here, and then let Henri de Zachari beware. Pooh! He's old enough to be her father."

"Well, she's ever so much older than you."

"Who says so? Only four or five years, anyhow, and that doesn't count much when a fellow's got up to my age."

"No . . . ," admitted Lippincote a little doubtfully, "I don't suppose it does. But, I say, Hawky, the Head——"

"Oh! if it comes to a choice between Zacchy and me, I've no fear as to the result. The Head's no fool,' continued Hawkins Major with beautiful modesty, "however much he may look it. He knows the difference between an Englishman and a Frenchy, let alone Zacchy and me."

"Yes, he ought to—I suppose he does . . . I say, Hawky"—with sudden viciousness, a quick movement of his shoulders bringing about unpleasing reminiscences—"cut him out, the presumptuous cad! Look here, I don't mind giving the girl up altogether, and doing my best to help you—what are you grinning at, you silly fool?"

"Oh, nothing! It's awfully kind of you, that's all," said Hawkins Major sarcastically.

"I suppose you think I haven't a chance against you," retorted Lippincote, much ruffled and very red in the face. "Then let me tell you that you were never more mistaken in your life, my fine fellow. Why, come to that," he went on spitefully, "I'd sooner lay a bob on Zacchy than you, if I didn't want to lose the tin. The Head may back you up—though I doubt it—but a girl knows a good man when she sees one; and Zacchy, when all's said, is a jolly clever chap."

All of which was very bitter and nasty, but Hawkins Major smiled with imperturbable serenity.

"Poor Lippy's jealous," he thought, "and no wonder. If I were in his shoes, I'd be jealous myself."

Hawkins Major slept the sleep of the rejoicing martyr that night, for though the density of a hard mattress did not minister to the comfort of a cane-swished back, yet was there a strange gladness in his thirteen-year-old

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heart. He dreamed pleasant dreams of a blue-eyed girl with a mass of wavy hair, and woke early to pull from beneath his pillow a little folded note, and read for the fiftieth time:

My Dear Hawkins,—You were a brick this afternoon, I hardly know how to thank you enough. Some day, perhaps, I shall have a chance of showing how much I appreciate what you suffered on my account. Please also thank your friend, Lippincote. You are a pair of regular Britons. Kindest regards. Yours very sincerely—Kitty Dadds.

The next day there was evidence of unusual interest among the masters, and by prep. time a rumour had gained currency among the upper forms. Hawkins Major had fathomed it by the time he wedged himself in by the side of his sworn chum.

"Have you heard, Lippy? Zacchy's going."

"Going? Where?"

"Got the——" Hawkins Major expressed the rest in a low whistle and a flyaway motion of the hands. "In other words, resigned. We know why, eh, Lippy?"

"It seems rough," said Lippincote, "and our fault too, or rather——"

"Hush," said Hawkins Major, "not a word against her. It serves him right. How dare he scribble such rot to her!"

"You would have done the same if you could, Hawky," said Lippincote.

Hawkins retaliated by screwing his knuckles into his friend's spine, and they settled down to work.

The term and M. de Zachari's stay at Highcliffe hurried away. Hawkins never had a chance of conversing with Miss Dadds, though he longed to know if further developments of the poetry affair had in any way inculpated her. A thoughtful, almost sad, expression was growing upon her face, he imagined, and it distressed him, though, when her eye lighted upon his, she beamed one of her most radiant smiles upon him, whereat Hawkins blushed furiously, and was in the seventh heaven for the rest of the day.

II.

Hawkins and Lippincote had broken bounds. The school term ended on the morrow and cavies were lax.

"Besides, what's the odds?" asked Hawkins, discussing the probabilities of detection and capture. "It's now or never for those kestrel's eggs at Highcliffe Point. If we leave them, Groggs, the butcher's boy, won't."

"And I'd rather get licked ten times over," said Lippy, "especially after the way Groggs scooped us over that daw's nest."

"I met the cad near Hughes's farm a day or two ago, and he yelled out something or other—I didn't hear what. Beastly cheek."

"That sort of person, said Hawkins Major sententiously, "is born impertinent, and if you want to put him into his proper place nd shut him up, you must prove to him your superiority. It doesn't do to let him scoop you."

Lippincote nodded approval. If there was one thing he admired in his friend, it was that young man's sound opinions and forcible language when expressing them.

It was a walk of a couple of miles to Highcliffe Point. They had left the main road and were gaily trotting down a rough cart track which led to the edge of the cliff, when Hawkins suddenly pulled up.

"Hullo, what's that?" he cried.

The rapid pounding of horses' hoofs and the whirl of wheels smote upon their ears.

"By Jove, something's bolted," said Lippincote.

This speculation was right. In another instant round a bend in the descent towards Highcliffe appeared a madly galloping horse, the bit between his teeth, and nostrils widened with wild fear. The animal was harnessed to a dogcart, which swayed from side to side of the road, threatening to overturn with each twist and jolt. A man, hatless, wide-eyed, with hair on end, was vainly tugging at the rein, and, at his side, clutching him in wild anxiety, sat a girl, pale, with fear-stamped face.

"Great Scott!" said Lippincote, as the runaway dashed nearer and nearer to the bye road—"why, it's Zachari!"

"And Kitty," gasped Hawkins Major, horror-stricken. "They'll be killed."

It seemed as if Hawkins' dire speculation would be fulfilled, for the frantic Frenchman, spying the slightly rising cart track, and knowing nothing of the precipice beyond, thought that if he could get the mad steed on this incline he could check its career. He gave a wild lunge at the near rein to effect this design.

The horse responded; and swung round into the rutted track. A providential banking of the hedge prevented a complete capsize, but at the moment of rounding, the dogcart bumped over a huge stone, the Frenchman was catapulted from his seat at a tangent, and, describing a parabola in the air, landed on his back in a furrow of the adjacent field.

But Kitty still sat tremblingly in the cart, and the horse dashed onward more madly

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than ever. It was but 200 yards to the edge of the cliff.

The boys stood in front of the affrighted animal and waved their arms, but the horse swerving a yard, dashed by like lightning, and the axle of one of the wheels caught Lippincote in the side and bowled him over like a ninepin.

The tail board had fallen down during the mad career, and Hawkins grabbed desperately at the chain as the cart swept past him. The next instant he had clambered in. Miss Dadds had either fainted or was utterly paralysed by fear, and the reins which had fallen at her side when Zachari was shot out, hung limp in her nerveless hand. Hawkins seized them and threw all his eight-stone four into the effort to stop the horse's career.

"Great Scott!" said Lippincote, as the runaway dashed nearer, "why, it's Zachari!"

But the suddenness of this fresh curb only made the beast more desperately affrighted. On and on it dashed. It was but eighty yards to the precipice; Hawkins caught the glint of the white railings which guarded the edge, a trifling barrier to such a charge as was approaching. Eighty yards, fifty, thirty, and still the animal was unchecked. Ten seconds more meant certain death.

It was useless to attempt further resistance. Hawkins realised this, and at the same moment conceived another plan for saving Miss Dadds.

Dropping the reins he seized her in his arms and half sprang, half fell, with her out of the trap, sprawling in the track not five yards from the edge of the cliff. A sharp cry of pain escaped from Hawkins' lips as the wheel jolted over his leg. The next instant, the beast, splintering the light railing to matchwood, fell headlong into the abyss with the trap on top.

III.

It was the eve of the breaking-up day and Hawkins Major, tucked up in bed with his leg in splints, had said "Good bye" to one after another of his chums.

Presently there came a light tap at the door.

"May I come in?" asked a sweet voice, and the next instant Miss Dadds had entered.

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She came direct to the bedside and stooping down, kissed the boy.

The colour suffused Hawkins' face even to the temples.

"You're a brave boy," she said. "I wanted to come before to thank you for saving my life, but the doctors wouldn't let me.

Hawkins Major was at a loss for words. "Not at all, not at all," he stammered out.

She was commencing to say something else when M. Zachari appeared in the doorway.

"Ah, *le brave garçon.* I, too, must thank *Merci! Merci!* One tousand times, *merci!*"

"All right," said Hawkins Major. "Only I think, Miss Dadds——"

He was interrupted by a hearty laugh from the Frenchman.

"Ha! ha! Then you have not told yet, Keety?

"Kitty!" TheFrenchman had dared to call her Kitty!

"No, Henri," she replied. "You see, Hawkins, we're married now, M'sieu de Zachari and I."

"Married!" gasped Hawkins Major.

"Yes, and we have to thank you, partly. You remember when I sent you to the *Chronicle* office with that letter?'

"Yes," gasped Hawkins Major.

"Well, I only did it for fun. Henri,—M'sieu de Zachari—had written me poetry before, and I found this in the west wing corridor, and thought it would be sport to surprise him by getting it into the papers."

"Yes."

"I didn't think of father, and the school, and all that. You were such bricks not to split on me. But the Head discharged M. de Zachari, and it was all my fault—and well, when he asked me to marry him, I thought I really ought to, after what had happened, so we ran away to Barnham, and the registrar did it. It has all turned out so well, except for you, for the Head has given in and M. de Zachari is staying on."

There was a great gulp rising in Hawkins Major's throat.

"Oh, never mind me," he said.

But when Lippincote came in to say "Good bye" five minutes after M. and Madame de Zachari had left, Hawkins hastily smudged the sleeve across his eyes. The action did not escape Lippincote, who said:

"You're snivelling, Hawky."

"I'm not," said Hawkins, indignantly.

"You are," retorted Lippincote, "and I don't wonder. It's beastly luck to be cooped up here with a broken prop half the holiday."

She came to the bed, and, stooping down, kissed the boy.

"Beastly," said Hawkins Major.

"Have you heard the news, Hawky?"

"What, about Zachari? Yes."

"And you don't—you aren't—I mean——"

"Stow it, Lippy," said Hawkins Major, gulping down the last lump. "Of course, she's years older—and——what rot we talked ——look here, Zacchy's a good sort. Just get out what's left of that bottle of ginger wine we smuggled in the day before yesterday. And you'll find the change out of my last bob in those trousers over there. Run down to Mother Garnet's and bring in some tuck. This wedding's got to be celebrated if it breaks the bank."

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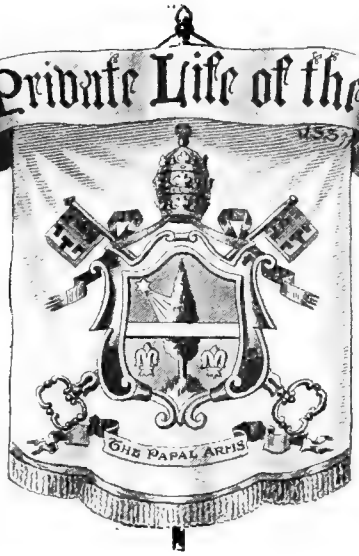
The Private Life of the Pope

By Margaret Collinson



His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. is an enthusiastic devotee of the snuff-box—indeed, when, during his late illness, he was forbidden by his physician, Dr. Lapponi, the use of snuff, his discomfort amounted to actual suffering. What a triviality to put at the beginning of an article! No; no triviality at all; at all events, no triviality to me. I find this little scrap of gossip very charming, and for this reason—it gives a touch of humorous humanity to one who seems to stand quite aloof from our restless, busy, rough-and-tumble existence. Sovereigns and statesmen and other big guns are all more or less deeply implicated in the huge tragi-farce in which you and I also play our little parts, but the Pope seems to occupy an elevated and very exclusive box from whence he watches the strutting mummers, and listens patiently to their ranting, with that pleasant imperturbable smile you must all of you know so well. Millions and millions look upon him as hardly human, and millions and millions more, who are not his subjects and owe him no allegiance, speak of him with awe, as of one who lives in another world, and thinks other thoughts, than theirs.

Because of all this I rejoice in the little snuff anecdote. For the Pope is after all a man. True, he is a great man, one of the greatest men of the century, and one of the best of his long line of predecessors in the Papal chair; true, his position and surroundings are very different from anyone else's; but those who have read the story of his career will know that he is anything but a mere spectator of that huge tragi-farce, and those who read this article will find that he eats and sleeps and walks and talks very much the same as they do themselves.

The Pope's bedchamber in that most gorgeous of all palaces, the Vatican, is a small, meagrely furnished room, his bed narrow and unpretentious. In a curtained alcove facing the bed is an image of the Virgin with the infant Christ in her arms, and before it a *prie-dieu*. The room also contains the sofa shown in one of our photographs. At six o'clock in the morning, no matter what time of the year, the Chevalier Pio Centra, the Pope's valet, wakes his master, who, after offering his first prayer, gives himself into the hands of his servant, is washed, and shaved, and dressed. Then he repairs into the little private chapel adjoining his bed-chamber and says mass, the good Chevalier acting as acolyte. The Chevalier, by the way, was, once upon a time, in the hat-trade at Rome. He

The Pope's private chapel

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Photo by The Biograph and Mutoscope Company.

The Pope's Blessing. This photograph, seen through the Biograph by Catholics in distant lands, convoys the same Blessing as though the Pope were present in person.

became a member of the Papal household, and served his master so carefully and with such devotion that he received as reward the title, Chevalier of the Order of St. Gregory, and better still, the Pope's absolute confidence.

To proceed: we left His Holiness in the little chapel adjoining his bedchamber. After mass he proceeds to breakfast—a cup of chocolate forming the chief item of this frugal meal. The milk with which the beverage is prepared is goats' milk, a fine flock of goats being penned in a secluded corner of the beautiful Vatican gardens. The animals are a gift to the Pope from the peasants of Carpineto, his native village, situated in the Volcisian Mountains, and such favourites of his that he visits them frequently, and sees that the shepherd gives him regular reports as to their welfare. An almost child-like interest in such things is very characteristic of the great Pontiff, and he delights in his gardens almost more than his goats. Quick to note any negligence in the trimming and keeping of the beds, he takes the gardeners personally to task and rates them soundly. On one occasion he noticed that the condition of a favourite piece of ivy was anything but satisfactory. For some days he watched it secretly and saw that the cause of its ill-health was nothing more or less than neglect on the part of the gardener. The man was promptly hauled over the coals.

"It is the fault of the soil, Your Holiness," he protested.

"Nonsense," replied Leo, "you don't know what you are talking about, or else you think we believe everything you are pleased to tell us,"—after which he proceeded to instruct the man as to the proper treatment of such plants.

"Why," said the latter when repeating the tale, "he can teach everyone—even his gardeners! You can't get over him."

At eight o'clock Cardinal Rampolla makes his appearance. Business is transacted, after which the Pope takes his morning constitutional in the gardens. As shown in one of our photographs, he is always accompanied by two officers of the Papal Guard—one beside him, one behind. In spite of his great age, he is able to stroll about without any assistance, save that of his gold-headed cane, and even this is sometimes dispensed with. Indeed, the Pope, who expects to live many years to come, takes great pride in his

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wonderfully preserved strength, and whenever he hears that a rumour has got abroad in Rome that the Holy Father is failing in health, he is certain to walk more briskly than usual.

When the constitutional is over the Pope attends to the business of his household, and receives the various functionaries of the church. He is great on detail, and everything must be thoroughly gone through. His grasp of such matters is marvellous, and his memory extraordinarily vivid.

The Pope's *prie-dieu* in his private apartment.

The various functionaries retire, and the visitors are ushered in one by one. The Pope sits in his armchair, one foot thrust a little forward, to receive the customary salutation. The visitor, on entering, bows, walks to the centre of the room, bows again, and then, with yet another bow, kneels and kisses the Pope's slipper. Sitting is no more permitted than in the presence of a king, and when the audience is concluded the visitor retires backwards — a manœuvre that must require, I should think, some rehearsal in order to bring it to perfection.

Punctually at two o'clock the Pope takes his solitary seat at the dinner table. There is no doubt about it—he is extremely abstemious, almost an ascetic — and yet something of a *gourmet*. He is very partial to sundry dishes, and especially to those of a somewhat pungent flavour. Salad with plenty of vinegar is his peculiar delight; but alas! Dr. Lapponi seldom allows him to indulge his taste in this direction. One midnight he was taken very ill; there was great consternation; the doctor was called and hurried into the Holy Father's room. And then, after examination, the humiliating truth was manifest:

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At 9 a.m. the Pope takes his morning constitutional in the Vatican Gardens.

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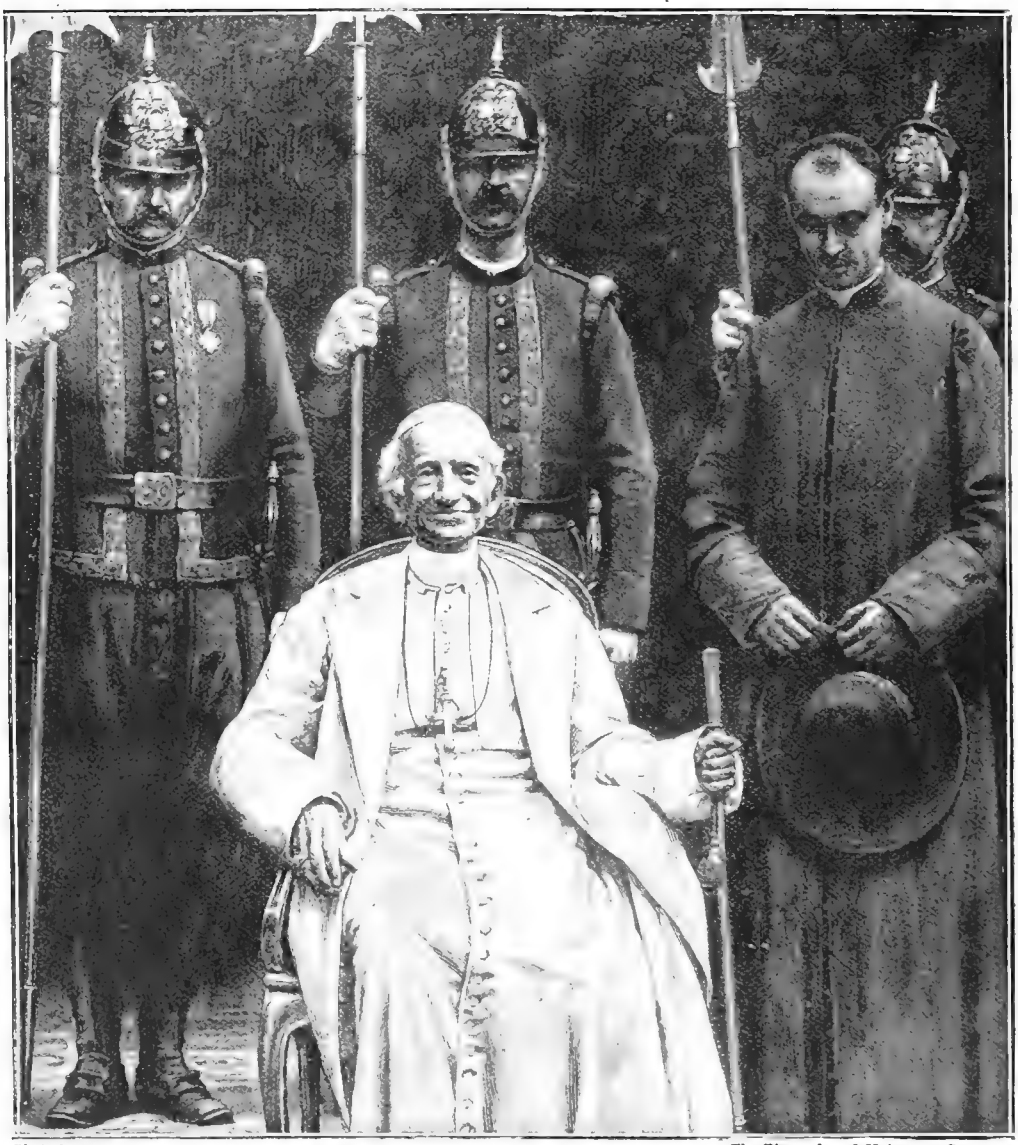

Photo by The Biograph and Mutoscope Company.

Pope Leo XIII. and his Secretary, Mgr. Angeli, surrounded by the Papal Guard.

the Pontiff admitted, a little shamefacedly, I should imagine—that he had taken a large bite of the forbidden fruit, that is to say, dined rather too heartily on his favourite dish. Another touch of humorous humanity, and how delightful! We all have our crosses to bear, and it seems that Pope Leo's special cross is the melancholy fact that, although he agrees capitally with salad, salad in no wise agrees with him.

After a short nap, the Pope takes his two hours' drive in the Vatican gardens. His landau is upholstered in white damask, and drawn by two black horses. If anyone accompanies the Pope, he must sit on the opposite seat with his back to the coachman; generally, however, His Holiness is the sole occupant of the carriage.

When the drive is over, the Pope repairs to his study, and, with Mgr. Angeli, his private secretary, works steadily until ten o'clock, at which hour supper is served. Then a short service is held in the adjoining

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chapel, following which the Pope makes himself acquainted with the affairs of the great world outside the Vatican. Mgr. Angeli reads the newspapers to him, and it is wonderful the interest Leo takes in all manner of temporal subjects—science, art, politics—he follows all with rapt attention. Literature is his particular hobby—indeed, he himself is a profound scholar, an elegant man of letters. Now that Mr. Gladstone is dead, no finer student of Latin lives than Pope Leo, and his verses are said to possess great merit. He has even written charades for an Italian magazine!

The sofa on which the Pope takes his afternoon siesta

It is seldom before one o'clock that the Pope retires, and even then this indefatigable old man is often at work. In the half-light of his little bedroom he ponders Latin poems, and thinks out those beautiful letters which are received with such enthusiasm by the vast Catholic world. Often at unearthly hours the electric bell above Mgr. Angeli's bed begins to tinkle, and the sleepy secretary repairs to the Pope's room to put down in black and white his master's meditations.

Pope Leo is eighty-nine years of age, and his health leaves much to be desired, but, as already mentioned, he firmly believes that many useful years are yet in store for him—a brave prophecy, and one I sincerely hope will be fulfilled by the event.

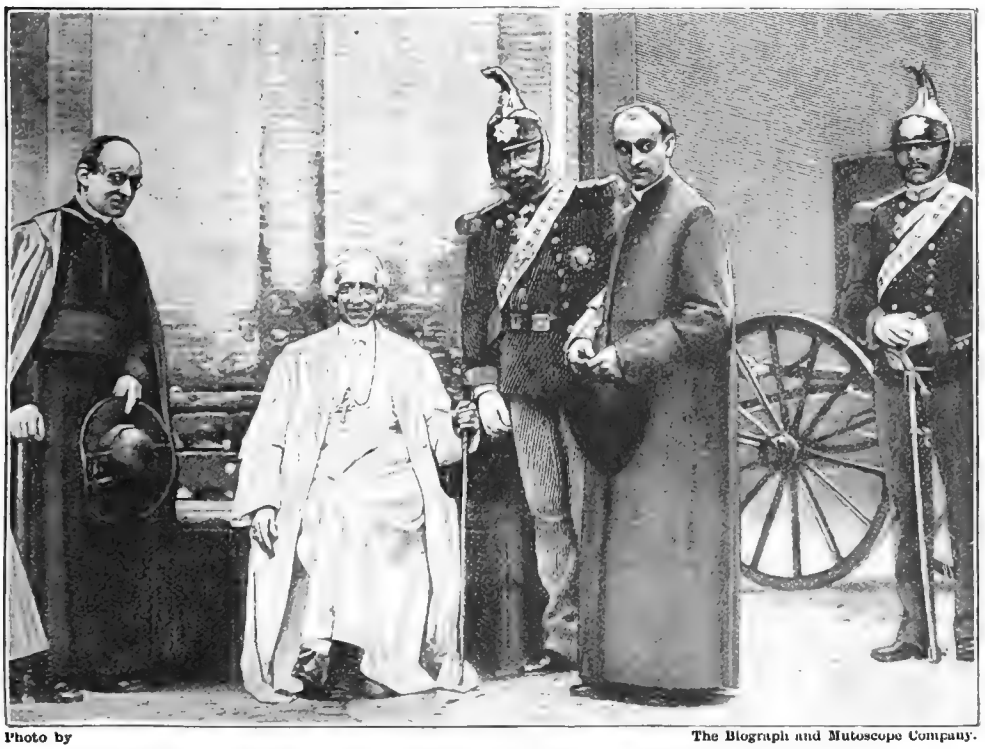

Photo by The Biograph and Mutoscope Company.

During an afternoon drive in the Vatican Gardens, the Pope kindly consented to leave his carriage and have this photograph taken.

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THE FORTUNE TELLER

By

M. M^c D. BODKIN Q.C.

"I NEVER could understand it," said the elder of the two men.

They were sauntering along a sequestered path in the wide pleasure grounds of Lynden House. A garden party was in progress and the flood tide of beauty and fashion filled the place.

"What?" The word came in a blue puff of cigar smoke.

For answer the other waved his cigarette in the direction of a pretty summer-house on which the words "The Cave of Delphos" were tastefully emblazoned. "If a poor woman tells fortunes for sixpence," he went on, "she gets six months for it. There's a lady palmist reading hands in there at a guinea per fool, and the law winks both eyes hard."

His companion looked at him lazily as if to make sure of his identity. The pointed grey beard, the eyes, bright, narrow slits, the lips turned down at the corners—all appertained to society's good-humoured cynic, Harold Labache.

"I thought you were never serious about anything," he drawled at last.

"Laughter and common sense are very good friends," answered Labache, "although people won't believe it. I want free trade in fortune-telling or no trade at all. Free trade for a preference. If I were a religious or moral person I should say no trade—in superstition; but I'm not. I have no objection to religion or morality in the abstract. But if people wish to pay for being imposed on, why shouldn't they? Only give the impostors fair play all round."

"But no one believes in this tom-foolery," said the other. "Every man fashions his own future, if he could only make up his mind what he wants it to be. I never can from day to day. But if I were really in earnest—if I really wanted to get or to do anything, I'd get it or do it in spite of fate."

It would have been a boastful speech in any other man; in Lord Dunderring it was simple truth. Yet at first sight he did not look that sort of man at all. He was short and square, strong and active-looking, and stronger and more active than he looked. Dressed in light grey tweed, with a Panama hat perched on the back of his close-cropped bullet head, to the careless eye he seemed a commonplace person. The dark brick-dust complexion might have come from drink or from exposure. As a matter of fact it came from exposure at the Poles and in the Tropics. The round light blue eyes that had the glint of polished steel looked rounder

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and brighter from their dark setting. His chin was a square knob. Perhaps the best feature in his face was his mouth—firm-lipped and resolute — but it was covered with a tawny moustache through which only the gleam of white teeth was visible. He looked the skipper of a small trading vessel, and appearances were so far justified that he was the best yachtsman in the world.

Labache glanced at him with a shrewd twinkle in his oblong eyes. "Yes," he said, "you generally manage to get your own way. But every one is not so fortunate or unfortunate as to be a self-willed multi-millionaire. The rest have to take their fate as they find it."

"That may be so," Dunderring answered, with a faint touch of self-complacency in his voice. "But surely no man, woman or child could ever expect to find fate in the wrinkles of a hand?"

"There are men, women and children that will believe anything," retorted Labache, "and every man, woman and child has his or her own pet weakness. Look there!"

"Oh! Mr. Labache, how you frightened me!" exclaimed Lady Feverton.

As he spoke a female figure emerged from the low door of the "Cave of Delphos"—a well-dressed, well shaped figure of a woman. They could see that she was palpitating with excitement, and the shapely hand trembled as she pulled her veil down. Then she came swiftly past them without stopping—apparently without seeing. But Mr. Labache swept his hat off with an old-fashioned salute that made the glossy silk flash like a mirror in the sunshine.

"Good-day, Lady Feverton," he said, suavely.

She started and cried out nervously at the sound of his voice.

"Oh! Mr. Labache, how you frightened me! My nerves are all tingling."

"The fortune-teller?" he asked, with a smile.

She hesitated. "Well, yes," she confessed, coming closer and speaking in a low voice.

Lord Dunderring had dropped a little behind, unnoticed by the lady in her agitation.

"It *was* the fortune-teller," she went on nervously. "You needn't smile. Of course, I don't believe in any such rubbish any more than you do. No sensible person does."

She looked at him wistfully for contradiction or confirmation, but his bland smile was wholly inscrutable.

"It's all nonsense, of course," she began, more nervously than before, "but——"

"Yes, but—?" hinted Mr. Labache, courteously.

"She's wonderful! really wonderful!" Lady Feverton broke out in a sudden burst of enthusiasm. "She told me things about myself that I didn't know before. No! you mustn't laugh, not flattering things at all, but I felt they were true the moment she said them. I wouldn't mind that so much, but she spoke of the future, and I don't want to believe her if I can."

"Don't then!" It was Lord Dunderring who spoke this time.

She turned sharp round at the sound of that deep voice. "Cousin Dick!" she cried, "where did you drop from. Everybody and everything is startling me to-day. I'm delighted to see you of course, but——"

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"Another 'but,' Fanny?"

"That woman told me you were coming, Dick—I didn't believe her. I thought it was impossible, I had a letter from you posted from Achill this morning!"

"But about the fortune-teller?" he interposed, quietly.

"The fortune-teller!"—with a relapse into nervousness, "Oh, she is really wonderful," cried the volatile lady, going off in another direction like a rebounding racket ball. "The whole story about her is wonderful. As I was walking in the grounds yesterday, an old gipsy woman rose up out of the ferns with a rustle like a cock-pheasant, and sent my heart into my mouth. She was nearly bent double with age, and had a face brown and livid like a withered leaf. While I stood panting and gaping, she called me a pretty lady and wanted me to cross her hand with gold. But I wouldn't have my fortune told; I thought it was wrong—superstitious, you know, and that kind of thing. Then, all of a sudden, the thought came to me that she would be a great draw for my bazaar next day—a thing to get talked of in London—a real old-fashioned fortune-teller, not one of those silly young girl palmists, who know nothing except to titter and make eyes and squeeze the gentlemen's fingers."

"But it was wrong, you know, Lady Feverton," said Mr. Labache sternly.

"Not in the cause of charity," Lady Fanny promptly retorted.

"Well, I coaxed the old woman to come, though she didn't want to at first, and I fitted up the summer-house as the "Cave of Delphos." Delphos was a great prophet, I believe, somewhere in Egypt, so it was appropriate every way. Then I just whispered it about privately that fortunes would be told there by a real fortune-teller at half a sovereign a head—a hand I mean, five shillings to go to the charity. It was perfectly amazing the excitement. Everyone wanted his or her fortune told and, what's more, believed it. I could not have imagined people so foolish."

"But you went yourself, Fanny," said Dunderring.

"Oh! that was merely curiosity, Dick, and I wanted to find out the trick of the thing besides."

"And did you?"

"Well no, I cannot say I did. The woman frightened me, she seemed so terribly in earnest, and she told me some really astonishing things."

"For instance?"

"She told me about you."

"Am I astounding?"

"Very. She told me where you were and what you were doing, and that you would be here to-day, and I didn't believe it, but you are, you see."

"That's so," he assented. "Nevertheless, the whole thing is rubbish."

"Well, then, if you are quite sure of your scepticism," Mr. Labache chimed in quietly, "face the music, have your fortune told?"

"I'll be hanged if I do. The thing is a mere trick only fit for hysterical women—beg pardon, Fan, didn't mean that."

"Besides, you can't, Dick," said Lady Feverton.

"Can't what, Fan?"

"Can't have your fortune told. She made it a special condition you shouldn't."

"Did she so," he growled, his stubborn will roused by the heat of opposition. "We'll soon see about that."

A slim girl's figure stepped out of the summer house and along the lawn like a frightened fawn, and Lord Dunderring made straight for the door. He stood for a moment in the narrow entrance, blocking the light. The walls and roof of the summer house were woven close with sycamore branches and bush woodbine. Here and there the sunbeams trickled through the crevices and sprinkled the dark floor with drops of gold.

For a moment his eyes could see nothing in that green twilight. But gradually there grew on his gaze a strange figure in a long black cloak, bundled up in a deep rustic seat in the darkest nook. She looked very old and very feeble; hardly human in her decrepitude. Her head had fallen forward, resting on her hands, and he could see nothing at first but a great mass of dishevelled iron-grey hair.

In spite of himself he was impressed. There was something uncanny about the figure; she did not look in the least like a vulgar impostor.

"I have come to have my fortune told——" he began.

The woman's head rose at the first sound, and he felt the bright eyes fixed on him.

"You have come, Lord Dunderring," she interrupted, taking the words from his lips, "you have come in your folly to tempt your fate."

She spoke in a low, clear whisper that stirred the air like the vibration of a bell.

Lord Dunderring passed the threshold a little awkwardly and took his place in a vacant seat beside the fortune-teller.

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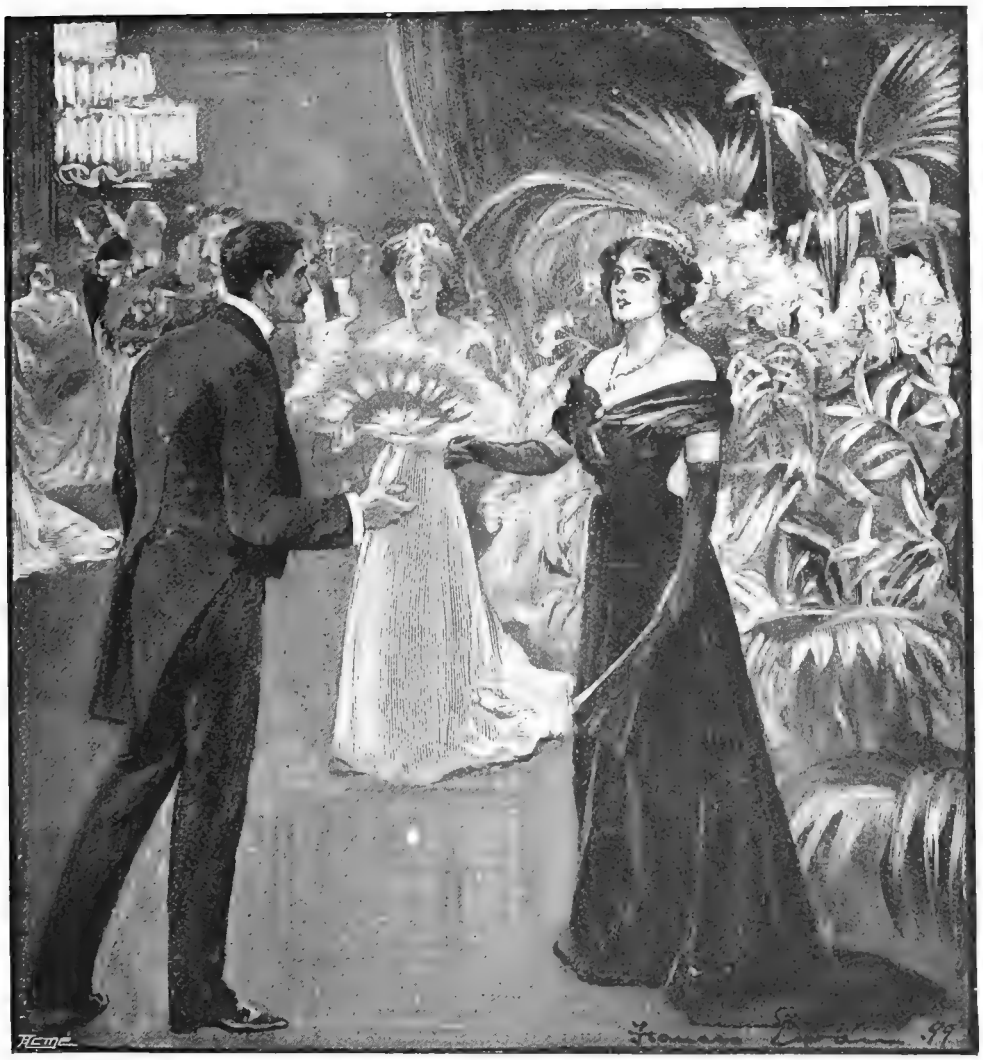

He found Lady Wilderner waiting on the landing, with the Wilderner ruby blazing on her neck.

But his coolness came back to him as they looked each other steadily in the eyes for a silent minute.

The woman's face was the face of a mummy, ribbed and brown. All her life was in her blazing eyes. Their colour he could not tell in the twilight, but their brightness was wonderful. They glowed with a deep light as if a flame were kindling behind.

Without a word Lord Dunderring stretched her his square, strong paw. She took it in her long fingers, bending over it as one bends over a book when the type is small.

"A strong man and a wilful," the words came in a whisper at last—"and reckless if opposed."

He chuckled assent. "Any one that knows me at all, knows that," he said.

"Self-willed in great things and in small."

"For example?" he asked.

"You have spent the last three months living like a peasant in a hut on Achill Island mountain to shoot the last of the golden eagles."

"But I got him," he interrupted, complacently, "Oh, I should not have told you."

"I knew, without your telling," she answered, shortly, and he believed her. "You have always got what you wanted in

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the past; you will always get what you want in the future—if you can."

"Whether I can or not," he interrupted sharply, "nothing shall stop me."

She paused and looked at him steadily.

"Shall I speak of the past or of the future?"

"Of the future," he said, "of the near future, so that the test may be prompt. Trickery may teach you to know or guess the past."

Again she pored over his hand. "You have never loved," she began abruptly, "but before another month is passed you will be ready to barter your soul for a woman."

He laughed incredulously, contemptuously. "So we have come to matrimony already. You are more common-place than I thought you. Try another tack, old lady; women are not in my line at all."

Again she looked at him steadily with strangely luminous eyes, and a curious doubt and fear began to grow in him under her gaze.

"Listen, now," she said slowly, "belief will come later. Within three weeks from to-day you will be present at a great reception. I see you, I say, I see you, go slowly up the wide marble staircase."

She had dropped his hand and was gazing into space. He could believe anything of those eyes. "You have spoken to a lady—tall, stately, with hair and eyes as black as night, and a great red stone blazing like a spark of fire on her white breast."

"Lady Wilderner," muttered Lord Dunderring to himself, "the Wilderner ruby, by Jove!"

"That the lady?" he asked, still incredulously.

Lady Wilderner was a married chum of his; they were what he called "pals."

"Listen!" was the answer. "You have but pressed her hand and moved on with the crowd to the dancing room. You don't mean to dance."

"I never do," he soliloquised.

"There is a girl standing by the door fanning herself with a fan of white ostrich plume; young, graceful and beautiful. Oh! very beautiful. She half turns and looks at you as you go past. She is all in white with a bunch of violets at her throat. Her cheeks have the flush of the wild rose, and her eyes are of the deep sea blue." The old woman spoke wistfully and paused as if haunted by the ghost of her dead youth.

"Well?" he said, impatiently, "—go on."

She turned almost angrily.

"The first look of those blue eyes will light a flame in your heart that will kindle and grow as the days go by, till your whole soul is on fire."

"What a pretty romance!" he said, laughing, but the laughter did not ring true. "What next?"

"You will long for her, strive for her as you never have longed or striven for aught in your life before.

"And she—the girl?" The words seemed to slip from him unawares.

"To her you will be a man as other men; no more. A man neither to love or hate. There will be no place for you in her free heart. Twice you will beg of her to be your wife, and twice she will refuse, bidding you have no hope."

"And then?" There was an eagerness of which he was not conscious in his voice, and the strong hand clutched the old crone's fingers with a grip that hurt.

"And then?" he repeated, for she was silent.

"You will ask a third time."

"And then?"

"I can tell no more."

"You must, you must!" he cried. "This is mere foolery; some common trick of your trade."

His tone belied his words. His very earnestness seemed to have some compelling influence on her.

"She is in danger! in great danger," the thrilling whisper went on, "from fire or water, I cannot say. You save her life. Then you ask her for the third time, and——"

There was a long pause.

"Well?" he asked hoarsely. For the moment his faith in the woman was perfect.

"I cannot tell her answer. But this I can see—here the lines of life and death run close together and almost touch. If she refuses you for the third time you will die by your own hand."

For a long minute they both sat so still that a fearless chaffinch ran twittering along the floor of the summer-house, the sunshine glancing from his burnished feathers as he passed through the little pools of light.

Then Lord Dunderring shook the spell from him like a burthen with an impatient shrug of his broad shoulders. He rose abruptly, set a couple of sovereigns on the table beside the gipsy's chair, and left the place without a word.

"Well?" cried Lady Fanny eagerly as he rejoined them on the broad walk, "isn't she wonderful?"

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Mr. Labache said nothing, but looked at him keenly through narrow eyelet holes.

"Commonplace," replied his lordship curtly, but he could not make his tone commonplace.

"But what did she tell you?" Lady Feverton persisted, "let us judge for ourselves."

"Oh! the old story," he answered carelessly, "of death and matrimony. They all sing the same hymn with variations."

"But what was the — er — girl's name?"

"Didn't say; red cheeks and blue eyes. Oh! the usual thing."

Lady Feverton pouted. Her eyes were a very fine brown.

"But she gave you some particulars, Dick? Surely she gave you some particulars?"

"Lots. But don't worry, Fan, like a good old girl. The whole thing is such folly I am ashamed to have taken part in it. Let's talk of something else."

So they talked of something else for a while; Lady Feverton lightly and wittily playing with the gossip of fashionable London when Lord Dunderring broke in suddenly, *apropos* of nothing.

"By the way, what's Madge Wilderner doing?"

"Oh, I forgot; how stupid of me! She is going to give a great reception on—let me see—just this day three weeks. It is to be the event of the season. Royalty is expected; that is royalty once removed, of course. You would have had a card if she knew you were within range of the post office. I will write to her to-night."

"Not Dick?" "Yes, Dick," he answered; "How good of you to remember me."

"Kindly do nothing of the kind, Fan. Before her semi-royal reception comes off I will be well on my way to China. I have taken my passage by wire from Ireland."

But Lord Dunderring did not go to China. He loitered on in his luxurious flat in the Albany, forfeited his passage by wire, and let the steamer sail without him.

Laugh or grumble as he would, according to his humour, the gipsy had impressed him in spite of himself. The impression had

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been enhanced, when a little later, on the day of the bazaar, Lady Feverton came to him in a whirl of excitement to say the old fortune-teller had vanished, as if the ground had swallowed her. Lord Dunderring's two sovereigns lay on the table beside the empty chair, but of the old woman there was no trace. Inquiries were made but came to nothing. She was gone, suddenly, completely, untraceably as a drop of water into the sea. Lord Dunderring was the last that had seen or spoken to her.

He loitered on at the Albany. In a sportsmanlike fashion he said to himself that he would give the old prophetess fair play. He would test her by the card of invitation for the Wilderner reception. If she was right, a card would come, of course, and if a card came, he would go.

A week before the reception; six days; five; then four; then two—and no card. He found himself feverishly watching the post and longing for an invitation. He could stand it no longer. He thought of the lovely girl, with cheeks like the wild rose petal and eyes of the deep blue sea, fanning herself with the ostrich plumes by the ball-room door, while he sat sulking at home in his chambers. "It's all nonsense, of course," he mused, "still, if—— Hang it! I must give the woman a fair chance and then I'll be done with the tomfoolery for ever. Madge doesn't know I'm back; I'll drop her a line." So he dropped her a line and had his card of invitation by return of post.

As he tore the envelope open, the thought came to him suddenly, "The gipsy is right so far; the invitation has come. I *must* go to the reception now."

A curious presentiment hung round him all day, seeming to close him out from other men whom he met in the streets or at the club. Even his own voice sounded strange to him. The weird feeling was still upon him as his private hansom whirled him off that evening to the great Wilderner house in Parkgate Street. It almost startled him as he found Lady Wilderner waiting (as might be expected) on the landing with the Wilderner ruby blazing like a spark of red fire on her white neck. He seemed to know before she spoke what her words of gracious welcome would be. A little dizzy, and still walking like one in a dream, he saw, without surprise, a slim, stately figure, all in white, close to the door, with a fan of white ostrich plumes in her right hand. The face was half turned from him, but he could see that it was

They were together alone in the recesses of the great conservatory.

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very beautiful, and he perceived that the only touch of colour in her dress was a bunch of violets at her throat. She glanced up carelessly as he passed, and the blue eyes, of the colour of the deep sea with the sun on it, for one second looked straight into his own.

"What's the matter, Dunderring?" said Mr. Labache's genial voice, a moment later, close beside him. "How pale you look!

"Oh, I'm all right," said Dunderring, brusquely. Then, in his downright fashion, going ever straight to his purpose, "Do you know that girl—no, not that—the tall, beautiful girl in white, near the door at the other end of the room—there—there! Can't you see? There's a chap taking her off to dance now."

"Oh, that!" Mr. Labache cried, dropping the glasses with a jerk of the black silk string, and turning with surprise and compassion to his companion, "that!—why, where have you been? I forgot you were in Ireland or China, or some place on the outer edge of the world. Nothing less would account for such ignorance. That young lady is Miss Elaine Seevers, the chief lioness of London. She'll roar you as gentle as a sucking-dove. She's a great heiress, a great beauty, and a great actress, uncommon triple combination. A month ago no one had heard of her; now everyone has heard of her. She came to Irving; wanted to play Juliet, never had been behind the footlights before. He laughed at her. 'Laugh, but listen,' she said, like the chap—I never could remember his name—in Greek history. He listened, and Ellen Terry listened; both went mad over the girl; Terry, the madder of the two. The upshot was they stopped a successful play in the middle of a long, fast run, produced Juliet at a week's notice, and took the town by storm. Other Shakesperian plays followed with equal success. The very soul of the heroines seemed to get into the girl. I, George Labache, have snivelled at her like a sentimental schoolgirl!"

He paused at this as if the last word were spoken.

"But the girl—who is the girl?" demanded Lord Dunderring, impatiently.

"Only daughter of old Squire Seevers, of Hampshire, who was killed in the hunting-field nearly two years ago. Why, you knew the man, Dunderring, and the daughter, too, if I'm not mistaken. You stayed with them once for the hunting about seven or eight years ago."

"Not Ivan Seevers; surely not Ivan?"

"The very man."

"And that wonderful girl—the little tangle-haired, motherless tom-boy I used to romp with? I should have remembered those wonderful eyes. Why, I taught her to ride, and——"

He stopped abruptly. His thoughts went back to those old times. He remembered with a curious thrill that Elfie Seevers—then eleven years of age—one hunting-day, when he had pulled her out of a swift brook, had volunteered to marry him. He had put her off laughingly, with the assurance that he wasn't a marrying man, that he was old enough to be her father, and she would soon find a nice boy of her own and forget all about him. She persisted, "Oh! I mean to have you whether you like it or not, when I'm a big lady, and you'll see I will, too!"

It was a thing impossible that this stately girl whose beauty almost frightened him, was the merry little tom-boy playmate whom he had carried about and kissed a hundred times, and who had so frankly expressed her matrimonial intentions.

"Can you introduce me?"

Mr. Labache looked at him in surprise. The hesitating voice and manner were so unlike the downright Lord Dunderring.

"Perhaps it would be better to ask our hostess," he answered; "it's a somewhat formidable young lady."

Lady Wilderner was "delighted," so she said in reply to Lord Dunderring's request, though she did not look it, for Lady Wilderner liked to monopolise admiration.

"Lord Dunderring—Miss Seevers." The stately beauty bowed slightly in acknowledgment of the introduction. But as Lady Wilderner turned away, the dark blue eyes lit up with sudden recognition and delight.

"Not Dick?"

"Yes, Dick," he answered. "How good of you to remember me!"

"Neither good nor bad," she answered gaily, "I remember because I cannot help remembering. Now take me away somewhere, and let us talk of old times."

He carried her off in triumph to a quiet nook known only to the initiated, where they talked of old times for an hour, while disappointed partners searched for her frantically but in vain.

Dunderring found her the free-hearted schoolgirl, frank and unaffected as in the old days. She called him Dick as a matter of course, but for the life of him he could not call her Elfie in return. Man is never satisfied. He could have wished her shyer, even colder in her manner. The easy

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comradeship of the old days chilled the hope that was already warming in his heart.

"You will come and see me?" she said as she gave him the slim firm hand frankly at parting.

"As often as I may?"

"Oh! you may as often as you like," she answered laughingly, "you have only to take your ticket, you know."

He went back to his chambers like one in a fever, chilled or warmed by sudden alternate gusts of hope or fear. So far, the gipsy's prophecy had come true. The spark in his heart had already kindled to a flame. Already he felt that his life without love was impossible, and he kept forcing from his memory the remainder to the dark prophecy.

He saw the great actress every evening that week. The most passionate Juliet, the most pathetic Ophelia, the most terrible Lady Macbeth, the most sweet and tender and womanly Imogen. But it was in Rosalind he loved her best. In free, frank, merry, daring, true-hearted Rosalind—that pearl of perfect girlhood—she was herself. There was no acting there at all, only a free rein given to her own nature, and Dunderring envied Orlando with an envy that was like hate.

She took his praise of her acting as a child takes praise—with unconcealed and unaffected delight.

"I'm glad you liked me best as Rosalind. I like her best myself.

They had met by mere accident in Regent Street. She was shopping and he was idling, and they had strolled away to St. James's Park together, talking Shakespeare as they went.

"Juliet was more loving, of course," he began, "but——."

"But she wasn't," Elaine interrupted; "Juliet's love was only glorified hysterics. In comparison, Rosalind would do ten thousand times more for Orlando than she for Romeo. Oh! I want you to love Rosalind best."

"I do love her best, because she is most like you," he said abruptly.

She turned to him with laughter sparkling in her eyes, and dimpling about her lips.

"Do you know that is very like a declaration?" she said.

Her laughter hurt him more than anger could. His blood took fire at her words.

"I mean it," he said, shortly, conscious of the abruptness of his words and harshness of his voice; "with my whole soul I mean it. Can't you see my love for you is torturing me!"

She turned to him again, like one amazed, and the laughter died out of her face.

"I will not pretend to misunderstand your meaning; I will answer you as briefly as you have spoken; and my answer is—no!"

Something of the old dogged determination woke in the man.

"I won't take 'no' for an answer. I never did all my life long, and never in all my life was I in earnest before."

She faced him with a resolution equal to his own. "Nor am I lightly swayed from a purpose once formed," she said.

"But you are not angry?"

"Not angry, but determined. Now shall we drop the subject—or part?"

"Drop the subject—for the present," he said, but with the fierce resolve that he would win her yet.

Only one week later they were together and alone in the recesses of a great conservatory. It was a smart musical function in the house of one of the leaders of London fashion, and they had slipped out of the throng.

The breath of the exotics was in the warm air, and ever and again there came to them from the distant music room the faint wailing of the violin touched by a master hand, or the clear, pure notes of the most famous soprano in the world.

The place was dimly lit by dainty fairy lamps, coloured specks of brightness half hidden amid the flowers and foliage. Elaine sat on a velvet couch provided by a judicious hostess for such emergencies. But Dunderring dare not take the place invitingly vacant beside her.

He stood there, stolid to all seeming, and awkward, and talked in jerks on all trivial subjects—the flowers, the music, the theatre—stealing an occasional look at the unconscious grace of her figure and the loveliness of her face. The surroundings were maddening to him, and in her eyes and in her voice there seemed a subtle invitation.

Suddenly his self-control snapped under the strain, and almost before he knew, he was pouring forth his love with the eloquence that passion lends.

At the first word she started from the couch and faced him, inexorable as ever. Before her answer came he knew it. Though her eyes were kind and the "no" was softly spoken, he took it as the death knell of his hopes. The words of the fortune-teller tortured him. He rebelled against the prophecy that had come so true. The fear was on him that it would prove true to the bitter end, and that like a sentimental fool he would die by

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his own hand. With the fear came the sudden resolution to break the spell. "Good-bye, Elfie," he said, "I will trouble you no more."

As she put her hand in his the impulse was strong upon him to catch her in his arms. It may be she read it in his eyes, for she turned from him so abruptly that her elbow struck a fairy-light from its shelf and sent it clattering down the marble pavement. The delicate porcelain was shattered by the fall and the bits slid tinkling along the smooth floor. But the naked light flared up, and its red tongue touched the hem of her soft, white dress. Instantly the flame caught and spread with a sudden flush of light. She cried out, and Dunderring was by her side with a single spring—quick, cool, alert, with nerve, eye, and hand, all trained to sudden and perilous emergency. Swift as the fire was, he was swifter. He clutched and gathered and bunched the flimsy fabric together in his naked hands and crushed the flame to death. The blaze perished as suddenly as it rose; only a few singed and smoking fragments of the dress littered the marble floor.

There was a strange, exalted look in her eyes as she turned to him; a look he had never seen before.

"Well done!" she panted out, "a woman may trust her life in your hands."

Instinctively she looked at the square strong hands of the man as she spoke and saw that great patches of white blister had already begun to rise on back and palm.

Her mood changed suddenly. All the woman woke in her to pity and remorse.

"Oh! I'm so sorry," she cried, "I can never tell you how sorry I am. How could I be so careless, so thoughtless, so cruel! Can you ever forgive me, Dick?"

Amazement, and a feeling stronger than amazement, kept him silent for a moment. For the tearful blue eyes that looked so pityingly on his face had a maddening light within their depths that seemed to set his blood on flame.

"Oh! Elfie," he faltered out at last, "you are cruel, now; only now. It is my heart you have hurt, my darling, not my hands. Don't tempt my despair with lying hope."

But the frank blue eyes with a new and loving light in them boldly answered his own, and his resolution melted in the warmth of their gaze.

"Well, Elfie," he whispered, "it is your turn now. What is your secret?"

"It is madness I know; but I am mad."

He spoke and paused as a coward pleading for life, for love and life rested in her answer.

"Well?" she said softly in the pause.

"Will you be my wife?"

"Why, of course I will,' was the astounding answer. "Oh, Dick, how blind you men are! I loved you all the time ever since those old days. Don't you remember I promised to be your wife whether you liked it or not? But you really do like it now, don't you?"

There was no answer—in words.

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"No, no, not again," she cried, "you frighten me. How terribly strong you are! It would be awful if you should ever want to beat me when we are— Why, I'm a baby in your hands. The poor burned hands, do they pain you awfully?" and she touched the white blisters softly with pitying lips.

"Not in the least," he answered, "I had forgotten." He spoke truly, for he was one of those men whom pain can hardly touch at all. "I would have those two palms burned off to the stump, Elfie, for one word of love from you."

"I like my bear better as it is with the paws on. But you must keep the paws quiet or I shall wish them gone."

They were seated together now, and he had slipped his arm round her slim waist.

"Don't touch it!" he cried with a grimace, as she tried to put his hand away, "it will hurt awfully if you touch it, but it is most comfortable where it is."

"Poor thing!" she said, and let it rest.

"Tell me truly, Elfie, do you really love me? I am hungry to hear the words again, I have so wished and longed for them."

"Really and truly, on my honour as a lady."

"All the time?"

"Yes, all the time."

"But why, then?"

"I will answer no more questions, sir—some day, perhaps. Oh! Just look at the cut I am if anybody should come!"

"No one will come."

"I don't care, I'm a fright to myself. Just look at me!"

"I am looking at you all the time; I can't help it."

"Oh! do be serious, Dick. Between you and fire see what you have made of me!" From the waist down, the costly skirt of her ball dress hung in scorched tatters about her. But the white silk and delicate lace of her bodice were unstained and unruffled. The rope of pearls was not whiter than the neck it circled, and the sapphire clasp at her bosom matched the blue of her eyes to a shade. As she stood fronting him, with love and laughter shining in her eyes, Dunderring thought she never looked so beautiful.

"You are perfect," he said.

"That's said to escape buying me a new frock for the one you spoiled."

"Let it be a wedding-dress," he answered, quickly, "as soon as you please."

"Now I'm gone. You know I'm staying in the house. I can find my way to my own room and dress in ten minutes; that's part of my trade, you know. Mind, no one is to know of this escapade except our two selves."

"And the price of my silence?"

"No blackmail; but if you are very good you may have the honour of taking Miss Seevers down to supper. I'm very hungry—and happy."

The last word was said softly, and she vanished as she spoke.

The engagement was brief. Lord Dunderring's impatience and persuasiveness carried all before it. Just a month from the exciting scene in the conservatory Lord Dunderring and the four-hours-old Lady Dunderring were alone seated tolerably close together in a London and North-Western Railway carriage on their way to a delightful lodge of his lordship's in the wilds of Connemara. The conversation was of the usual character. Anyone who has had a honeymoon can fill in details according to taste.

"Do you really love me, Elfie?" he said, having already received what to most people would seem convincing proof on the subject. "It seems too good to be true."

She drooped her beautiful head on his broad shoulder. The feather of her neat travelling toque tickled his left ear. But he didn't seem to mind; such is the power of love.

"It is I that should doubt, not you," she said, "you forgot me for so long, and I remembered you always."

"But I loved you all the time," he persisted, "you were my fate."

"Your fate?" She gave him a sudden look with those wonderful blue eyes; just a flash from under the drooping lashes that made him quiver with delight.

"I could tell you a strange story; a strange secret," he said, "if you promise not to laugh at me."

"I promise," she said quickly, "perhaps if I like your story I may tell you a secret in return."

Then he told her his experience with the gipsy fortune-teller. The details grew vivid in his memory as he spoke, and his wonder was strong as ever at the strange tale that had come so strangely true.

Something in the earnestness of his voice seemed to have impressed her. She made no comment, asked no question while the tale was telling. She sat silent with her head averted when the tale was told.

"Well, Elfie," he whispered at last, "it is your turn now. What is your secret?"

Then she turned to him with blue eyes gleaming, and lips demurely tight, though a laughing dimple struggled in her cheek.

"Well!" he persisted, "your secret?"

"I was the fortune-teller," she said.

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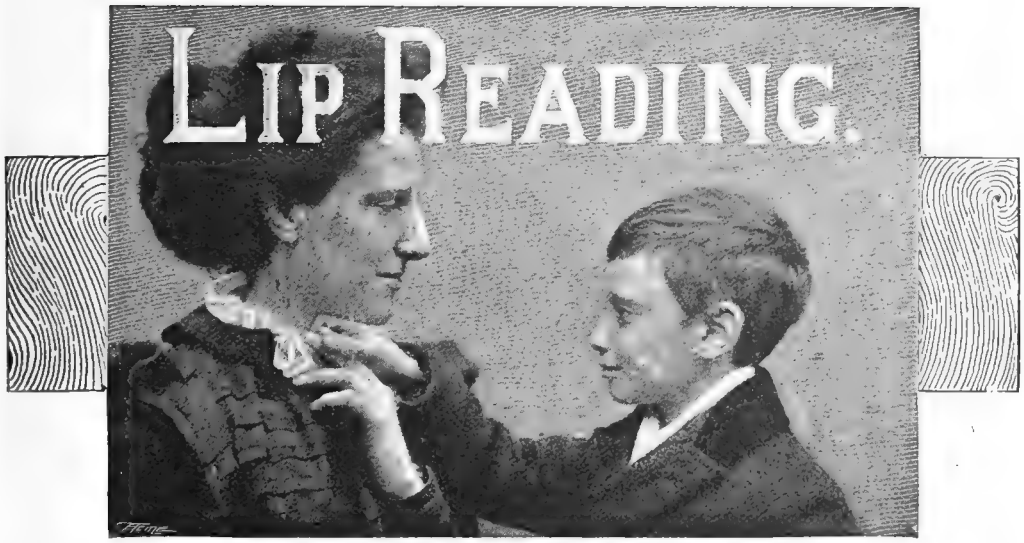

Feeling the vibration of the vocal chords for the sound of the letter M.

By Mary Hare.

(Photographs by R. C. Ryan.)

The teaching of deaf-and-dumb children, in spite of so much that has been said and written upon the subject, still appears to be a mystery to the majority of people in this country, and more particularly does it seem impossible to them to understand that such can be taught to speak.

Tell the average man or woman that this can be done, and one is met with the reply: "Taught to speak on the fingers you mean, for no one ever heard a deaf and dumb person talk;" or, worse still, after a teacher has explained fully, as he fondly imagines, how it is done, he gets the reply, "But, of course, they can never learn to speak aloud." Such remarks as these may be expected from schoolroom visitors, or else inquiries as to whether the pupils learn to read by the raised letters.

The deaf, then—or to call them for once by the more familiar title, the deaf-and-dumb—can be taught to speak, and are taught now to a large extent in Great Britain, by what is known as the *oral method*. This is by no means the only method used in their instruction. There are three ways at present in vogue—the system which teaches entirely by signs, or the manual alphabet and writing; that which teaches entirely by speech and writing, known as the oral method; and that which makes use of speech, the manual alphabet, signs, and writing, and called therefore the combined method.

Previous to the latter part of the eighteenth century these different styles of teaching, in a more or less crude form, were used indiscriminately throughout the countries of Europe, in *isolated* cases only, no one apparently considering it necessary to do anything for the deaf as a class. They were ill-treated, scorned, neglected, according to the character of the age and country in which they lived, in some cases even being put to death, the opinion being almost universal that to teach them was a hopeless task. Here and there, however, would arise a man or woman with ideals above his neighbours, who would devote his life to one, two, or three deaf-mutes as the case might be. Others again, from mercenary motives, would do the same, but the total in any case was a miserably small one, and the bulk of the deaf were left to grow up in absolute ignorance of everything.

It is France we have to thank for the first practical philanthropist who gave himself up, not to one deaf mute, but to all who chose to come to him, poverty being their passport instead of their bar, as in the past.

In a narrow old-fashioned street in Paris, just where it widens a little, stands now a commodious building, surrounded by its own

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gardens; in the courtyard within the entrance gates is a statue raised to the memory of this man, the Abbé de L'Epée, whom all the world now honours for his life-long devotion to the deaf.

To-day in this institution are to be found 300 deaf boys, thanks to the work begun for them nearly 140 years ago by the Abbé. His interest in the deaf was first aroused by his accidental meeting with two deaf and dumb sisters. Finding they had no means of communication, and, as he said, no one to give them any idea of religion, he decided to teach them himself, and ere long he had no less than sixty scholars, the greater part of his not too liberal income being set aside for their support. Having no previous knowledge of the subject, he studied eagerly whatever books had been written upon it, and even taught himself two or three other languages in order to read books published in them, finally deciding that for his numbers and the limited time at his disposal, the sign language was the most practicable. For this reason the sign and manual system was long called the "French" sytem, and, owing to the Abbé's enthusiasm, it spread rapidly over France and other countries. Could De L'Epée return to the scene of his former labours he would find a revolution in this respect, for now the whole school is entirely oral in its teaching, and not only this school, but all schools throughout the country.

A as in Ah!

Long A as in All.

Oo as in Ooze.

Long E as in Eat

In our own country the first public institution was opened in 1798, largely owing to the interest aroused through the private work of John Braidwood, whose nephew became the first head-master of the institution now standing in the Old Kent Road.

Until the last twenty or thirty years the sign language has been most in vogue in England; since then, however, with the opening of one or two purely oral schools, opinion has gradually been changing, and now, although it cannot be said that the *pure oral* method is used very largely, yet all schools devote more or less attention to the teaching of speech, some using this exclusively, others giving it a higher place than the manual, and others again employing it as little as possible.

The system which requires the most skilful teachers is undoubtedly the pure oral system, and from a woful lack of these it has suffered considerably in Great Britain at any rate.

It would hardly be a fitting act for anyone who knows little of the inner workings of the silent system to attempt any explanations of it. Such as there are will consequently be confined to the oral teaching. This was first brought prominently before the English public about thirty years ago, when teachers from Rotterdam and Vienna (a few years later) were invited to take charge of public schools for the deaf in London. From this time may be said to have commenced that war of methods which has been carried on ever since, the oral system in the meantime steadily creeping towards the front; but it cannot be said by any

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means to have yet won a final battle. Whether it ever will do so in this country rests with the oral teachers.

Oralists base their assumption of the power of the born deaf to acquire articulate speech on the fact that the vocal organs of such children do not disqualify them from speaking, this seeming to point to the fact that it is the inability to hear which prevents the natural development of language—that is, they believe that the repetition of vocal articulate sounds, constantly falling on the ear of an infant, at last arouses in turn the instinct to imitate. This he does with gradually increasing accuracy, until intelligible speech is the result.

Short A as in At.

The deaf infant, by reason of his infirmity, is cut off from all this, and at the end of two or three years, he is still where his hearing brother began, able to make vocal but inarticulate sounds, and here he must remain, unless specially taught first to articulate and then to use these sounds intelligently as language.

M as in Mummy.

Various preliminary exercises have first to be gone through in order to awaken the child's somewhat dormant powers of attention, perception, and imitation; the length of time to be spent over them varying according not only to his mental capacity, but to the amount of home training, spoiling, or neglect he has hitherto received. Eventually, however, the day arrives when he is ready to learn his first sound, the idea being to teach primarily those most easy for him to pronounce and lip-read. The alphabet, as usually taught to hearing children, is discarded for the present, and the child learns only the phonetic sounds. For instance, to pronounce the sound of "f," his attention is directed to his teacher's mouth, where he sees the upper front teeth lightly resting on the lower lip as in the illustration.

This alone will not enable him to say it. The sense of touch (a most important factor in the instruction of the deaf as with the blind) is next brought into use, and the child's hand is put near the teacher's mouth, in such a position that he can feel the breath on the back of it; his other hand being placed in front of his own mouth to show him that he must experience a similar feeling on that. He thus readily produces the required sound, which, by the way, is entirely without voice, several non-vocal sounds being taught first as presenting less difficulty. The "f" is then written down by the teacher, and read and copied by the pupil, and here we get a sample of the deaf child's first lessons in lip-reading, articulation, reading, and writing, which progress simultaneously, for the present at any rate.

L as in Lull.

SS as in Hiss.

Another illustration shows the formation necessary for "th"—the tip of the tongue between the teeth; the hand again being called into requisition in order that the breath may be felt.

All non-vocal articulations are illustrated in this way; careful attention on

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F as in Fluff.

the child's part, to the exact position of the articulating organs being indispensible, and equal quickness on the teacher's, in order to detect any defect in the sound, or unnecessary exaggeration or distortion of the features. In the illustrations given of various sounds, it has been necessary to some extent to make the child exaggerate the position in order to give an idea by means of a photograph, of what is intended. The model used is a little boy eight years old, born totally deaf, now being the taught at an oral school at Brighton. He was merely asked to repeat the sounds from dictation, and was then photographed in the act.

Th as in This.

In one of the photographs the boy is giving the position of "sh," and in another, that of "s." After dealing with the more elementary non-vocal sounds, the vowels are taught, and here the sense of touch is most important, the back of the hand being placed on the teacher's throat in order that the child may be made conscious of the vibrations of the vocal cord. This position may be seen in one of the photographs. The pupil's other hand is then placed on his own throat, that he may reproduce what he feels on his teacher's.

Some of the photographs illustrate the first vowel sound taught—that of ä, as in far; next is shown â, as in all, the same process being gone through. The position of oo is a particularly easy one for a deaf child to see and imitate, as may be gathered from the illustration. It is impossible to represent all vowel sounds pictorially, many of them having more than one position. We illustrate the formation of ē, that is, what little can be seen outwardly; and of the vowel a, as in "at." The short sound of this vowel has also to be conveyed to the pupil by his sense of touch, which leads him, if he has been properly trained, to recognise the difference in the length of the vibrations of a long vowel sound, such as ē, and a short one like a.

It takes a deaf child a considerable time to realise that, although he can only understand what is said to him by watching the mouth, and in the early stages also by feeling the vibration, ordinary people can, on the other hand, know what is said without using their eyes at all. He thinks very often that all people have to lip-read, and that, consequently, if he covers his mouth or hides it from them, they cannot tell what he is saying.

This was amusingly illustrated one day by a little deaf girl, who had been spending the evening with some friends of her teacher. One gentleman of the party had been greatly interested in her and had played with her a good deal, which apparently gratified her, for when bed-time came she put a hand each side of her mouth, so that none but her teacher should see (or understand, as she thought), and asked in a very distinct voice, "Miss ——, may I kiss that gentleman?" "That gentleman" answered the question for himself.

R as in Rose.

Another more embarrassing occasion was that on which a little deaf boy

Sh as in Shine.

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was being made much of by a lady who was possessed of a considerable hirsute appendage on her chin. Turning round on her lap, so that his back was to her, he remarked, evidently with great amusement, "Lady no, man yes." How his teacher at that moment wished his speech had not been quite so distinct!

This "broken English" talk has, of course, to be expected, for it must not be supposed that when once the deaf child has been taught to articulate he will then be in possession of a good command of language. On the contrary, every word has to be taught and the meaning explained when necessary; the little ones, consequently, soon get into the way of using their limited stock of words whenever possible, and making them do duty for others when they see any resemblance. It is not uncommon, for instance, to hear a little child describe a venerable old man or equally ancient lady as "boy" and "girl," to hear him call his hands "gloves," the cat's paws "boots," and its claws "pins," an angel a "girl-bird," and so on.

Another class of articulation is that requiring the assistance of the vocal chords in their production, such as v, the method of obtaining which being here illustrated. The pupil must feel the vibrations of the vocal chords at the throat, and his other hand is placed before the teacher's lips, that he may feel the emission of the breath.

In the sounds of l, and r (as in rat), the pupil has to be made conscious of another vibration, *i.e.*, the front of the tongue, caused by the passage over it of the vocalised breath. The position of the mouth in the nasal sound of "m" is next pictured, the lips being closed and the vocalised breath passing through the nasal passages. It is usual to develop the nasal sounds last, in order to lessen, as far as possible, any tendency to a nasal tone.

Many of the sounds bear a resemblance to each other in *appearance*, though not in sound, and as it is by the look that the deaf child judges. He is often confused, more especially in the earlier stages of his education. This leads at times to some comical mistakes. For instance, for p, b, and m the lips are closed, and if the word used is unfamiliar, it is difficult to distinguish which is being used. The same may be said of t, d, and n, the position of the tongue in each being behind the upper teeth. The two following instances may illustrate more clearly what is meant.

"Go and ask for some pumice-stone," was said one day to a deaf child, and downstairs she makes request for "puppy's stone."

"What is your brother's name?" said another deaf child to a little friend. "Neville," was the answer. "Devil," repeats the deaf girl, with a look of horror. "Very ugly name; I do not like it."

No attempt is made here to deal with the subject of developing language. This is a matter of years, while the preliminary step of teaching articulation takes, as a rule, from three to six months, according to the time at the disposal of the teacher, and the ability of the pupil.

The teaching is, as may be gathered, an arduous task, requiring great care and infinite patience. No one should attempt the task who has not a genuine love for these little deaf children.

V as in Vivid. Feeling the vibration of the vocal chords and the breath.

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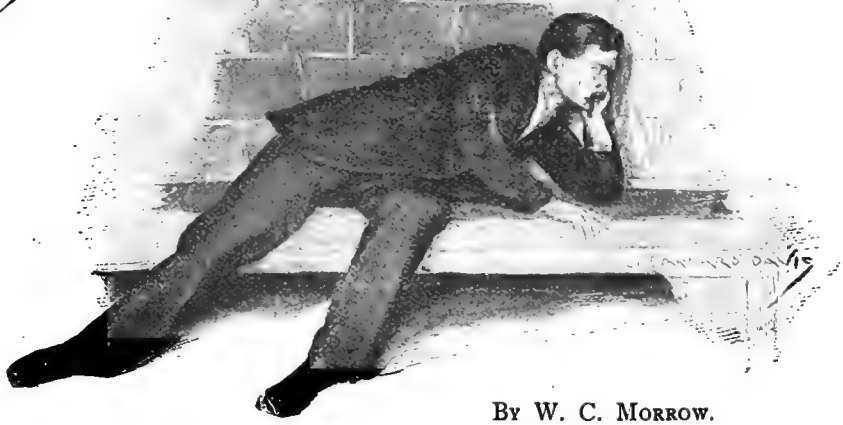
FOR HIS COUNTRY



By W. C. Morrow.

I.

Sir, June 30.

One of the guards—the one whom I bribed, and who will see that this reaches you—has just informed me that I am to be shot at sunrise to-morrow. It was really pitiful to see how it hurt the poor fellow to break the news to me, for he is evidently kind-hearted, and has become much attached to me. . . . To be shot as a spy, sir, ... at sunrise to-morrow—can you comprehend that? And this is what I am to get for being a patriot; for foolishly volunteering to gain entrance to this fort for the purpose of reporting its strength and condition to you. And it was you, sir, who so eagerly accepted my services, giving not a moment's heed to the awful dangers of the undertaking, not a second's thought to what it means to a man to be discovered, tried, stood with his face to the wall, and riddled with lead at sunrise—as a spy! not an instant's reflection to the agonised young wife and the orphaned baby. Sir, there are hot nether fires burning for such as you!

Disrespect to my general, eh? Yes, but the men who have condemned me to-day, and those who will shoot me to-morrow, have an implacable enmity for me, not a scintilla less than that which filled your heart when you sent me upon this mission. I am a common soldier, and you my general, but the sentence of death severed my relations with you, and made me infinitely your superior in the rank of patriots. When have you offered to put your life in jeopardy for your country? How comical would be your pompous parade-day strut as you marched to the wall to be shot in the back at sunrise—as a spy!

It is not through love of you, nor of the country that gave me birth, and that by your hands has sent me to a shameful death, that I send you the information which I have gathered, but through a desire for revenge upon these brutes who are to have my blood to-morrow. In such a moment as this a man opens his heart to God, with whatever of blackness it may hold. No jibes can reach me in the grave. I will write now, while my blood is hot, and the fangs of despair are gnawing my soul.

[Then followed much particular information in the letter concerning the armament of the fortifications, the character of the works, the number of guns and defenders, the kind and quantity of ammunition in the magazines, the situation and purpose of underground passages, the position of mines and torpedoes in the harbour, and many other things of great importance to an enemy, but of dull interest here. After that came the following passage :]

I also made an unremitting search for the secret vaults that you believed to exist within the fortifications. My close relations with the commandant enabled me to make investigations with considerable freedom, and while I found that there was a legend concerning certain mysterious vaults, it was treated as one of those idle myths that follow in the wake of war. But this did not make me any the less vigilant. If, as has been long asserted, such vaults existed, and contained the vast treasure that the legend gave them, they would certainly be found sooner or later by the enemy, and would enable him to command the outcome of the war. If, on the other hand, I could secure possession of the treasure and smuggle it away, it would be of incalculable value—to me! My wife and little boy could—

Well, in the bottom of an old iron box buried under earth and rubbish in a vault of the arsenal I finally found an exceedingly old parchment—so old that the greatest care was required in handling it, lest, in its rotten state, it should fall to pieces. With infinite care I opened it at a convenient time, and found the writing and other marks upon it almost

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obliterated. Many surreptitious hours and vast patience and study were required to solve the riddle that it presented, but at last I mastered it: it was a plan showing the situation of the long-forgotten treasure vault! After having thus learned the secret, I deposited the parchment in a safe place. The treasure vault is beneath the arsenal.

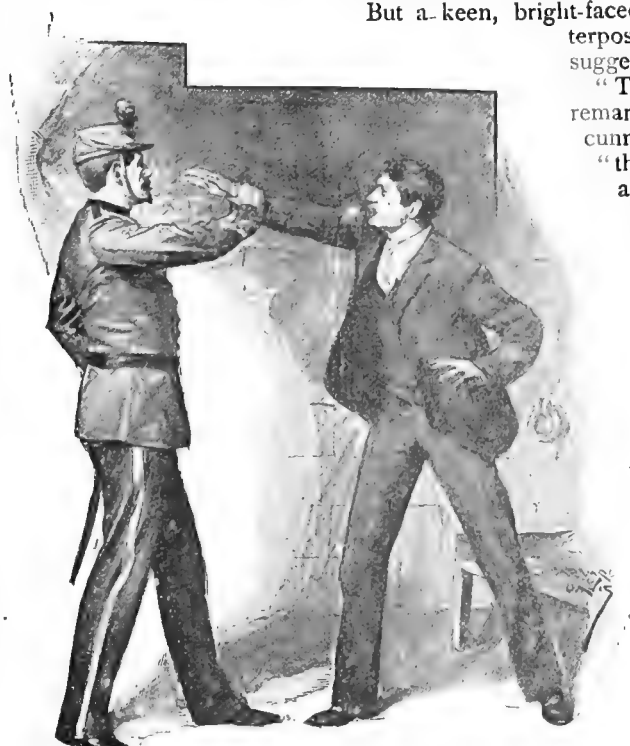
[The letter here gave a very minute description of the approach to the vault, together with an ingenious explanation of the manner in which it had been lost, and explicit directions for finding it. With an injunction to pay the guard a certain large sum of money that the writer had promised him for getting through the lines with the letter, and another outburst of scorn for his general and hatred for his country and all the world, the letter ended with a touching message to the writer's wife.]

II.

The spy was sitting in a state of stupid dejection when the friendly guard returned to the cell. His bloodshot eyes looked up sullenly at the intruder with an expression of loathing that nothing could conceal. The spy arose and stretched his arms, and then, assuming a playful mood, made a dash at him. The guard threw him off, but in the scuffle, the letter, carefully sealed, had passed, and was snugly tucked under the guard's jacket.

He reflected that the safe delivery of this letter meant a fortune to him, but, without a moment's hesitation, he took it to the commandant of the fortress and laid it in his hands. That officer beamed.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "you have secured it! and he still trusts you?"



The guard threw him off, but in the scuffle the letter had passed.

"He evidently does, commandant—but he despises me;" and the soldier grinned.

The commandant smiled as he tore open the letter. The officers who were with him watched his face with the keenest interest as he silently read, and when he had come to that part detailing the discovery of the secret vault, and describing its approaches and the dazzling treasure that lay within it, he could no longer restrain himself. He read that part of the letter aloud, and a blazing excitement shone in the face of every man who heard it.

"This must be verified!" exclaimed the commandant. "And to think," he added, "that the poor devil is to be shot to-morrow—for discovering this treasure and putting it in our hands!" He laughed softly at this strange turn of the wheel of fate. "And he writes so pitifully about his wife and child!" Here the commandant read the entire letter through. "It does seem a little hard. But his marvellous keenness and ingenuity! To think that not a single man in the post had such brains and pertinacity as this! We should all hang our heads in shame. Gentlemen," he added, "let us go and find this vault."

But a keen, bright-faced young officer interposed with a startling suggestion.

"The spy displays so remarkable ability and cunning," he said, "that there may be a plot in all this which we do not understand."

"What could it be?" asked the commandant, impatiently.

"I—I don't know, Commandant," answered the officer; "I am merely considering the possibilities residing in so remarkable a mind as this man has."

The commandant looked a little disconcerted. "Let us take

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no chances," he agreed. "We will go over the letter carefully, study it word by word, and ascertain its meaning. Surely nothing could be hidden from so many alert minds as we have here!"

The letter, accordingly, was studied with extreme care. The end of it was this observation by the commandant:

"The man, though extraordinarily able and daring, is a coward in the presence of death. That, after all, is the final test. We will put him to it. We will compel him to lead us to the treasure-vault."

This simple solution satisfied everyone.

Meanwhile strange things had been happening in the spy's cell after the guard had left him with the fatal letter. At first he paced the floor in blind excitement, gasping, muttering incoherently, clutching at the beam of light that streamed through the grating of his cell door from a lamp in the corridor. Then he flung himself upon his straw pallet, writhing, grinding his teeth, and breathing spasmodically—the tremendous agony of a man labouring with all the might of his soul to conquer himself. The fearful struggle brought victory at last, for with an approach to calmness, but wholly exhausted, he staggered to his feet, and with his hands pressed about his bursting head, he gave one long, suppressed moan. He went to the grating, and gazed silently at the lamp, then turned, and through the grating of the high narrow window, whose black bars cut sharply against the sky, his glance rested caressingly upon a star. Thus standing, he softly mused:

"Has a thing miscarried? Can anything have possibly miscarried after all my care? Have I made a mistake in the selection of my man? I picked him out as the one whom no temptation could corrupt—for whom no dirty gold could prove alluring when his country's welfare was at stake. Does he really believe that I do not suspect his treachery to me—that I hug to my soul the comfortable assurance that I have bonded and bought his manhood? And when he takes the letter to them, will it have been so artfully constructed that they will suspect no trap? And its heart-breaking passages about a wife and baby that have no existence—will they have the proper lulling effect?

"How dare I assume that my poor wit is so superior to the combined wits of many others that I can fool them so easily, when, in my discovery as a spy, I have already shown my shortcomings? It is always thus—trickery inevitably overreaches itself.

"Ah, that is the welcome sound at last!—my real deliverers are scaling the wall to the barred windows of my cell. They will find the bars easily removed—I have seen to that. While my good friend, the guard to whom I gave the letter, is betraying me, the friendship that money really can buy is coming to liberate me. The window is narrow, but my deliverers can easily drag me through. Meanwhile, according to my calculations based on my study of the poor fools who are exulting over my letter, they are deep in a discussion of the hidden treasure—the blessed treasure that, when they find it, will take ten million fiery wings and disperse with inconceivable swiftness. The glorious display will happen just at that happy moment when, safe beyond the walls, I shall behold the mightiest volcano that ever shook the earth. Ah! my general, may heaven's richest blessing be yours for giving me this glorious opportunity; and oh! my country, accept this service at the hands of thy lover. . . Ah!

"Wait a moment," he said, "I hear someone coming."

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there is a head at the wicket! . . . Yes; I am ready. Drop the line. No; wait a moment. I hear someone coming."

Footfalls were sounding in the corridor, and the sudden opening of the cell door caused him to turn in surprise, and there confronting him were the commandant and his staff. The head disappeared from the window grating.

"I have come to inform you," said the commandant in an insinuating, half-mocking voice, "that we should be under great obligations if you would pilot us to the secret vault where the treasure lies."

The spy stood aghast and mute. Just one of his marvellous calculations had miscarried.

"I—I—don't understand you," he stammeringly gasped.

The spy gave one hard tug at the peg, with the next effort, there came a vast roaring upheaval.

"This letter may refresh your memory," replied the commandant, holding it up before him.

With incredible swiftness the spy snatched the letter from the commandant's hand, but before he had time to mutilate it, the whole body of officers had flung themselves upon him, borne him to the floor, and forced it from his grasp. When they let him up, he stood desperate and defiant before them.

"Now will you show us the way to the treasure-vault?" asked the commandant.

The spy, looking him squarely in the eyes, quietly answered, "I will."

The exultant light that illuminated the faces of the men revealed to his keen watchful eyes that their minds were easy. They made way for him. He walked firmly out into the corridor, and with a steady step, his glance straight ahead, he went on. In exact accordance with the directions that his letter contained, he led them to an obscure passage that he had uncovered, and then so artfully concealed, and finally pointed to a wooden peg hidden in an embrasure. This was all as the letter had said.

"If you withdraw that peg," he said, "you can remove the stone which it secures. You may do that at your leisure. Behind that is what appears to be a blind passage; but underneath the heap of earth at the further end is an iron trap-door. That is the opening to the treasure-vault."

"Very well; you remove the peg," said the commandant.

The spy, nerving himself with a mighty effort, raised his hand and grasped the peg; then he shot one swift glance above to note that an obscure wire ran intact from the peg to the magazine. He gave one hard tug at the peg; with the next effort there came a vast roaring upheaval that shook the world, and that with volcanic violence sent hurling skyward in confusion and death all that had made the life, strength and glory of the fort.

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Illustrated with Photographs.

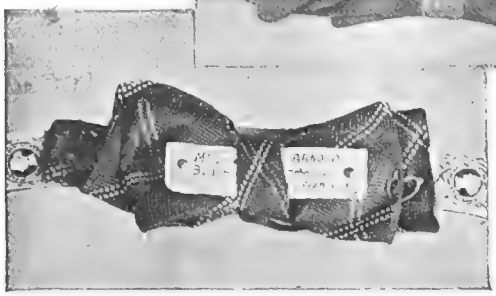
In these days when the demand for originality so greatly exceeds the supply of that commodity, it is refreshing, even in the matter of hobbies, to come upon one that may, without exaggeration, be styled novel.

Foreign postage stamps, old coins, alleged autographs of celebrities, postmarks, crests—all these excellent forms of the collecting craze, and countless of a more or less similar nature, have had their day and if they continue to hold the interest and occupy the spare time of their collectors, it is to be accounted for, in all probability, by the fact that the collector is either thoroughly conservative in his tastes, or has no objection to remaining behind the times.

The novel form of collection with which the following remarks deal, is one that, at first sight, appears so prosaic and commonplace that the wonder is how its originator has found sufficient interest in it to pursue his hobby for any length of time. This, be it repeated, is one's first idea when the nature of Mr. W. Reginald Bray's collection is mooted, for that gentleman's hobby is the accumulation of—common halfpenny postcards, and envelopes! Not, mind you, the elaborately designed pictorial cards on which one experiences such difficulty in discovering a vacant space whereon to write and which are now ubiquitous on the Continent, but the common or garden half-penny cards with which every man, woman and child in the kingdom is familiar; not the superfine embossed stamped foreign envelope, but its common British brother!

The fact of the matter is that Mr. Bray has indulged in countless pranks at the expense of that excellent institution, the General Post Office, with the result that his collection is one of many and varied postal freaks which are fully deserving of public mention.

Here are two gentlemen's ordinary kid gloves, each of which has passed through the post as a letter, the addresses being written on the backs of the wrists.



This bow has also been carried as a letter, without any outside covering.

When we hear mention made of a postcard we usually understand the word to

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describe a more or less square or oblong piece of stiff cardboard. Mr. Bray must have quite a different definition of the word, since, for instance, he has made use of a fair portion of his wardrobe as postal missives.

In his possession is a postcard manufactured out of an old collar, and another of half a cuff, with the link holes occupied by metal paper fasteners, each of which has passed through the post bearing the address and a half-penny stamp on one side, and a message on the other. In neither case, moreover, was any extra fee demanded.

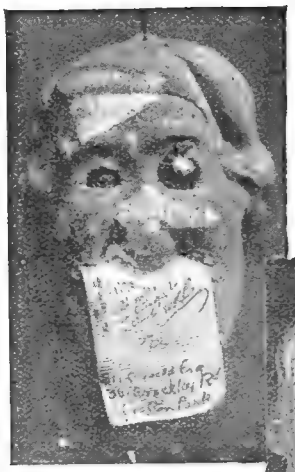
One of the accompanying photographs represents, to take another example, a pair of gloves, each of which in its nakedness has passed through the post as a letter. A monster calico hat has likewise performed a postal journey without covering, travelling as a letter with the usual penny stamp affixed. Then, too, a black "bowler" hat, on which the direction was painted in coloured enamels, passed as a letter, arriving properly postmarked, &c., at its destination.

The neat bow-cravat pictured in our second illustration made a similar tour through the post, loose, at the price of the usual letter. Half of a pair of braces, fastened in convenient shape, also passed for a penny.

In each of these cases the address was inscribed on some portion of the article dispatched, with a message, of presumably slight importance, written on another portion.

This fan probably beats the record as a postcard.

Then, too, the fan to be seen in our third photograph has passed for a postcard without the vigilant eyes of the postal officials detecting the very apparent fact that it was not of regulation size, since in length it was 13in. and in width 7in., while it possessed a protruding handle not to be observed in the usual postcard. A sock, a shoe, and a handkerchief, have also passed through the post, loose, at letter rates.



This is one of those glutinous heads which children are so fond of pulling into all shapes and forms.

The back of the same "letter."

In addition to such items of personal adornment, Mr. Bray has made use of many remarkable articles in adding to his collection of postal freaks. An amusing one is the glutinous head pictured in the next photos.

As will be seen, the "letter" (for the collector had not the audacity to send the child's toy on its journey in the guise of a postcard) consists of one of those sticky abominations which can be expanded to any size, and are warranted either to frighten a baby into St. Vitus' Dance or invite convulsions consequent upon excessive hilarity. The tongue of the said abomination was removed to give place to a small card on which the address and message were inscribed, while two half-penny stamps were affixed to the back of the head.

An equally interesting—and sticky!—feature of Mr. Bray's collection is a postcard made out of common yellow soap which was addressed, dispatched and post-marked in the usual way. In this case the vigilant officials observed the irregular nature and size of the missive and mulcted the sender in the sum of one penny sterling.

The specimen of a dog biscuit, represented in the next illustration, was equally unlucky, in that it, too, was charged for on delivery to the extent of one penny. Possibly the General Post Office objected to the nature of the

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"letter" on principle, for the weight was not in excess, and, as will be perceived, the address was plainly inscribed on the face of this article of canine consumption.

Cyclists perceiving the next photograph will be interested to know that Mr. Bray has passed an ordinary bicycle-inflating-pump through the post as a letter, with the address painted on the metal. To those of his friends who, knowing his ambition, have circulated the story, Mr. Bray repudiates the suggestion that he has attempted to pass a bicycle through the post as a letter card.

He has, however, satisfactorily passed, without excess being charged, both a metal brandy flask and a toy pillar box.

The pack of cards represented in the next photo is interesting. It is of the "midget" size, and was sent through the post as a letter, the address being written on one playing card, the message on another, and the stamps (two halfpenny adhesives) affixed to a third and fourth, respectively.

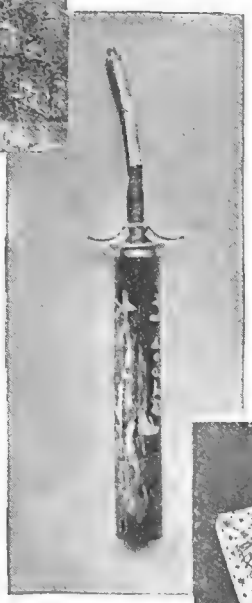
This dog's biscuit was sent as a postcard, but the authorities surcharged it as a letter.

The result of another amusing experiment is the freak pictured in the next photo. The postcard, instead of being of regulation size and shape, is in the form of an "Ally Sloper" head cut out in cardboard, and it performed its postal journey without being taxed.

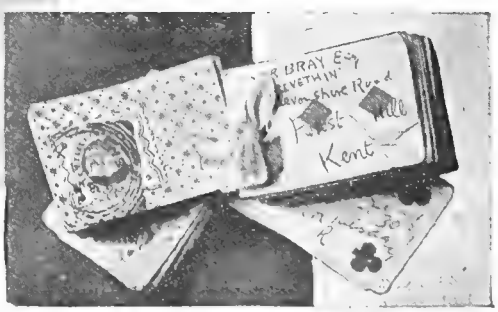
Then, too, many are the pictorially addressed cards that Mr. Bray has passed through the post. Of such the next illustration is an example. The postal authorities evince considerable ingenuity in unravelling such problems, and they certainly deserve credit, in many cases, for solving hidden addresses that would appear to demand the deductive reasoning of a Sherlock Holmes in their deciphering.

Though not of regulation size and shape this passed as a postcard.

With coins Mr. Bray has made some interesting experiments. In one case a 3d. piece was defaced by being bored through, and having solder attached to the reverse side. The coin was then attached to a card stamped with a ½d. stamp and marked "Sample Post" as a token of its valueless nature. On delivery the excess charge of 5d. was made, the coin having been registered by the G.P.O. and returned in an envelope. The amount named was charged as double registration fee and 1d. for double deficient postage (since 1d. should have been prepaid on it). The sender was, however, able to explain in due course to the Authorities that the missive was no longer money, having been defaced, and could not therefore be charged as coin of the realm. Thereupon the amount of the registration fee (4d.) was returned to the sender by special messenger!



Here is a bicycle tyre-inflating pump which went as a letter.



This pack of cards had a curious experience in the post.

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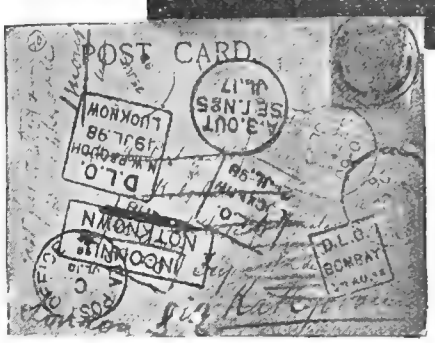
Many an item in the collection under notice is interesting by reason of the curious situation of the addressee.

In an accompanying photo may be seen a postcard that travelled to the top of the Himalaya Mountains and back for 1d. In another illustration is depicted a card which is remarkable for the fact that it is addressed to the miller of Uhrigsmühle-loz-Bliesmengen, who, owing to the situation of his residence, sleeps in Bavaria, lives in Prussia, and works in Lorraine! (though how this is possible we entirely fail to understand). Mr. Bray has also addressed postcards to "A Resident of the Last House in England, Lands End," to "A Resident of the Last House in Ireland, Cork," to the occupier of the "Last House in Scotland, nearest Cape Wrath, N.B.," and "To the Resident of the Last House in Wales."

With regard to the last-mentioned card, the sender in addressing it to Glamorganshire was apparently at fault, for the G.P.O. officials, with characteristic ingenuity, delivered the card correctly to the resident of the last house in Marloes (Pembrokeshire), which is apparently more westerly than any occupied house in Glamorganshire.

While it is generally expected that a letter, distinctly addressed, should be delivered in due course, it is impossible to challenge the decision of the authorities who returned to Mr. Bray cards addressed respectively to a resident of the sun and of the moon. The explanation that the missives were "insufficiently addressed" must appeal to the reader as being both an obvious and a reasonable one!



This postcard went to the Himalaya Mountains and back for one penny!

Another card in the collection, which is curious on account of its addressee's situation, is one which was sent to an English township in which there is only one house, occupied by a single resident. The house in question is on Skiddaw, the noble Cumberland mountain. Another card that is of interest, for the same reason, is one which was addressed to a resident of one of the Shetland Islands, who verified a fact queried in the communication, to the effect that the population of the Island consisted of three persons. Another card has been sent to a resident of the United Kingdom whose house, though it is difficult to believe the fact, is over one hundred miles from the nearest railway station, which is Glasgow.

For a postcard posted in the year of Grace 1898 to arrive bearing an 1897 postmark seems highly remarkable, but the accompanying photograph is sufficient proof of the fact that such a postal monstrosity is in existence. The explanation is that the proper stamping instrument in use at one of the London offices was destroyed in a fire that devastated an adjoining building occupied by the proprietors of a well-known enamel. Consequently, to deface the stamps on letters passing through the office the authorities had recourse to the use of old instruments unclaimed by the flames.

A type of pictorial address familiar to the sorters at the G.P.O.

Here is a defaced threepenny-piece, whose curious postal history you must read on page 238.

The absolutely unaddressed postcard pictured in the next photograph is something of a mystery until the explanation is given. The postmarks of "Bray," and "Forest Hill," were not stamped thereon by the authorities, but cut from other letters and affixed before posting. The missive thus directed reached its destination though stamped "contrary to regulations."

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Inconsistensy is a feature not unnoticeable in Post Office transactions. Mr. Bray has an example of this in a postcard, which, being readdressed, was sent five times through the post without being charged for. On the sixth occasion a tax was made, though, when posted for the seventh time, the venturesome missive reached its harbour of safety without incurring any additional expense for its addressee.

On the other hand, the aforementioned ingenuity of our postal authorities is both remarkable and extensive. For instance, Mr. Bray found that he had "reckoned without his host" when he re-addressed a Belgian card (66 days old) to a fictitious address in Cochin China, and the document was returned next day to the sender without having been any nearer to Cochin China than the Metropolis!

An interesting card, too, is one that, being directed to a cave on the west coast of the United Kingdom, was taken by the authorities to the inhabited island nearest to it and eventually returned to the sender.

Several much-travelled cards occupy prominent places in Mr. Bray's collection. One, for example, as photographed in an accompanying illustration, was sent by re-direction to S.W. England, S.E. Ireland, N.E. Ireland, N.W. Ireland, S.W. Scotland, and Mid-England. Another card was sent round England by the same means, via four islands. A third has belted the United Kingdom travelling *vid* three different lighthouses.

A crochet-work letter and address.

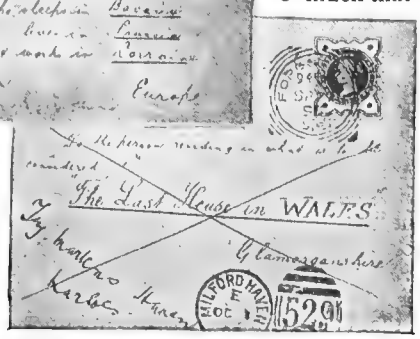
A record, however, is perhaps held by the missive presented in another photograph. This freak practically lived in Post Office pillar-boxes for a fortnight, being posted on no less than twelve distinct occasions, no charge being made except once, when a ½d. was collected from the addressee.

Small children may be pleased to learn that they can send their dollies, per letter post, without enclosing them in the oppressively warm wrapping of brown paper that so frequently has been their temporary prison in the post. The charming Japanese lady pictured on the following page travelled through the post as shown by the formidable address which has deprived her features of much that was formerly beautiful in them. The message in the case of this "letter" was inscribed by Mr. Bray on the Doll's bare feet—a liberty which the lady must have been greatly inclined to resent.

As novel, perhaps, as any

This card, posted in 1898, received an 1897 postmark!

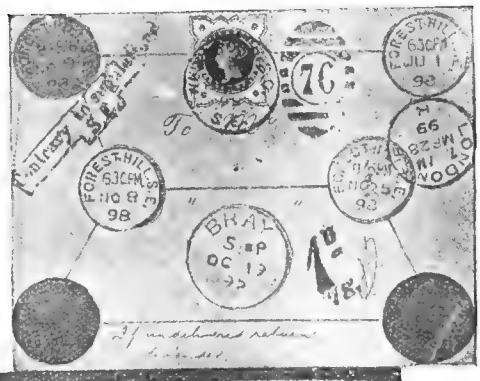
The addressee of this postcard, Mr. Bray tells us, has his house so curiously situated that he sleeps in Bavaria, lives in Prussia, and works in Lorraine.



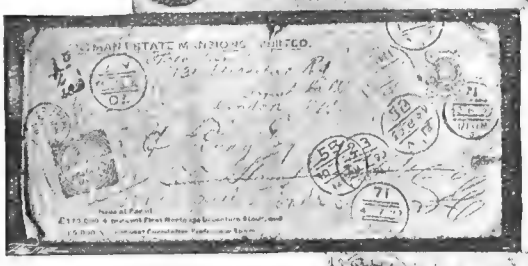
The address explains this curiosity.

Google

other item in the collection is the piece of crochet (worked by the collector's mother) to be observed in the last of the accompanying photos. Presenting, as it does, the appearance of an old-fashioned d'oyley, the "letter" will be seen to be formed of the crocheted outlines of the names "Bray, Forest Hill"—a direction which the Post Office officials found sufficient for their purpose, although posted in Suffolk. A scrap of paper was introduced into a corner of the missive on one side of which the stamps were affixed and on the other the message inscribed.



An unaddressed postcard.



This freak lived in a pillar-box for a fortnight.

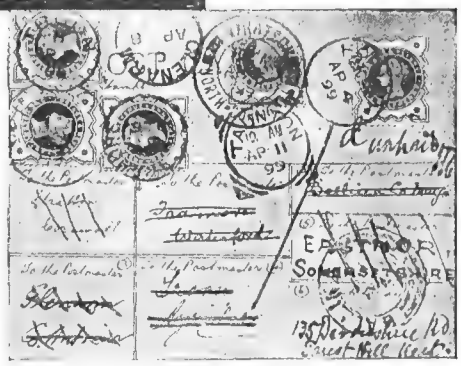
Neither of the last mentioned postal freaks was charged for beyond the prepaid postal fee of 1d. in each case.

This doll passed as a letter, the address being written on the face.

In forming his collection, Mr. Bray has been amused to receive some remarkable letters from postmasters and mistresses in remote districts. One good lady, regretting that she could not oblige the collector of postal freaks in a small matter, wrote that her district was "not a village, only a country place." The lady's definition of the latter term is somewhat doubtful, apparently. A postmaster on another occasion concluded his letter, "I missed this card, but for that you would *heeve* it *soner*,—I am yours *trully*, ..."

Finally, an Irish postmaster, on being asked for the postmark of his office, informed Mr. Bray that he was not at liberty to oblige him. Nevertheless his communication was actually stamped with the postmark in question.

In conclusion it may be as well to remark that the hobby was taken up by Mr. Bray as such, and by no means with the intention of laying bare any of the inevitable inconsistencies or eccentricities of the grand postal system which holds sway in this country to-day.



A much-travelled postcard.

[It is, indeed, with some hesitation that we publish the foregoing article; for, incredible as it may seem, there are not a few mischievous folk in the world whose spirit of emulation would be so tickled by the pranks and freaks described above that they would never rest until they had done something funny—funny to themselves and their friends, but anything rather than funny to the busy postal authorities. We therefore earnestly request our readers—and especially in view of the present season, which is always the heaviest with the Post Office—to bridle their spirit of rivalry, and to abstain from sending any erratic messages, such as those described and reproduced in this article.—Ed.]

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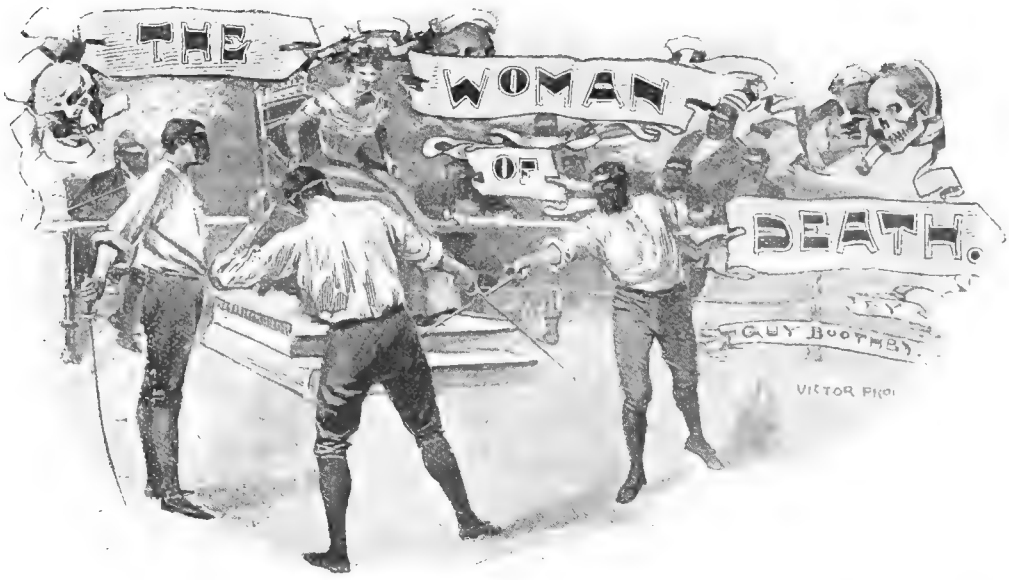

INTRODUCTION.

Lord Middlesborough, when at the Casino at Monte Carlo, is struck by the face of a strange lady. Afterwards another lady is introduced to him, Madame D'Espère, a woman of unknown antecedents, who, on his complaining of boredom, promises to find him excitement. The next day he receives an anonymous letter inviting him to join a mysterious club, and making an appointment, which he keeps, is driven in a strange manner to the club in question.

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued*).

On alighting from the carriage, Middlesborough found himself standing on a flight of steps leading up to a large house, which appeared in the darkness to be of interminable length. Upwards of a hundred windows overlooked the terrace, but there was no light in any one of them. The adventure, at this point, appeared even less satisfactory than it had done in the carriage, and Middlesborough could have found it in his heart to have said "good-bye" to his companion there and then, and, by taking himself off, have surrendered any chance of amusement with which the evening might otherwise have furnished him. At the same moment, however, his hand came in contact with the pistol in his pocket, and the cold iron of the barrel gave him a confidence he had not before possessed. Whatever the cost might be he was resolved to see the matter through. By this time the man who had accompanied him from Paris had inserted a pass key in the lock of the front door, and had opened it.

"Enter, my lord," he said, turning to Middlesborough, who was standing on the steps below him.

The other did as he was ordered, and found himself in a large vestibule, or outer hall, the ceiling of which rose in the centre in the form of a dome. The hall itself was flagged with black and white marble in geometrical patterns; on either side were handsome statues, while at the further end, so he afterwards discovered, was a door, which, for the present, was concealed by a pair of heavy curtains.

"If you will permit me, I will lead the way," said the elder man.

"Do so by all means, my dear sir," Middlesborough replied. "We have been a considerable time coming from Paris, and I am anxious to discover the inducement which can have justified you in bringing me so far."

While he was speaking the other had drawn aside the curtains and opened the door to which I have referred. They, thereupon, passed into a larger hall beyond. Prepared as he was by the long drive, the dark, cheerless aspect of the house, and the courteous but baffling austerity of his curious companion, Middlesborough expected to find himself in a building, poorly furnished and considerably fallen to decay. To his surprise,

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however, he discovered a large and handsomely furnished hall. A thick carpet covered the floor, pictures of more than average merit decorated the walls, while at the further end was a handsome staircase, at the foot of which were two statues holding bouquets of electric lights in their hands. After the cheerless vestibule through which they had lately passed, it was like fairyland. Middlesborough was about to comment upon it when his companion held up his hand in warning.

"Your pardon, my lord," he whispered, "but I omitted to inform you that while you are in this house, conversation is strictly prohibited. On the first occasion of offending, a member is warned; on the second he is invited to tender his resignation."

"The deuce he is," said the young man to himself. "Things seem to grow stranger every moment. This is certainly the most extraordinary club of which I have ever been the guest. I wonder what fresh surprises are in store for me?"

At the foot of the stairs his companion touched the button of an electric bell. Almost instantly a dignified servant, wearing a mask as white as his own powdered air, made his appearance, and relieved them of their hats and cloaks, vanishing again as soon as he had done so. Middlesborough's guide then beckoned to him to follow him upstairs.

When they had reached the spacious landing they were confronted by two more men-servants, who, like their colleague below, were also closely masked. At a signal from Middlesborough's conductor they drew the curtain and opened the door for them to pass through. With a continued sense of expectation, which had been by no means blunted by his previous discoveries, Middlesborough followed his companion into a large and lofty room, as softly carpeted as the hall outside. At the further end was another door, and before this the old man paused as if to listen. What he heard must have reassured him, for he presently opened the door and invited Middlesborough to enter. Having done so he found himself standing in one of the most extraordinary rooms he had ever seen in his life. Its length might have been anything from a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty feet, while its breadth could scarcely have been less than half that amount. It was brilliantly illuminated and at the moment of his entrance might have contained upwards of a hundred people, all men, and all masked, like Middlesborough himself. Unlike him, however, they were dressed in a black costume that reminded him very forcibly of what he had himself worn at Court. In the centre of the room was an enclosed space resembling an arena, and round this, on every side, rose the chairs of the spectators, tier upon tier.

When he had conducted him to a chair and had seen him comfortably seated, the man who had brought him from Paris bowed and withdrew, leaving Middlesborough to his own reflections as to what was to follow. With a very natural curiosity he studied the men about him, but, for the simple reason that their faces were hidden like his own, he could make very little of them. They sat in silence, and the young man, watching the person nearest him, noticed that his hand, which rested on a chair in front of him, trembled violently. What was the cause of this silence and of this emotion? The silence he attributed to the same cause that necessitated the use of the mask, that is to say, to a fear of being recognised; the emotion he could not in any way account for. He was not destined to be left very long in doubt, however, for while he was still pondering the question, the sharp tinkle of an electric bell sounded through the room. The effect upon those present was widely different. Some sat bolt upright, others leant forward with their hands clasped upon the backs of the chairs before them, while not a few did their utmost to appear as though they had failed to hear it. Middlesborough noticed, however, that every face turned towards the enclosed space in the centre of the room. Then a breathless pause ensued.

Thirty seconds or so after the bell had ceased to sound, the doors on either side of the room opened, and two men, in every respect attired like their companions, entered and met in the arena. They were followed by two servants, each of whom carried in his arms upwards of a dozen duelling rapiers. From these the two men in black proceeded to choose weapons, bending, twisting and trying each in turn. As soon as they had made their selection, the servants withdrew with the remainder, while the men themselves took up their positions at either end of the enclosed space. Once more the bell sounded, and once more a thrill ran through those present. This was intensified when the doors opened again, and from each a man emerged, clad in black satin knee breeches and stockings, and a white cambric shirt, the sleeves of which were rolled up above the elbow. Like the rest of the assembly,

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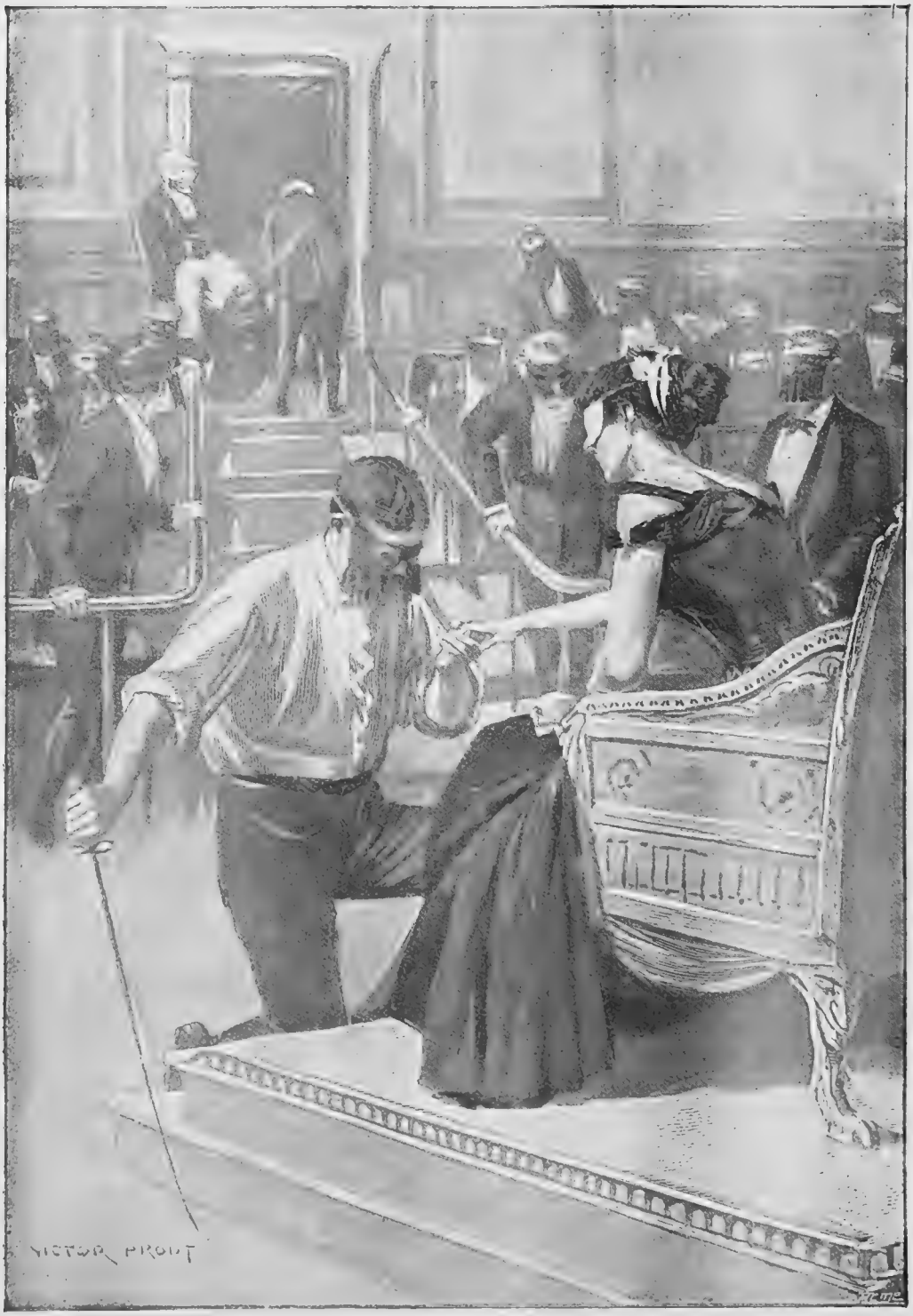

The victor was kneeling on the first step of the throne, kissing the hand of the woman seated upon it.

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however, both wore masks to conceal their features, and from the manner in which they scanned each other, it was plain to Middlesborough that they had not the least idea of each other's identity.

Having met in the centre of the arena they bowed to each other, to their seconds, and afterwards to the assembled company. Then each received from his second the sword which had been chosen for his use, and stood waiting with it in his hand. At this stage of the proceedings there was a short pause, and Middlesborough wondered what would happen next. Then the door, through which he himself had entered the room a few minutes before, opened, and a woman advanced into the room. She was taller than the generality of her sex, and was dressed entirely in black. As Middlesborough could see, she possessed an exquisite figure, and that this might be the better appreciated she was dressed to perfection. To conceal the upper half of her face she wore a white mask, but below it a beautiful mouth and chin, and a long, slender throat were plainly visible. Middlesborough gazed at her in amazement. Her figure was the figure of Madame d'Espère, but was it she? With a low bow to those assembled in the room, she passed down the gangway and made her way to an elevated seat, almost a throne, which overlooked the arena. The combatants lowered their sword points before her, after which they took their places, and exchanged salutes with each other. By this time the excitement was intense. It seemed to Middlesborough he could hear the breathing of the men seated three or four feet away from him. Upon himself, the silence, the long drive, the precautions taken to prevent his locating the house, the crowd of masked faces, the combatants in the ring, and the beautiful woman seated upon the throne, combined to produce an effect that was unlike anything he had felt before.

At the further end was another door, and before this the old man paused as if to listen.

That both men were past masters of the art they were expounding was evident to everyone as soon as they crossed their blades. Middlesborough had himself studied the science under the best tutors of the day, and for an amateur was an exceptionally clever swordsman. Now he watched the glittering blades with a fascination he had never known before. The man furthest from him was, if anything, the superior, and more than once he pressed his opponent to a disadvantage, but on each occasion the other managed, by a stroke of fortune, to elude the glittering point. At a signal from the throne, the seconds intervened and the combatants paused for breath. Middlesborough noticed that a thin stream of blood was trickling down the arm of the man nearest him, while the other did not appear so far to have received a scratch.

Again the Woman nodded, and once more the men faced each other. The blades crossed, and the combat recommenced. Having seen something of the mettle of his adversary, the man nearest him now fenced with greater caution, and for some time contented himself

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with parrying his adversary's thrusts. The excitement was almost more than could be borne. Like his neighbours, Middlesborough could not withdraw his eyes from those two white-shirted figures in the arena. He felt as if he had never known what it was to live until that moment. Then, in a flash, and almost before he knew it, the taller of the men slipped through his adversary's guard, the glittering point sped remorselessly on, and a moment later the other was a quivering mass upon the floor. A murmur ran through the audience; still, no word was spoken. Middlesborough passed his hands across his eyes as if to assure himself that he was awake, not dreaming. When he looked again, the servants were carrying the wounded man out by the door by which he had entered, and the victor was kneeling upon the first step of the throne, kissing the hand of the woman seated upon it. Then he, in his turn, rose and left the room and the excitement was at an end.

The whole thing had not lasted ten minutes, but it had left an indelible impression upon the mind of at least one man who had been present. Middlesborough had long craved a new excitement; here, indeed, was one to his hand. The callousness, the deliberation, the machine-like progress of the whole thing almost passed belief; it revolted while it fascinated him. This, then, was the amusement Madame d'Espère had promised him. While this thought was passing through his brain, a hand was placed upon his arm, and, turning, he found the man who had conducted him to the house standing at his elbow. Seeing that he beckoned him, Middlesborough accordingly rose and followed him from the room. His blood was coursing through his veins like liquid fire; his ears retained the click of the swords as they touched each other, while in his mind's eye, he could still see the vanquished man stretched out, sword in hand, upon the floor, a thin, red line of blood trickling from his side. He had a hundred questions to ask, but he remembered the rule of silence that had been imposed upon him.

Having crossed the ante-room once more, they found themselves in a smaller apartment, where refreshments of all descriptions were to be procured from the same impassive servants he had seen on the landing as he entered. Feeling that he required a stimulant of some description he swallowed a bumper of champagne, and then accompanied his conductor down the stairs to the hall. The same noiseless servant appeared and handed him his hat and cloak. Then, led by the man who had admitted him, he passed through the tessellated vestibule to the front door.

The night had certainly not improved. The wind met him with a buffet as he stepped out into the darkness, while the rain still poured relentlessly down. The carriage was drawn up at the foot of the steps, and in this they took their places once more. They had left the drive and passed out through the gates into the public road before either spoke.

"The obligation of silence ceases now, I presume," said Middlesborough, a little scornfully, taking a cigarette from his case and removing his mask. "I have kept my promise, and in return I hope you will enlighten me upon a few points."

"I will tell you all I am at liberty to reveal," the other replied. "What is it you wish to know?"

"In the first place, I want to be informed as to the condition of the man who was wounded this evening?" Middlesborough replied.

"He is dead," his companion answered quietly. "He died before they could reach his dressing room."

"Dead?" cried Middlesborough, with horrified surprise. He had expected something of the kind, but he had not dared to put his fears into words. "Do you really mean that he is dead?"

"And why not?" enquired the small man. "It is one of the rules of the society that the duel shall, in every case, be to the death."

Here was a terrible amusement indeed.

"And how often do these little affairs take place?" he asked, trying to speak coolly.

"On every alternate Friday," the little man answered.

"And the combatants? How are they chosen, and by whom?"

"They are selected by the Woman of Death."

Middlesborough determined on a random shot.

"When you say the Woman of Death, I presume you mean Madame d'Espère?"

"I do not know her by that name," the other replied.

After that it was useless to say more.

"Am I to understand, then, that since you have introduced me to-night, I may consider myself a member of your club *en permanence?*" he enquired.

"That depends very much upon circumstances. As you can see for yourself, we are unable to accept members haphazard. There

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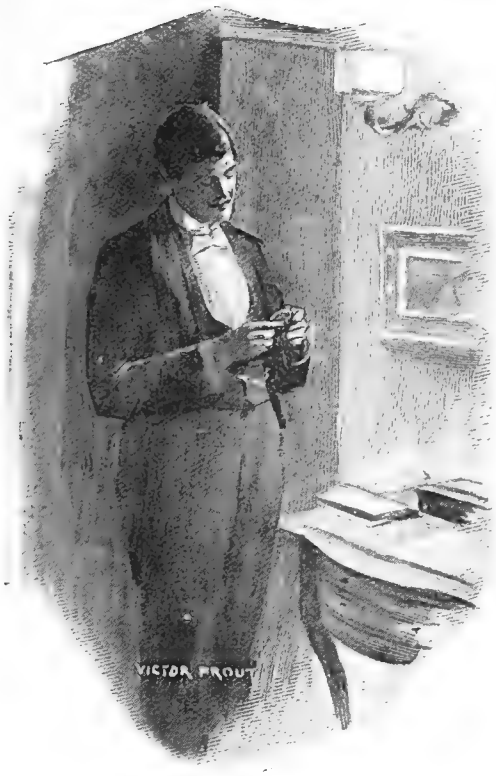

He took up the small ebony disc and examined it.

are certain conditions to be fulfilled and certain promises to be made before it is possible that an election can take place. If you are prepared to give your unqualified adherence to the rules which govern it, I have no doubt it will be possible for you to become a member, not otherwise."

"And these conditions and promises?"

"Are that you should pledge yourself, in the first place, to inviolable secrecy; in the second, that you pay an entrance fee of twenty-five thousand francs."

"Both simple and reasonable enough requests. But surely they cannot be the only rules?"

"No—there are others," the other replied. "I will furnish you with a copy." Thereupon he produced a small stiffly-bound book from his pocket and handed it to Middlesborough.

Chief among these rules, he explained, was one by which it was insisted that while each member had the same opportunities as the others, no one should be permitted to resign until he had fought one duel, and only then on a payment of one hundred and twenty thousand francs.

"But surely that seems a trifle arbitrary, does it not?"

"Not at all. It is a very necessary precaution, as you will see for yourself when you have enquired into it more closely. There are, of course, certain little necessary liabilities connected with the scheme. For this reason it is imperative that each member should be involved to a corresponding degree."

"In plain words you mean that you do not intend a member to leave the club unless he is implicated as fully as his fellows, and only then upon the understanding that he has made it worth your while to let him go."

"That may possibly be so. I do not admit it, and I do not deny it. As great precautions are taken in electing a member as in permitting him to resign. You cannot blame us, therefore, if we make him pay us handsomely for our trouble."

"I do not blame you, I was merely remarking the subtlety of the idea."

If the drive out had been long and tedious, the drive home, in comparison, seemed only a matter of a few minutes. Middlesborough had so much to think of, and so many questions to ask, that he had scarcely reduced his thoughts to order when they rattled over the Pont de Neuilly and entered Paris. Once more they passed down the Champs Elysées, and again they approached the Place de la Concorde.

"Should you make up your mind to become a member, perhaps you will communicate with me," said his companion, as they passed the Rond Point.

"I must have time to think it over before I come to a decision," said Middlesborough.

"Take as much time as you please," his companion replied with composure. "It is purely a matter for your own amusement; there is no necessity for haste. Should you, however, desire to give us the pleasure of your society, you have only to advertise in the daily papers the word engraven upon the tablet you received this morning, and the necessary arrangements will be made."

At the moment the carriage drew up beside the pavement opposite the Obelisk of Luxor, and his companion opened the door for him to alight.

"I have the honour to wish your lordship good-night," he said.

"Good-night," Middlesborough replied. Then, raising his hat, he turned upon his heel, and passed across the square in the direction of his own residence.

When he reached it he went direct to his bed-room, and after he had dismissed his man,

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took up the small ebony disc to which his late companion had referred, and examined it. It told him nothing, but while he held it in his hand the fascination of that terrible combat came over him again. He could see the combatants in the ring, the rows of silent spectators on either hand, and the beautiful woman, styled by his conductor "The Woman of Death," seated on the throne giving the fatal signal. Should he join the club or not? He wondered whether any of the members were friends of his own, and whether the man who had been killed that evening was known to him.

Next morning when he awoke he could scarcely believe that it was not a dream. It seemed too strange, too impossible to be true. Had he really met the old man in the Place de la Concorde and driven out to the suburbs in the direction of St. Germain with him? Had he really visited a country house put to such strange uses? And had he witnessed that duel to the death? Half convinced that it was all a creation of his fancy, he went to his dressing table only to find the black disc looking up at him like an evil eye.—Then he dressed, breakfasted, and while he was doing so, ordered his carriage. Shortly afterwards he drove to the Amphitryon Club. He had made an appointment to lunch there with the young Vicomte de Chamberêt, and his watch told him he was already ten minutes after the appointed hour.

He found Madame D'Espere at work upon a model of a dancing child.

"My dear De Chamberêt," he said as he entered the smoking-room, "I owe you ten thousand apologies for keeping you waiting in this fashion."

"Don't apologise, my dear fellow," the other replied. "Have you heard the terrible news?"

"I have heard no news of any sort. What have you to tell me?"

"De Rheims is dead!"

"De Rheims? Dead? Surely you must be mistaken. We were lunching together here only yesterday."

"Nevertheless he is dead. Varvilliers told me so himself. He had been to the house to make enquiries."

"But what did he die of? He looked as well and strong yesterday as possible."

"He was killed in a duel. And the funny part of it is that no one seems to know with whom or where it took place."

Middlesborough gave a start. He had no reason for jumping to such a conclusion, but his instinct told him that, improbable as it might seem, his surmise was nevertheless, a correct one. He had thought at the time that the figure of the taller of the duellists reminded him of someone with whom he was acquainted. Was it possible it could have been De Rheims?

"This is terrible news indeed," he said, speaking only a little above his breath, "I can scarcely credit it. Are you quite sure that you have made no mistake?"

"Quite sure," the other replied. "Everyone knows it now. Besides, as I say,

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Varvilliers has been to the Hôtel de Rheims, and the servants did not deny the truth of the story."

After this news and the inferences he was compelled to draw from it, Middlesborough's luncheon was only a farce. He swallowed his food mechanically, and when his guest addressed him, replied only in monosyllables. He had been genuinely attached to the dead man; they had known each other for many years, and had been thrown into each other's company more frequently than is usual with two inhabitants of such widely different countries.

Their meal at an end, Middlesborough proposed that they should call at De Rheims's residence themselves and make personal enquiries. De Chamberêt assented, and they accordingly made way into the street, where they hailed a cab and directed a man to drive them to the house in question. That the tale was not a fabrication was soon apparent when they approached it. A crowd of loafers clustered before the great bronze gates, staring in, as though they half expected the dead man to walk out. In the building itself the blinds were drawn, and every outward sign betokened a place of mourning. They passed the gate-keeper and made their way to the front door which was opened to them by the ancient major-domo, who had known and loved his master since the time when the latter was a curly-headed boy.

"This is sad news, indeed, Baptiste," said Middlesborough. "I only learnt it an hour ago. Can you give me any particulars?"

Tears streamed down the old man's cheeks as he solemnly shook his head.

"We know no more, my lord, than is generally known," he said. "The Duke left here last night at ten o'clock as happy as a man could be. It was just seven o'clock this morning when the police brought him home in an ambulance."

"The police?" cried de Chamberêt in surprise. "Where did they find him?"

"In the garden of a deserted house at Montrouge," the servant answered. "He was discovered lying in the centre of a grass plot, quite dead, with a sword-thrust through his lungs. Oh, my master, my master, if only I might have died for you!"

The old man broke down completely at this point. He wrung his hands in an ecstacy of grief. Middlesborough, seeing that it would be useless to question him further, spoke a few words of sympathy to him, and then, followed by De Chamberêt, returned to the street. He determined to make his way to the house of Madame d'Espère at once, and, under the pretence of paying a simple call, to see how she received the news of the death of their mutual friend. If it were as he suspected, surely she would be affected, and would betray herself.

Bidding De Chamberêt good-bye at the corner of the Rue Royale and the Avenue Gabriel he proceeded in the direction of the house he had visited two evenings before. On reaching it he enquired of the servant who opened the door to him whether Madame d'Espère was receiving that afternoon. He had half expected to receive an answer in the negative, but to his surprise he was informed that Madame was at home, and would, as the servant felt sure, consent to see him. She was in her studio, the man said, and if milord would condescend to follow him, he would conduct him to her presence!

"Can she have expected me to call?" Middlesborough asked himself, as he followed the man along the softly-carpeted hall. "It certainly looks like it. But why?"

On entering the studio he found Madame d'Espère at work upon a model of a dancing child. Her costume was hidden by a clay-stained blouse. When the door opened, her back was towards him, but, on hearing his name, she turned, and put down what she had in her hand.

"Ah! Lord Middlesborough," she said, coming towards him with that inimitable grace that always characterised her, "I felt sure I should see you this afternoon. Is it not sad indeed about Monsieur de Rheims?"

Her tone betrayed such genuine grief that Middlesborough did not know what to think.

"It is sad indeed," he answered with peculiar emphasis. "I have just called at his house. They tell me that he was killed in a duel and that his body was found lying in the garden of a deserted house at Montrouge."

"So I have already been informed," she replied. "To me it seems an altogether inexplicable affair. Had he spoken to you of any duel in which he was likely to be a combatant?"

"Never once," Middlesborough replied, still keeping his eyes intently fixed upon her face. "On the contrary, we had made arrangements to spend this evening together."

"It is altogether incomprehensible," she continued. "With whom could he have fought? I never heard that Monsieur had any enemy. He was of such a placid, easy-

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She regarded him with eyes in which there was a light that spoke for the smouldering fires within.

going disposition. With whom then would he have been likely to quarrel?"

"Has it not struck you, Madame," Middlesborough began slowly, and all the time looking her steadily in the face, "that he might have perished by other means than in a quarrel?"

Their eyes met, but hers did not flinch. She was as calm and collected as she had been when she had received her guests at her reception two nights before.

"You surely do not imagine that he took his own life?" she enquired. "No, no, I feel sure you must be wrong. Monsieur de Rheims was gifted with a sense of humour, and he would scarcely have been likely, even had he intended to destroy himself, to do it in the garden of a deserted house at Montrouge."

Middlesborough felt that she must either be a consummate actress, or that she really knew nothing of the means by which the dead man had met his fate. One bolt, however, remained in his quiver, and that he proposed to let fly at once, on the chance that it might prove successful. She had given him a chair, and had offered him one of her own dainty cigarettes.

"Might I remind you," he said, "that at your reception the other evening you were kind enough to promise to find me an amusement that would not pall? Would it be indiscreet to ask how soon you propose to embark upon my reformation?"

He thought, but he was not sure, that he detected a look of astonishment upon her face.

"I have not forgotten," she answered. "Had I not seen you this afternoon I should in all probability have written to you this evening concerning it. You see for yourself how I am engaged at this moment, Lord Middlesborough? It is one of my happiest relaxations. Now, I am

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going to propose that you should do something of the sort. I know that you paint, for I have seen some of your pictures. In fact, I have one in my possession now. It is altogether charming. I am trying to organise a small exhibition to consist solely of the works of friends, for the benefit of a charity. Why should you not exhibit?"

Middlesborough could scarcely repress a smile. He felt certain that this was not the form of excitement she had really intended for him. And yet it was impossible for him to say anything in contradiction of her assertion.

"I fear, Madame, you do me too much honour," he said gravely. "Even if my daubs were worthy of the fate you propose for them, it would be impossible. I have lost all interest in painting. Forgive me if I say that I had hoped that the excitement you proposed for me would be a little more original."

"In that case I fear I cannot help you," she answered, with a shake of her head. "Unless you fall in love, Lord Middlesborough, or travel in Central Africa, I do not see where you are to find the sort of amusement you require."

"I have travelled in Africa," he answered, "and have found it all barren. Livingstone, Du Chalet and Stanley must be somewhat differently constituted, for I could not discover the faintest enjoyment in it."

"Then only love remains."

He shook his head.

"More wearisome than either," he replied. "It is bad enough to have to find amusements for oneself; it must be doubly so to have to do so for another."

She had seated herself on a chair closer to him and was regarding him with eyes in which there was a light that spoke for the smouldering fires within.

"May there not be some people left in the world who are old-fashioned enough to take love seriously?" she enquired.

"Very possibly," he answered. "But unfortunately, however, I am not one of them."

She placed her elbows on her knees, and rested her chin upon her clasped hands. It was a beautiful face, full of power, and one against which few men would have been proof. Fortunately for himself, however, Middlesborough happened to be one of those few. Her character and disposition interested him as a study, but there was no trace, nor was there likely to be, of any tender feeling.

Seeing that he had failed in the object of his visit, and prompted by a feeling of prudence that seldom animated him, he talked the ordinary *chit-chat* of the day for a few minutes, and then rose to take leave of her.

"*Au revoir*, madame," he said. "I thank you for permitting me to see you. I only regret that it should have been occasioned by so melancholy a business."

"You came then to tell me of Monsieur de Rheims' death?"

She spoke as if she felt some surprise. Middlesborough realised that he had betrayed himself.

"I thought, since it was he who did me the honour to introduce me to you, that, if you had not heard of his death, it would come more gracefully from my lips. Poor De Rheims! it seems only the other night that he first spoke to me of you at Monte Carlo. However, I do not know that we should feel altogether sorry for him. It was no disgrace to be beaten by such a man."

This time he was not mistaken. Madame d'Espère *did* allow a little start of surprise to escape her.

"Pardon me," she said, "but you know then who it was that killed him? I thought you said that he was found in the garden of a deserted house at Montrouge, and that the police have declared that his death is shrouded in mystery? How, therefore, do you know anything about it? If I were you, Lord Middlesborough, I should be careful what admissions I made."

Once more had he failed to score.

"It was purely a matter of conjecture upon my part," he said. "You will agree with me that, if he were killed in a duel, he could scarcely have met his death, unless by foul play, at the hands of anyone less accomplished than himself. Remember he was one of the most expert swordsmen in France."

"I misunderstood you," she answered, as he made as if he would leave her. "Must you go? Then *au revoir!* You will bear in mind the fact that I am always at home to my friends on Wednesday and Saturday evenings."

When he found himself in the street once more, Middlesborough considered the interview he had had with her. Try how he would to understand it he could not do so. And one question recurred to him continually. Should he or should he not avail himself of his privilege and visit the club once more? Why should he not? There was nothing to prevent him?

(To be continued.)

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By George A. Wade.

Visitors to the State Apartments at Windsor Castle cannot have failed, as they pass through the Waterloo Chamber, to notice one or two photos there which give a general idea of how completely that magnificent room is changed when a theatrical performance takes place in it "by command of Her Majesty the Queen." If the visitor is enough interested in the photographs to question the attendant showing him round, he will probably learn not a few interesting facts regarding these performances.

The following account of how a theatrical display is given before the Sovereign at Windsor is the result of special interviews, which were given to the writer by two or three persons who have had, at one time or another, the honour of appearing before the Queen in these performances; and who, from their special facilities for seeing and knowing all that is done on such occasions when they have played at Windsor, are in a unique position for giving an account of a ceremony of which the outside world has little knowledge.

The Waterloo Chamber itself is admirably adapted for all kinds of stage performances. Its noble grandeur, in height, length, and breadth; its beautiful decorations and portraits; its surrounding rooms, which readily lend themselves to the purposes of dressing-rooms, supper rooms, etc., all combine to make it an exceptional apartment for the purpose. The pictures, by the finest artists of the period, show the famous men of the days of Waterloo; conspicuous, of course, is that of the Duke of Wellington over the entrance.

When Her Majesty the Queen wishes any particular company to appear before her and play some drama, opera, or comedy to which she has taken a fancy, or of which she has heard an excellent report, a "command" is sent to the manager of the theatre in question to appear with his Company on a specified date. A card of admittance is sent to the manager to cover the number of performers desired or requisite; without that, and beyond it, no person gains admittance; so that friends of the performers are kept effectually out. This, as will be obvious, is a most necessary precaution, or there is no telling how many folks would be present.

Guests who are specially invited by the Queen to witness the acting receive generally quite an informal invitation, on an ordinary card—except that it bears the Royal Arms—much the same as they would to any similar function elsewhere. There are often a dozen Royalties present, or even more; and there are as a rule about fifty or so invited guests, with sometimes almost the same number of servants in the castle, whom Her Majesty's kind forethought has provided with a splendid evening's entertainment.

The invited guests include very often the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Household, in waiting for the time being; some of the officers of the Guards stationed at Windsor; probably the Dean and Vicar of Windsor, with their wives respectively, and sometimes

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a few of the old military knights stationed in the Castle-yard. If any distinguished personages chance to be staying with the Queen, they, of course, receive an invitation to the play.

The scenery needed for the performance comes down to Windsor two or three days before the day fixed for the acting of the opera, or whatever it may be. Most of it is specially made and painted for the occasion, as the large wings and scenes used in the London theatres are comparatively useless for the much more restricted stage area available in the Waterloo Chamber. But the personal effects, as we may call them, of the actors, such as the "make-ups," and so on, are brought down with the troupe on the same day as the performance takes place.

The first arrivals are the army of dressers, scene-shifters, and auxiliaries of all kinds, who get to the Castle about four or five o'clock on the great day. The company of actors and others taking more important parts arrive, perhaps, about half-past six. One of the actresses, who has done duty more than once on these occasions before Her Majesty told the writer that there has been always a rehearsal in the early part of the evening, at which all the members of the company have to go through their parts, even including the principals. From what I heard from other actors this seems to be an invariable rule.

As to the preparing of the stage, it is done by the people at the Castle, acting under the advice and direction of the manager of the theatre whose company is playing. This official makes several preliminary visits to the Chamber, and tells the Castle authorities exactly what he will require. He indicates how many actors and actresses there will be, how many musicians in the orchestra, how many minor performers of the "extra stage hands," and so on. The Castle people, I was told by one of the managers who had been thus honoured, provide the workmen required to make all due preparations, and on the appointed day the manager goes down early from London, and generally takes his stage carpenter with him.

The stage is constructed so as to stretch across the room, at the western end of it. It is made as large in area as can possibly be allowed, yet it falls far short of

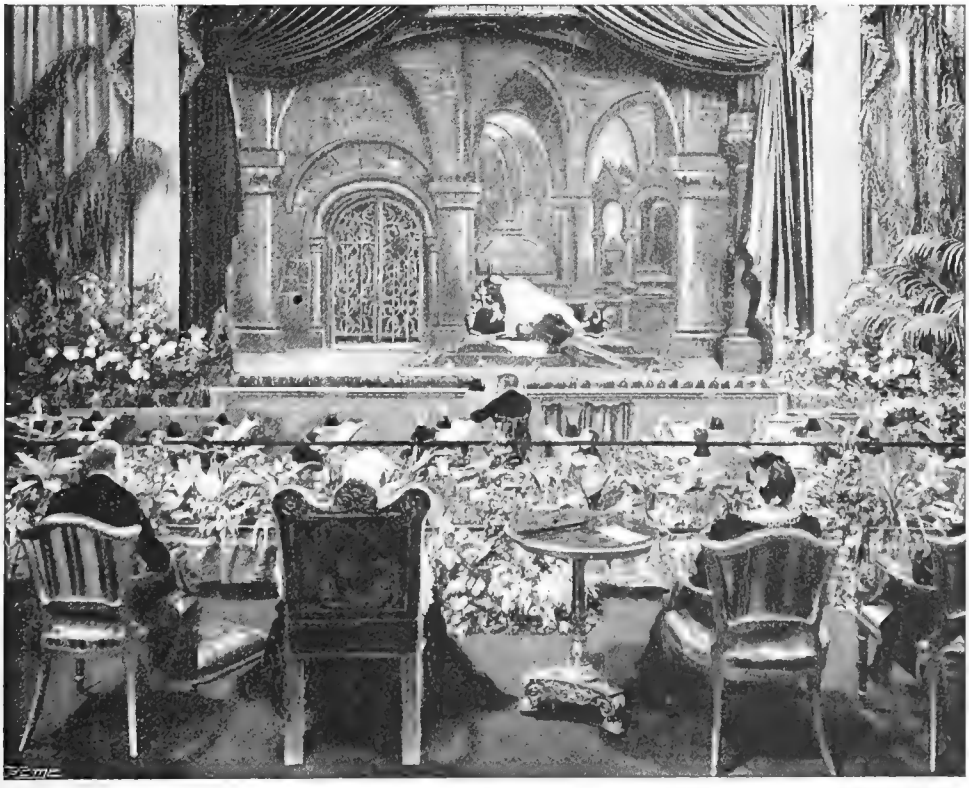

Photo by Russell and Son

A photograph of the Queen and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught watching the "Death Scene" in "Romeo et Juliette."

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a London stage. Thus it is all the more astonishing to learn from the guide who takes you round the State apartments at the Castle, that there have often been as many as two hundred performers on it at the same time, during the chorus scenes of some of the operas! One can hardly credit it, were one not so reliably informed.

All having been got ready for the evening's performance, the latter begins, as a rule, at about a quarter to ten. Sometimes, if the piece to be gone through is rather lengthy, Her Majesty will fix her dinner hour somewhat earlier than usual, but this is rare. The final scene of the play has now to be over, in all cases, by midnight, and often it is finished by 11.30, for the Queen cannot, at her advanced age, sit through longer hours than these without feeling much discomfort. Occasionally the acting may only last just over an hour, if the piece is a short one.

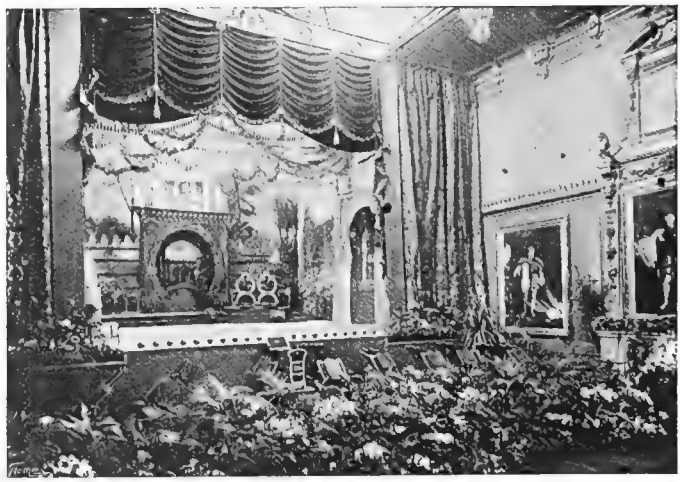

Photo by Russell and Son.

A scene from the "Gondoliers." Notice the beautiful floral decorations, and how they almost bury the orchestra.

Her Majesty's seat is, of course, placed exactly in the centre of the front row, often a little in advance of the others. There is generally a table placed beside it, and writing materials, so that she can make any notes or remarks that strike her as the play progresses. Before this front row of chairs there is always a regular garden of plants, charmingly arranged. Flowers and ferns make the whole place more like a scene from fairyland than like an ordinary theatre. Electric lights are interspersed among the plants, and these add considerably to the fairy aspect of the scene. The sides of the chamber, and the way by which the Queen enters, are veritable gardens of shrubs and lovely blooms.

The orchestra is simply hidden amongst masses of ferns and decorative plants. Generally speaking, the orchestra numbers about forty, but this varies according to the nature of the piece to be performed. There is not, as is often supposed, a local orchestra for the operas at Windsor, but all of the musicians are brought directly down by the manager from London with the theatrical company. When the piece to be played is an opera the orchestra comes along in full force.

All these magnificent flowers and plants which thus beautify the Waterloo Chamber—and the views shown of them in the photographs here produced will give a capital idea of the taste with which they are arranged—come from the Royal Gardens at Frogmore, and are brought on the morning of the day on which the performance is to take place. They are arranged under the supervision of the chief gardener and his assistant.

It may be interesting to know, as I was told by one who sung in the chorus on the occasion, that at a recent performance the intervening space between the Queen's seat and the stage was transformed into a carpet-garden! Green baize (so he took it to be) was spread on the floor so as to represent grass; and the flower-beds were made, by most wonderful art and management, to look quite real! The singer in this chorus told me that he never, in all his life, had seen anything prettier, or any artificial thing that looked more absolutely perfect.

The programmes are provided by the theatrical manager, and arrive at Windsor on the morning of the performance. The front page is printed in gilt letters; the body in ordinary print, but of excellent type. For the use of the Queen one is specially designed. It is larger and better finished, and often adorned with colours. Occasionally the other Royalties receive similar copies, but, as a rule, they get only the ordinary programme like the other guests. The guests are allowed

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to keep these programmes after the performance as mementoes of the occasion.

Contrary to what is generally believed, I was told by a well-known actress, who has been present at more than one of these interesting nights, that the Queen does frequently applaud the players, and that such applause during the acting itself is not at all unusual. The applause is in every instance by clapping of hands, and one may say that in almost all cases Her Majesty leads off in it. It is not generally considered etiquette to applaud any part till the Queen has done so, and so most of the guests take their cue from their Sovereign in the matter. But spontaneous applause sometimes comes when the guests have got especially stirred by some fine scene or part, and it is taken as a great tribute by the players when this happens. Her Majesty on such occasions usually smiles, and acknowledges the justice of the tribute by joining in the applause.

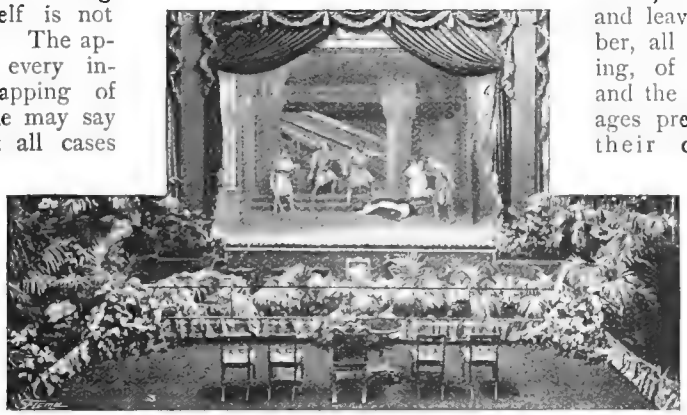

Photo by Russell and Son.

The "Death Scene" in Tennyson's "Becket." The "Royalty stalls," as will be seen, stand well in the front.

It need scarcely be said that all persons invited to those performances are required to be present before the Queen enters, and to remain in the room until she has left after the play is over. The curtain rises immediately Her Majesty sits down, so that, for her, there is no weary waiting. She has never to be there at eleven o'clock one evening to be ready for the opening of the doors on the following night, as sometimes happens at Strand theatres.

When the play is done and the curtain has fallen, the Queen rises and leaves the Chamber, all present standing, of course. She and the Royal personages present retire to their own rooms. Sometimes they will require a favourite performer to be brought and introduced to them there.

Meantime, in the State Apartments, neighbouring to the Waterloo Room, there have been busy hands preparing a bounteous supper for all who have taken any part in the ceremony just finished. The Audience and Presence Chambers and the Vandyck room, are brought into requisition for these purposes, and tables are spread in each according to the different grades of the performers. The Queen is ever bountiful and kind in remembering even the humblest who have served her. Hence there is one room devoted to the refection of the

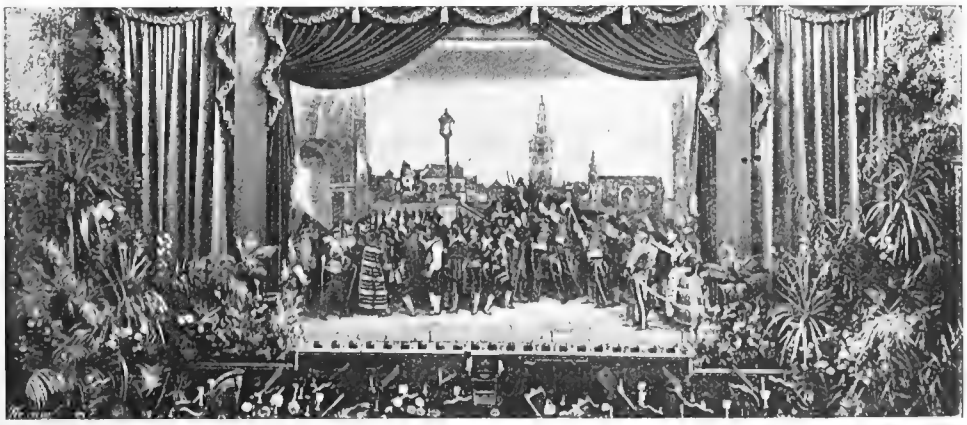

Photo by Russell and Son.

A scene in "Carmen." This photograph gives an excellent idea of the stage when crowded with performers.

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carpenters and scene-shifters and such-like workers; another is given up to the ballet and smaller-part performers; and the third is prepared for the "principals."

It may be as well to say here that tea is always ready for the performers on their arrival at the Castle earlier in the evening. But the luncheon or supper, served after all is over, is quite a fine meal, though always cold. It is, in every sense, what we should call "a first-rate spread." There are several courses, and wines of all kinds. Everybody can practically have just what he or she desires, and right royally do they all enjoy themselves, whilst the long restrained laugh and mirth finds at last full expression.

Next day the Queen will most probably cause her thanks to be sent to the manager of the theatre whose company entertained her, and also an intimation of how much she enjoyed the performance. She will frequently supplement this by a present of some expensive piece of jewellery, not only to the manager, but to the principal actors or actresses, or singers, together with her compliments on their fine efforts. To gentlemen singled out for her bounty the Queen often gives scarf pins, cigar cases, or similar articles; whilst the ladies are favoured with gold brooches, bracelets, and so on. In every such case the article always bears Her Majesty's monogram, and often a suitable inscription too.

How beautifully the plays can be produced at Windsor is shown by the photos published with this article, which are by the well-known firm of Messrs. Russell and Son. The one representing the scene in the second act of the "Gondoliers" shows the stage empty after being arranged, and gives a good idea of how it then looks. In it, too, the arrangement for the orchestra on this occasion is clearly seen. The scene from "Carmen" gives an excellent example of the stage filled with a great crowd of performers, and shows what can be done in this line on such a comparatively small area. Here also one gets a good view (from the back) of the royal chair and table.

In the "Death Scene" from "Becket," played by Sir Henry Irving, there is a view of the stage under another aspect, namely, with only two or three actors on it, and the orchestra is almost completely hidden in this photo by the floral decorations. In the fine picture showing the famous "Death Scene" in "Romeo and Juliette," the manner of adorning the auditorium and the space before the Queen is well shown, and, as will be seen, the Royalties sit prominently to the fore.

One thing should be mentioned, in conclusion, about all these performances. Every actor or actress, every manager or other person, who was interviewed or questioned by the writer for the purpose of this article, had nothing but unstinted praise for Her Majesty in relation to her treatment and reception of those who had the honour to be "commanded" to perform before her. Some of them had done so privately in the "drawing-room" performances which often take place at Windsor, and they all agreed that it was a positive pleasure to take any part in entertaining the Queen; for a more appreciative auditor or kinder hostess it would be quite impossible to find if one sought the world over. More than one of them told me that the happiest recollections in their career were of the evening when they first performed "by command" before Her Majesty the Queen in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle.

Photo by Lyth and Co.

The famous Waterloo Chamber in Windsor Castle.

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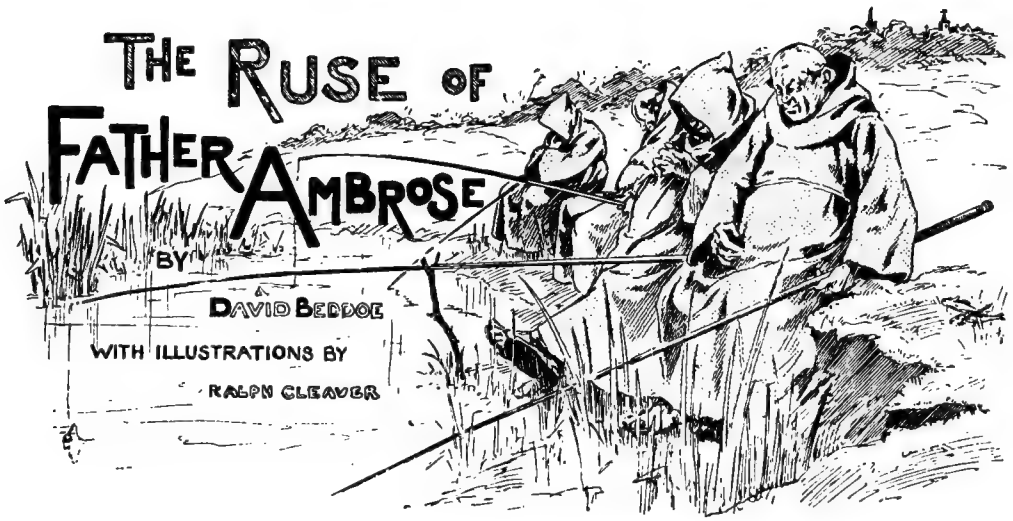

Four monks sat by the side of a stream, fishing—four jolly, fat monks in cowl and gaberdine.

They were friars belonging to the Cistercian Abbey of Jorveaux, whose brown gables could be seen peeping out from between the distant clump of beech trees.

It was a mellow, old English afternoon. The large billowy masses of white cumulus clouds lazily rolling across the sky, threw variegated shadows on the broad meadows and lands, all appertaining to the wealthy Abbey of Jorveaux.

It was a sleepy. drowsy time, and, warmed by the sun, soothed by the low-voiced murmur of the waters in the rushes, and fanned by the gentle breeze which swept caressingly upon their rubicund countenances, the four pious monks nodded in unison, and their rod tips bobbed as the roaches nibbled the bait with impunity.

They were troublous times. Bosworth had been fought and won; Richmond was on the English throne, and Bluff King Hal was but a sturdy urchin in short frocks and rolled cap, without a thought yet of robbing pious monks or of disendowing abbeys. Perkin Warbeck was troubling the realm with his impudent claims, and there were murmurs of wars in France. But the pious brethren only nodded over their peaceful pursuit this balmy June day, and nodded, and nodded without so much as a thought concerning these things, or that on their efforts depended the morrow's dinner.

The biggest and jolliest looking of these four rubicund saints was Brother Ambrose, he who sat furthest down stream, and half-sleepily brushed his hand across his face, where a fly buzzed with tantalising persistence.

Flip, flip went the large hand; buzz went the fly. "Perdition on thee!" ejaculated the monk irritably, as he opened his eyes to glance round apprehensively towards his companions, and smiled thankfully when he saw that, with shut eyes, they dozed, and, sleeping, could not have heard.

Piously crossing himself, he looked round, and regarded somewhat ruefully the two small fish which reposed in the rushes by his side.

He coughed, this fat, sound-chested monk, in a mild, deprecating way. There was no response. He coughed again, and the sound was like that of a fog-horn. The three sober figures started, blinked, and glanced furtively at one another.

"Ah, Brother Ambrose," said one, "thou hast, I fear, caught a rheum on the grass; I have been watching thee some time—Sancta Maria, forgive me!—and methought that thou lookest far from well."

The monk turned his jolly face round and smiled. "I thank thee, Brother Gregory, for thy attention; but if thou hadst fished better than thou hast watched, we had had more than two small roach to our catch."

They looked around in alarm—two fish only! and it wanted but an hour to vespers.

"Methinks that there must be thunder about," piped in Brother Gregory. "We know how thunder affects the feeding of the fish, their cunning instinct as that of the brute creation—"

"Methinks it is not the feeding," interposed Brother Ambrose hurriedly—Brother

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Gregory loved to discourse learnedly on the instincts of the brute creation—and he pointed significantly at the bare hook which Brother Gregory inadvertently pulled up. "See, thy bait has gone."

"It must have rubbed off on the sandy bottom, as thou knowest, Brother Ambrose, it will oftentimes do. Still, there is no need to tell thee that," he added hastily, "for we all acknowledge that with rod and line there is not thy equal in the Abbey."

Brother Ambrose smiled benignantly. It was his weak point. What mattered it that Brother Thomas could sing like a chorister of Rome, or that Brother Anselm could preach a sermon that even Baldwin himself need not have been ashamed of, when he, Brother Ambrose, was a fisher without equal, and knew every trick. What was the best bait; where the most likely spot for the big roach—all this he knew, so that there was not another like unto him from abbot to novice. And Brother Ambrose was proud of his craft, though when he saw the two small roach beside him, he grew uneasy.

"It is but a sorry catch," he exclaimed doubtfully. "Methinks, as you say, that there must be thunder in the air;" and he looked around, as if seeking confirmation from the clear sky, but finding none, turned ruefully again towards the stream.

"Ay, and what will Brother Ricardo say when we deliver the fish at the refectory? Sure he has prepared the sauce and the basting therefor?" asked Brother Gregory lugubriously.

Brother Ambrose's beaming face looked perturbed. Brother Ricardo had a biting tongue, as pungent as his own sauces.

"What bait art thou using?" he asked suddenly, turning from a subject which brought up unpleasant recollections and still more unpleasant prospects.

"A brandling, good and fat, scoured as you have advised me so to do, with moss picked from the old ruin walls, good for any roach."

"Ay, it is good," replied the other approvingly, "but methinks that at times fish look not at the fairest brandling which ever dangled on hook; then they require to be tickled and coaxed, like Brother Thomas here when he suffers from one of his humours. A piece of well-made paste with no vile balm in it, but flavoured with just a tincture of aniseed, is the bait, even such as I have now in my pouch. I will go higher up to the big pool by the rushes, and, by Saint Hubert, I shall marvel much if I catch not enough ere vespers to please even Brother Ricardo, and silence his tongue.

"I will leave these two for your share, so that thou mayest not go back empty handed," and, rising to his feet, and tightening his girdle, he made his way up stream, carefully examining his rod and line as he went, whilst the others, after seeing him go, baited their hooks, dropped in their lines, and nodded again with easy conscience, for Brother Ambrose had said that he would catch enough, and Brother Ambrose was a good angler, and a man of his word.

The monk made his way up along the bank, and turning a bend lost sight of his companions. But he looked not back, he was intent on reaching the big pool where, by the Grace of St. Hubert, he would land such fish as would make Brother Ricardo's jeers turn into sounds of wonder.

He reached the big pool at length, having by this time left the three others some few hundred yards down stream.

A wide, deep pool it was, rush-grown on the nearer side, alder-fringed on the further, where the dipping branches skimmed the almost placid surface, and here, having with professional eye surveyed it from top to bottom, Brother Ambrose seated himself in a niche in the bank, and, having carefully taken out a little of the cunningly wrought paste from his pouch, baited his hook with a subtle skill worthy of his great reputation, and, swinging it gently, with a parting benediction, consigned it to the depths just beyond the reedy fringe. Not for nothing had he obtained his reputation. His large, red face beamed, his small, twinkling eyes were fixed keenly on the rod tip, as bending forward he watched for the slightest movement like the cunning sportsman that he was.

Bob went the tip, a sudden clean movement of the wrist, and a pound roach flopped on the grass beside him.

He beamed as he re-baited his hook, and again he threw the line, and waited and watched, gently moving the point of the rod up and down.

Another, and another he landed, and as each one lay jumping on the bank, he greeted it with a triumphant, "How now, Brother Ricardo, how now?"

He was in the midst of this absorbing pursuit, when suddenly he heard the sound of running feet coming rapidly up behind him, and looking round, saw a youth breathless with haste, speeding in his direction.

He raised his bland, ruddy countenance in

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surprise, and his, "Ah, Brother Ricardo, how now?" choked in his throat; there was something so urgent in the pale face, the wide, staring eyes.

The lad reached the stream, then, as if frightened at its depth, drew back and looked wildly up and down.

"What ails thee?" asked Brother Ambrose.

At the sound of his voice the lad started, looked round as if seeking flight, then changing his mind, came up. "Oh, Father," he cried, "save me! save me!"

The monk looked about him. "Where is the danger; why runnest thou?"

"Oh, the avengers of blood are on my track, they seek me for my ruin. Save me, Father, save me," and the lad knelt and plucked at the end of his long gaberdine.

Brother Ambrose's rubicund countenance looked disturbed. "Fly to the abbey," he cried, "the Abbot will, perchance, protect thee; there is your sanctuary."

He greeted it with a triumphant "How now, Brother Ricardo, how now?"

The lad glanced round. "No, no, Father, it is too late. See, see, they will be here! There they come." And Brother Ambrose, following the direction, saw the shining headpieces of men-at-arms riding past a distant gap in the hedge.

"What hast thou done?" he asked doubtfully.

"Oh, nothing, Father, nothing. But these men of blood will not take that for an answer; my life will pay the forfeit an' they take me."

"I am a man of peace," exclaimed the monk, dubiously, "and love not to embroil myself with men of war."

"Shall it be said then," said the youth, "that one cried for help from a monk of Jorveaux, and he was afraid?"

The monk hesitated. The lad had struck home, but he muttered, "Who am I to withstand these men of war? What succour can I give thee? An' it had been Brother Ricardo now, or the Abbot—"

"Hide me, Father, hide me, I pray you!" exclaimed the lad in a sudden access of fear, as he saw the steel caps draw rapidly near.

The monk looked about. There seemed no place to hide the lad. He looked behind on the broad open meads, he looked at the stream, from the reedy fringe to the further side where the alder branches dipped, and as he looked his rubicund face grew deeper in colour, and a light twinkled in his deep set eyes. "No match am I with sword and

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He saw a youth, breathless with haste, speeding in his direction.

buckler against men of war," he murmured, "but in wit Brother Ambrose is a match for any head that wears a steel cap," and as he spoke he slipped his cowl from off his tonsured head, and undoing his girdle went behind a clump of alder trees, where he cried, "Stand there, O youth, whilst I prepare to deceive these Phillistines."

The lad stared to where now only was to be seen the close-shaven poll of the monk—a sudden heave, two bare arms in the air, then a rolled-up cowl and gown was thrown towards him. "Put these on, Sir youth, take my rod, and fish, and I, even I, Brother Ambrose, will go into the water to save you from the pursuers of blood."

The youth, with ready wit, slipped on the cowl and gaberdine.

"Turn thy back," cried the monk, "it is not seemly that thou shouldst see me thus." The youth turned. A heavy plunge, a loud gasp, and soon a rubicund face, coughing and spluttering at the further end of the pool, was all that was to be seen of Brother Ambrose as he wallowed about like a great hippopotamus.

There was a clatter of hoofs, and a loud stern voice called out, "Sir priest, hast thou seen a youth in jacket and long hose, with a rolled cap go by?"

The figure in cowl and gaberdine shook. "No, sir knight," he replied in a low strange voice, "I have seen nothing of such an one. There is no one here but myself who fishes for our morrow's dinner, and Brother Ambrose yonder, who, being sore afflicted with the humours, taketh a dip according to the order of Brother Origen, who is a learned physician."

"A murrain on you," exclaimed the knight irritably, "thou hast no eyes for anything but thy fish that thou couldst not see a lad running under thy nose. He passed not ten minutes ago, I swear, and Brother Ambrose, as thou callest him, he walloweth like an ox in the water, and hath, I know, seen nothing," and a grim smile played over his countenance as he saw the red puffing face and tonsured head bobbing up and down at the other side of the pool.

"Peste! come on, we'll have the quarry yet," and with loud maledictions they rode away.

Brother Ambrose, with many a pious exclamation, saw them depart, and puffing, blowing, and with chattering teeth, drew near. "Sir youth," he cried, "throw off, I pray thee, the cowl and gown, for thou art safe, and lay them behind the clump yonder, so that I might once more be clothed in decency."

The youth smiled, and slipping them off, laid them, even as the monk had bidden him, behind the alder clump.

"Turn thy back, O youth, that I may come out, and look not round till I give the word, or the curse of Lot's wife be on you. O Santa Maria! what if Brother Ricardo did but see me now?" and rolling out, the monk slipped on his discarded garments, and forthwith ran, puffing and panting, up and down the bank to restore his retarded circulation.

At length, scant of breath, he drew up before the youth, who, rod in hand, still remained at the water's edge.

"Why tarriest thou now?" he demanded. "The avengers will be back ere long."

"Not they," replied the youth; "they will make for the castle of De Greville, thinking I have made thither."

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"Still it were well that thou shouldst seek the sanctuary of the abbey, and throw thyself on the protection of the saintly Abbot, who, if a strict man, is a just one."

"No, methinks I will not," replied the youth calmly,

"Not? Wherefore not? Whither wilt thou go, then?"

The youth looked down, and drew figures on the ground with the butt end of the rod. "I have one who waiteth for me in the copse behind the abbey," he murmured.

"What callest thou him?"

"He is one Edward Fitzalan; knowest thou aught of him?"

"What! the youth who was once squire to Reginald de Braose—who methinks was the knight who rode by when I lay puffing in the water—and who dared raise his eyes to Maude de Clare whom Reginald holds in ward, heiress to the Castle of Jorveaux, and lands without measurement?"

"The same."

"What, does he still haunt this district, the rash fool, to put his head in the lion's jaws for the love of a pert jade, let her be never so beautiful?"

"Pert jade!"

"Yea, she ever was a minx, that Maude de Clare, a wilful lass, who set all the lads fighting over her, and hath led Reginald de Braose a sad dance, stern man as he is; a bare cell and sparse food would, I reckon, be the proper treatment for her."

"A bare cell and sparse diet," exclaimed the other, with scornful toss of his head. "Indeed, Father, but thou art very ungallant. However, I must go, for Edward FitzAlan awaits me, and I would not that harm should come to him, since he has put his head in the lion's jaws for me."

"For you?" echoed Father Ambrose, staring.

"Yes, even for me," replied the other, looking down modestly, "for I, O Father, am the minx, the jade."

"What!" echoed Brother Ambrose, aghast.

The other glanced up at the monk's bewildered countenance, and a merry, rippling laugh went out over mead and stream. "Yes, I, I am Maude de Clare."

Over the monk's fat, jolly face a world of

"A murrain on you," exclaimed the Knight irritably, "thou hast no eyes for anything but thy fish."

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consternation came, and his ruddy cheeks grew deeper in tint at his horrified thoughts, but quickly laying his hand on the other's shoulder, he said, with a poor effort at sternness, "Misguided daughter, thou must come with me then."

The girl did not move, she only laughed, and whilst her glorious eyes sparkled merrily, she exclaimed, "What, shall I then tell the monks, O Father? That you wallowed in the water, as Reginald de Braose said, even as an ox, whilst I, Maude de Clare, sat the while fishing on the bank in thy cowl and gown? Why, what would Brother Ricardo say, O Father?"

The monk's roseate face grew purple. "Get thee hence, false jade," he cried in alarm, "get thee hence, and leave a pious monk to his fishing."

The girl laid her hand on the sleeve of his gaberdine. "Father, take it not amiss," she cried, in contrition, "that I love Edward FitzAlan better than Stephen de Lacy, whom my guardian wishes me to espouse. Think not that I am ungrateful for what thou hast done. Let this be the token." And before the astonished monk could resist, she had kissed him upon the cheek and, with a merry laugh, was gone.

From the distant abbey came the sound of the vesper bell, and Brother Ambrose, shaking his head doubtfully, and inwardly much perturbed, picked up his rod and line, and wrapping up his few fish in some rushes walked slowly down to rejoin the others.

Brother Ricardo that night made merry over the smallness of the catch, and said hard words of one who with a great reputation could only bring home a few small roach, all of which Brother Ambrose received, however, with unusual meekness; and the others too wondered why the cunning hand of Brother Ambrose had failed to do what his lips had promised.

The country rang with the news that Maude de Clare had taken flight with Edward FitzAlan.

And when, later on, the country rang with the news that Maude de Clare, heiress to the Castle of Jorveaux, and lands without measurement, had taken flight with Edward FitzAlan from under the very nose of Reginald de Braose, her guardian, it fell out that Brother Ambrose did penance for more weeks than he had ever done before.

But they only thought that it was because his conscience pricked him, inasmuch as that which he had promised to do he had not made good, which, however, only raised him the more in their estimation. And they found corroboration for their conclusions in the fact that Brother Ambrose fished not again in the big pool which he had loved. But Brother Ambrose, when questioned, only smiled solemnly, and, like the wise man that he was, kept his own counsel.

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THE FAIRY PIPER.

By M. J. Farrah.

When the dewdrops dance and glisten,
Underneath the silver moon,
Every night the children listen
To the quaint old Piper's tune;
By their side unseen he passes,
And he calls them from their play,—
Drowsy lads and sleepy lassies—
To the Dreamland far away.

Fairy Palaces of Pleasure
Open wide their shining gate,
Stores of wondrous Elfin Treasures
For the children's coming wait;
Dreamland flowers blossom o'er them,
Magic scenes of joy unfold,
And the road is paved before them
All the way with Fairy Gold.

There are older folk who never
Hear the Piper's merry strain,
They have grown so wise and clever
That he tunes his Pipe in vain;
But when twilight shadows darken,
And the misty moonbeams fall,
Still the little children hearken
To the Fairy Piper's call.

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This man, dressed like "Uncle Sam," gathers a crowd and then displays an advertising placard.

THERE seems to be no limit to the ingenious schemes of the Yankee business man to advertise his wares, and the countryman or foreigner who happens to walk along Broadway, New York, or State Street, Chicago, any one of these days finds himself ejaculating, "Well, I wonder what they'll be doing next!" Whilst there appears to be no drop in the number of whole page advertisements in the monthly magazines and daily newspapers, and while there is scarcely a historic spot or famous haunt on earth without its immense signboard about somebody's pills or anybody's soap, the advertising people pay huge sums of money for still newer methods for a "business-fetching ad.," while keeping up their unstinted usage of the old mediums. The latest of these newer schemes is the "living sign."

Described generally, the "living sign" is a person who, while walking about the streets like an ordinary citizen, does something unusual to attract the attention of a large crowd, and then suddenly pulls out a banner containing an announcement that Smith's cigars are the best on earth. Of course everybody laughs at being "taken in" so cleverly. While, on the face of it, one would think that making a fool of a man is a bad way to try to win his patronage, the living sign has the desired effect, for the striking scene is sure to induce the spectators to tell their friends all about it when they reach their office or their homes.

A few months before this was written, the living sign was practically unknown—unless one includes the time-out-of-mind "sandwich men." To-day, however, nearly every large soap-making firm, patent medicine manufacturer, or cigar maker of New York has one or more living signs constantly parading the streets, and there is scarcely any line of business in which at least one firm has not put forward its living advertisement.

One of the pioneers of the living signs is that of a tailor who had a neat delivery waggon, made in the shape of a huge Saxe coat, inside of which the driver sits, his legs, hands and head projecting. This gives him the appearance of being an enormously fat man weighing fully a quarter of a ton. To make the affair more striking, it is hauled through the streets by two very small ponies.

Next came a soap manufacturer with a dozen large wax dolls of about the size of a sixteen-year-old girl. Each doll, attired in a red bloomer costume, was mounted upon the front seat of a new nickel tandem bicycle, and then driven continuously about the crowded streets by a smart-looking "district messenger boy" in full uniform. Looking at each pair from the rear the sight, though amusing, appears innocent enough, but the moment the face of the doll is seen there

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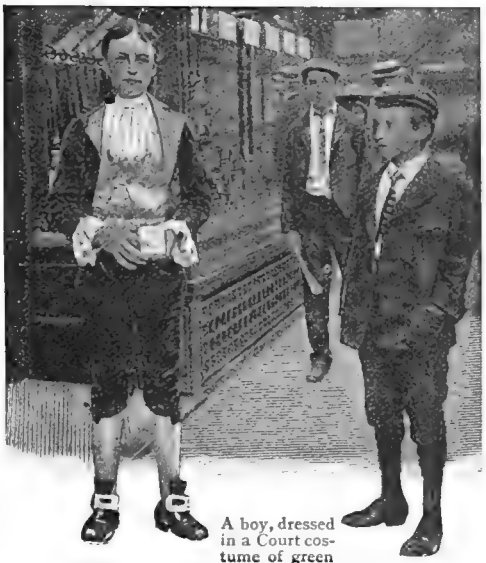
glares upon the sight a legend written across the doll's bonnet informing the spectators that "Somebody's Soap is the best, positively."

Other soap people at once took the hint, and then the patent medicine owners joined in the procession. One of the latter had a bottle made of wood, 15ft. high, in the exact shape of the little glass bottle in which his medicine is sold, and then the wooden bottle was mounted on a small shining waggon and driven through the most crowded streets. Every now and again the bottle pauses, its sides open up, and the crowd which quickly gathers is invited to sample the new drug.



A boy, dressed in a Court costume of green velvet and white lace, to advertise a perfume.

The wide-awake management of a steamboat route was the next to follow suit, and forthwith there appeared upon the streets a miniature steamboat, 40ft. long, mounted upon a broad waggon over which had first been painted an ocean, the "briny blue" being livened up by a black-lettered announcement of the hours of the boat's departure.

After this the living sign became general to all lines of business, and there was no keeping account of the number and variety of those along even Broadway alone. For men attired like "Uncle Sam" to do something queer after gathering a large crowd became the favourite mode then, and so it has continued until to-day. What these numerous "Uncle Sams" do may be imagined from two instances:—A handsome young man dressed in a suit of the pattern and colour of the Stars and Stripes wanders about a shopping thoroughfare, gazing indolently into the windows as though unconscious of his extraordinary garb. A host of small boys gather about him; women stare through their lorgnettes and ask each other if the man is mad.

A male and female rustic walk about the streets. They appear amazed at the high buildings, and when an amused crowd has gathered they display a cigar advertisement.

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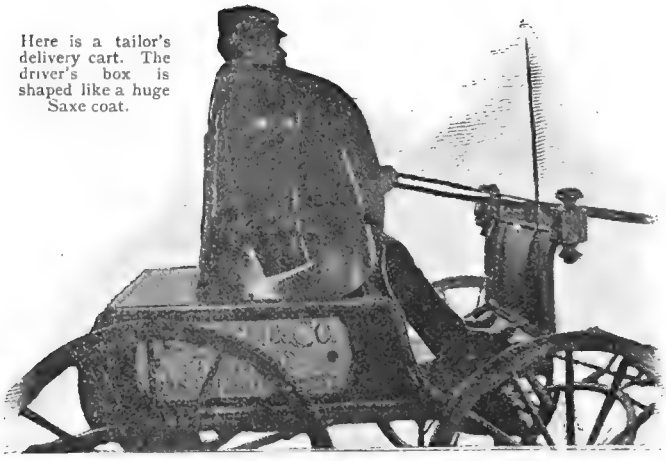

Here is a tailor's delivery cart. The driver's box is shaped like a huge Saxe coat.

As he gives no indication of being about to tear anyone to pieces, the crowd stand still, wondering what is going to happen to him. The queerly garbed man maintains a perfectly calm, unconscious bearing until several thousands of people have gathered. Then he suddenly mounts a waggon or the driver's box on a cab, and shouts in picturesque language the advantages the spectators will derive by doing their shopping at Bargain's Auction Sales "just a few yards further down the street."

Another "Uncle Sam," attired in practically the same fashion as the one just described, gathers a large crowd by vigorously kicking a dummy man dressed in the costume of a Spanish toreador. The sentiment of the people is, of course, with Uncle Sam, and thousands of people stop and shout their approval, but when the applaudits are in full blast, Uncle Sam suddenly becomes calm, drops the dummy, and pulling out a banner displays to the crowd the words, "Buy McFadden's Corsets—They ain't Spanish."

Another amusing "Uncle Sam" is an extremely fat and extremely black negro, who shouts the glories of a particular brand of ostrich feathers. Some of these living sign persons induce so much trade that competition among business men for the possession of this or that living sign man is quite keen, and the frequent result is that to-day a certain living sign may be advertising one sort of corset, and the next day be advertising another sort made by a different firm—the living sign having received an offer for higher wages in the meanwhile. Frequently, too, as in the case of the fat, black "Uncle Sam," a certain living sign may one day be advertising a coming temperance lecture, and a day or two afterwards be calling attention to the merits of a particular sort of whisky.

Even publishers take advantage of the living sign nowadays. A short time ago a big New York paper (the *World*) hired 200 men, dressed them in the white uniform worn by the sailors on American war vessels, and sent them through the streets behind a brass band, each man having printed on the back of his white coat one large black letter of an announcement dwelling upon the excellence of the forthcoming naval issue of that newspaper.

Another publisher's living sign, and one that is equally ingenious without the disadvantage of great cost, is a handsome carriage driven slowly through the streets by a pair of

This large wax doll is driven about the streets upon a bright nickel tandem by a uniformed messenger boy to advertise a soap.

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black horses, containing a negro man and woman, neatly attired in the fashionable garb of a bride and bridegroom upon their honeymoon. A banner tied to the sides of the waggon contains the information that he is "crazy with happiness because he is married," or words to that effect, the words he uses being the title of a new negro song.

A pretty woman in close fitting velvet trousers, trimmed with lace, and riding man-fashion across a prancing horse's back, making an effective, if incongruous, advertisement for a hat shop; a tall man dressed in the height of fashion, with a legend on his shirt front to advertise a new kind of shirt; and a handsome boy attired in a complete Louis XIV. Court-costume—green velvet, silk hose, silver buckles, &c.—to advertise a new French perfume—these are a few more random examples of living sign advertisements.

This man, mounted upon an extremely high bicycle, turns somersaults in the air and does other daring acrobatic feats to advertise a new cigar.

Here is a miniature steamboat, 40ft. long, which is dragged through the streets to advertise a cheap sea trip.

But the class of merchants who seem to spend most effort upon the living signs are the people who make cigars. One of them has as many as half a dozen sorts of living signs constantly at work, thus furnishing a rather convincing evidence that the scheme pays its employer. There is, perhaps, not a single big cigar factory in New York that has not at least one of these living signs in some part of the city.

One of the most ingenious of the X cigar signs is that of a yokel, dressed in new but very baggy trousers and a linen duster, carrying the proverbial faded, baggy umbrella and carpet bag, and a large red handkerchief, with white dots around his neck. He walks up a crowded street with his harmoniously attired wife clinging to his arm in well-feigned half fear. Both chew wisps of hay assiduously, and pause at every corner to wonder at the tall office-buildings. They shout all sorts of absurd inquiries to the policemen across the street, a big crowd at once gathers, the yokel says something to the policeman about "a man with a gold brick," and the crowd never suspects anything is wrong until suddenly the woman opens out her fan and discloses the advertisement of a new cigar. Her companion then opens his bag and hands round some samples.

Some idea of the complications of some of the devices used by the living sign men can be inferred from a description of the "Brownie" head scheme. A gigantic head made of *papier maché* is fitted over the shoulders of a lean, short man, and through the lips of the "Brownie" is thrust a cigar, also made of *papier maché*. This cigar is as long as the height of an average tall man, and about 12in. thick in the centre. The

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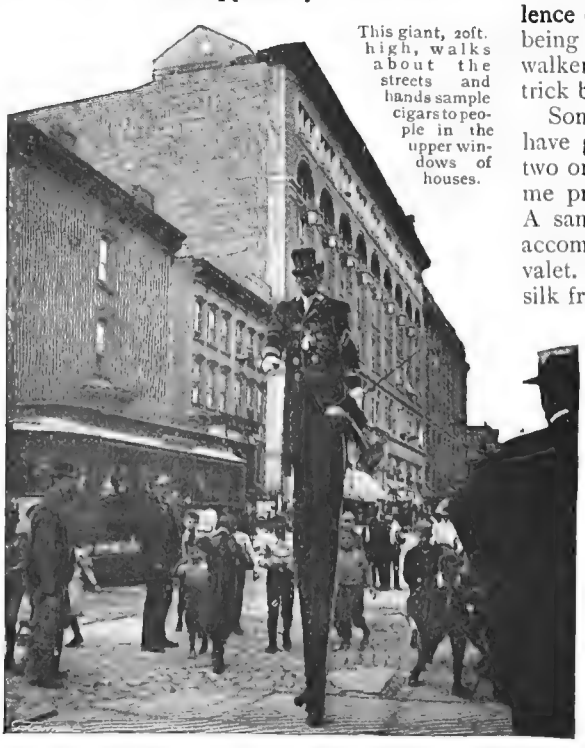
head seems to take a deep inhalation, the end of the cigar (made of asbestos) glows red, and then resumes its ashen colour, while a stream of smoke pours out of the Brownie's mouth. The red colour is given to the asbestos by the burning of an inclosed storage battery into a red incandescent globe, hidden within the tip of the cigar, and the cloud of seeming tobacco smoke is made by the man inside burning some chemicals and blowing out the smoke.

A human barber's pole.

It must not be supposed that these living-sign persons are merely a sort of "sandwich man" to be treated and paid for at anything like the same rate as those old-timers. Many of them are people who command big salaries on the Vaudeville stage, which they have left because they could make treble the money as living signs. Of this class is the "Giant," a man apparently 20ft. tall, who walks about the streets handing sample cigars to people in second and third storey windows, and the "Giraffe Wheelman," who, on top of a 10ft. wheel, does all sorts of acrobatic feats to call attention to the excellence of his employer's tobacco—the former being known upon the stage as a famous stilt walker, and the latter as an equally famous trick bicyclist.



This giant, 20ft. high, walks about the streets and hands sample cigars to people in the upper windows of houses.

Some uncommonly well-educated men have gone into the living sign business, for two or three that I have talked with have given me proof of their being college graduates. A sample of the latter's work is seen in the accompanying picture of the dude and the valet. The college man, dressed in white silk from his ankle to the top of his head, and ornamented with many diamond rings, and a cane trimmed with white ribbons, walks about the streets with an accentuated "Chappie" stride. He is followed at a short distance by a negro valet dressed in flaming red, who carries a dress-suit case, which, when opened in the face of the gathering crowds, tells of the delightful sensation to be derived from smoking a certain brand of new cigar. To make the living sign more effective, three uniformed messenger boys, with a private detective, are added to the party whenever the dude attends the races or ball game.

Where this living sign craze will

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end would be a hard question to answer correctly, for even the living signs themselves say they "have only broken the ice" (to quote the words of a "human barber-pole"). One prophecy that seems plausible, however, is that before long we will have free circuses, free music-halls, and even free theatres, indoors as well as out, to call attention to the excellence of this or that brand of pills.

And now a word as to advertising dodges in the Mother Country—in England. The Englishman is never weary of expressing his disapprobation of, and contempt for, the manner in which the unscrupulous Yankee puffs his goods. What shocking vulgarity! How shameful to desecrate beautiful scenery with slashes of red paint, and noble buildings with gaudy lettering! Very reprehensible, no doubt, and very vulgar, but, dear English cousin, are you yourself quite in a position to blame your upstart cousin across the Atlantic? Now, I don't want to be critical or nasty, but I cannot help remarking that when I hear the Briton decrying our advertising system, I am forcibly reminded of the naughty and unjust things French and German writers say of "perfidious Albion" and her hypocritical inhabitants. The Englishman shrugs his shoulders when such criticism comes to his ears, and puts it with smiling self-complacency down to jealousy. Well, he may be right; yet, nevertheless, when writing this article, I was moved to wonder whether there was not, after all, some kernel of truth in such ill-tempered criticisms.

Have you, dear English cousin, never desecrated your beautiful London buildings, your green English scenery? Somehow I have an uncomfortable recollection of lovely fields flying past me on a railway journey—rich English fields with soft trees, grazing cattle, and the further embellishment of great black or red boards bearing a poetical legend concerning the excellencies of a certain world-famed pill, which is guaranteed to cure every illness under the sun; or the fine qualities of a soap, the virtues of a cigar or a popular journal.

And as to living signs in England, what country makes use of them more frequently? The good old sandwich-man—the antiquated sandwich-man was born and bred in England, and flourishes to-day as he never flourished before. But let him pass; he is a tradition, a peculiar characteristic of London nobody would lose. On the other hand, I remember to have seen such alarming novelties as a cart in the shape of a jam-pot driving in state along Whitehall, another like a large boot, another like a bottle, another like a box of bon-bons. There is a certain tameness about these dodges, I admit, but, nevertheless, they should preclude the Briton from carping at what goes on across the sea. Let him rather, since he is bent on going in for this sort of thing, do his best to emulate the originality and go of the Yankee.

A dude, dressed in white, attended by three uniformed boys, a private detective, and a negro valet, advertises a cigar by walking about the streets.

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THE BELLRINGER OF TREWEDNA.

By SYDNEY E. MOON.

TREWEDNA did not ring a peal of bells to welcome in the New Year of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee.

And it all came about through old Jan Tresidder.

For Trewedna boasted a fine peal of bells, and of those bells the villagers were justly proud.

There had been one of the ancestors of the Squire at the Hall who was peculiarly wicked, not that they any of them erred on the side of extreme piety, but this one had been so uniquely bad that when he was about to die, so as to make his passage easier, he left instructions in his will that a peal of bells should be placed in the church tower, and there for nigh two hundred years they had hung, and called generations of village folk to pray for the glory of God and the salvation of Squire Revell.

And having such a peal, it was but natural that bell-ringing was much in favour in Trewedna, and that contests with other ringers of neighbouring villages had caused them to attain no small proficiency in the art.

Old Tresidder had been a ringer from a boy, and the first peal he had heard was when good King George celebrated his Jubilee, at which time his father held the post of chief ringer, and had taken him as a little boy into the belfry tower.

When our gracious Queen ascended the throne, it was Jan that led the ringing, for the old man was dead; and since that, year in year out, Jan was at his duty, and it was his proud boast on New Year's Day, 1896, that the birth of each year had been heralded by him. Through youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, no infirmity or sickness prevented him. He might be ill at times, but when the dying old year ran out its course, as sure as the clock in the tower pointed towards the hour of midnight, that solemn moment of time when we stand between two worlds, a dead past and an unknown future, so sure was old Jan there at his post to "Ring out the Old, Ring in the New."

And next year, when that came, he would ring in the Jubilee Year. Ah! that should be a grand peal, a double jubilee—his Gracious Queen's and his also, for as master of the belfry he had rung in her first year's reign, and now for the sixtieth time he would ring in that year that should be the sixtieth year of her reign.

But things did not seem to go well with old Jan Tresidder that year.

He had been failing for some time past, but he would not see it. His cough was troublesome, and somehow it seemed much longer to go to the belfry than formerly, and the staircase at his cottage was steeper, and the old arm-chair seemed to be harder and not so comfortable as when he brought it back from market for Sarah his wife, now long since gone to her rest.

He kept on pretty well through the summer, but the autumn tried him sorely; still his spirits did not fail; December would soon be here: he would ring in his last New Year, and then his work would be over and he could die in peace.

Comforts were not lacking; the ladies from the Hall (ah, how many generations of squires he could recollect!) kept him well

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supplied with delicacies and port wine for his failing strength, for he was the patriarch of the place, and very proud they were of him too.

But as Christmas time drew near he grew weaker, until at last they feared he would not last till the New Year's Day, and, even if he did, it would be impossible for him to ring his peal. No one had the heart to tell him; it would so dishearten the old man. He kept his bed altogether now.

His granddaughter, another Sarah, and like her granny when a girl, so old Jan said, attended to his wants, and the bed was brought down to the kitchen, where my lady saw him on Christmas morning, when she came to wish him the Season's greetings on her way to church.

"Ay, my lady, and I'm getting better, sure enough—old Jan won't fail 'ee, never fear! I'll be there! I be only a bit worrited with this 'ere dratted cough, which do try a poor body like me."

It became evident, however, that Jan's days were numbered, and day by day the hacking cough wore him out, and he grew weaker and weaker, till, when the last day of the Old Year had dawned, he was in such a stupor that they hardly knew whether he were alive or dead. But as the day wore on he rallied once more, and asked anxiously what day it was, and his granddaughter not thinking replied, it was the last day of the Old Year, and "such a bad day granfer," said she, "snowin' terrible bad."

Now, it had been secretly arranged that young Jim Penwherris, a stalwart village youth who was sweethearting with Jan's granddaughter, was to take his place as head ringer on this night as he had for some months past, and even old Jan admitted that "for a boy he did it tolrabul well."

During the evening Jan had dozed off, and, relying on his sleeping for some hours, Sarah slipped out about half-past nine and went across to see Jim about various matters not altogether connected with bell-ringing, first taking the precaution to move the watch that hung over the mantel-shelf on two hours fast, so that if Jan should wake he would think the hour was already past.

In half-an-hour she was back again, bringing Jim with her, and what was her astonishment and fright to find the bed where she had left her grandfather asleep empty, and the key of the belfry gone from its accustomed hook!

Beside herself with fear, she rushed with Jim towards the church.

What had happened? Hardly had she left the room when old Jan had awakened, and looking at his watch hanging in front of his bed, saw it was a quarter to twelve. Why, a quarter of an hour and the New Year would begin! He must make haste.

A flicker of his old spirit flamed up. He got out of bed; tremblingly he put on his

"Ay, my lady," said old Jan, "and I'm getting better sure enough."

clothes, which they had not thought of removing. Reaching down his key and taking the lantern, off he hobbled towards the church.

The snow made walking difficult, and blew in his face.

Several times he stumbled, almost gave up, then struggled on again.

Where were the others? Why were there no lights? Had they forgotten? Well, old Jan Tresidder would show them; he would be a loyal subject.

Several times he stumbled, and almost gave up, but struggled on.

Such intense determination was in the old fellow he scarcely felt the biting cold of the fierce wind. His purpose possessed him utterly, and like many great men and heroes before him, he lost all touch of temporal and immediate circumstance in a fine and noble desire. Jan Tresidder was merely the old bell-ringer of Trewedna—no great man, no hero — and his desire was neither brilliant nor splendid, merely to honour his Queen and do his duty, but fine and noble, nevertheless.

At last the church was reached, and a respite from the snow, but the cold wind whistled through the belfry and blew his lantern out.

He relit it with difficulty, and dropped down on one of the oak benches. He could hardly breathe. Someone was fastening a chain round his throat; they were putting bands across his chest and holding his hands down. A violent fit of coughing rent him. Ah! that was better now, and he tottered towards the spot where the ropes hung. There was his bell-rope that he had held so many times.

He would ring alone; the others had forgotten, but Jan would ring the New Year in. He would show the folk there was life in the old fellow yet—life and loyalty.

Summoning all his strength, he pulled and pulled again. Out rang the strident notes through the night; louder and louder yet clanged the great bell, smitten by its brazen tongue, drowning the hoots of the frightened owls and the noise of winds and waves. As suddenly as it had started as suddenly it ceased; and, as Sarah and Jim rushed up and reached the belfry, there they found the old ringer lying on the stone floor dead — dead, with a thin red stream running from his mouth, and staining his snow-white beard, his sightless eyes still staring upwards at the swinging bell-rope. And that is why Trewedna rang no merry chimes to welcome in the glad New Year of Jubilee.

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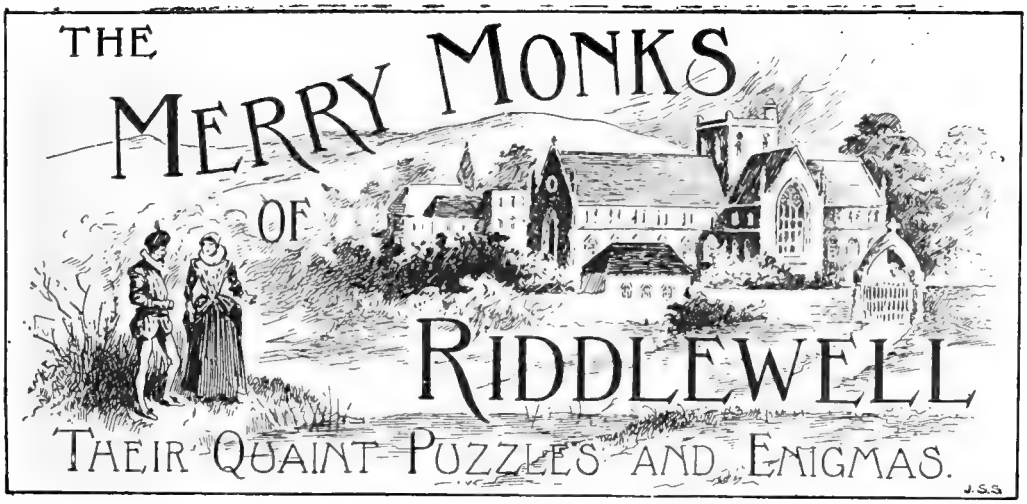

By Henry E. Dudeney.

"Friar Andrew," quoth the Lord Abbot, as he lay a-dying, "methinks I could now rede thee the riddle of riddles—an I had—the time—and—" The good friar put his ear close to the holy Abbot's lips, but alas! they were silenced for ever.

Thus passed away the life of the jovial and greatly beloved Abbot of the old monastery of Riddlewell. His merry doings are recorded in a curious manuscript that came accidentally into my hands a short time ago. The monks of Riddlewell Abbey were noted in their day for the quaint enigmas and puzzles that they were in the habit of propounding. The Abbey was built in the fourteenth century, near a sacred spring known as the Red-hill Well. This became in the vernacular Reddlewell and Riddlewell, and under the Lord Abbot David the monks evidently tried to justify the latter form by the riddles they propounded so well. The solving of puzzles became the favourite recreation, no matter whether they happened to be of a metaphysical, philosophical, mathematical or mechanical kind. It grew into an absorbing passion with them, and, as I have shown above, in the case of the Abbot this passion was strong even in death.

It would seem that the words "puzzle," "problem," "enigma," etc., did not occur in their vocabulary. They were accustomed to call every poser a "riddle," no matter whether it took the form of "Where was Moses when the light went out?" or the Squaring of the Circle. On one of the walls in the refectory were inscribed the words of Samson, "I will now put forth a riddle to you," to remind the brethren of what was expected of them, and the rule was that each monk in turn should propose some riddle daily to the community, the others being always free to cap it with another if disposed to do so. Abbot David was, undoubtedly, the puzzle genius of the monastery, and everybody naturally bowed to his decision. Only a few of the Abbey riddles have been preserved in the manuscript, and I propose to select those that seem most interesting. I shall try to make the conditions of the puzzles perfectly clear, so that the modern reader may fully understand them, and perhaps be amused in trying to find some of the solutions.

THE RIDDLE OF THE FISH-POND.

At the bottom of the Abbey meads was a small fish-pond where the monks used to spend many a contemplative hour with rod and line. One day, when they had had very bad luck and only caught twelve fishes amongst them, Brother Jonathan suddenly declared that as there was no sport that day he would put forth a riddle for their entertainment. He thereupon took twelve fish baskets, and placed them at equal distances round the pond, as shown in our illustration, with one fish in each basket.

"Now, gentle anglers," said he, "rede me this riddle of the Twelve Fishes. Start at any basket you like, and, always going in one direction round the pond, take up one fish, pass it over two other fishes, and place it in

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the next basket. Go on again; take up another single fish, and, having passed that also over two fishes, place it in a basket; and so continue your journey. Six fishes only are to be removed, and when these have been placed, there should be two fishes in each of six baskets, and six baskets empty. Which of you merry wights will do this in such a manner that you shall go round the pond as few times as possible?"

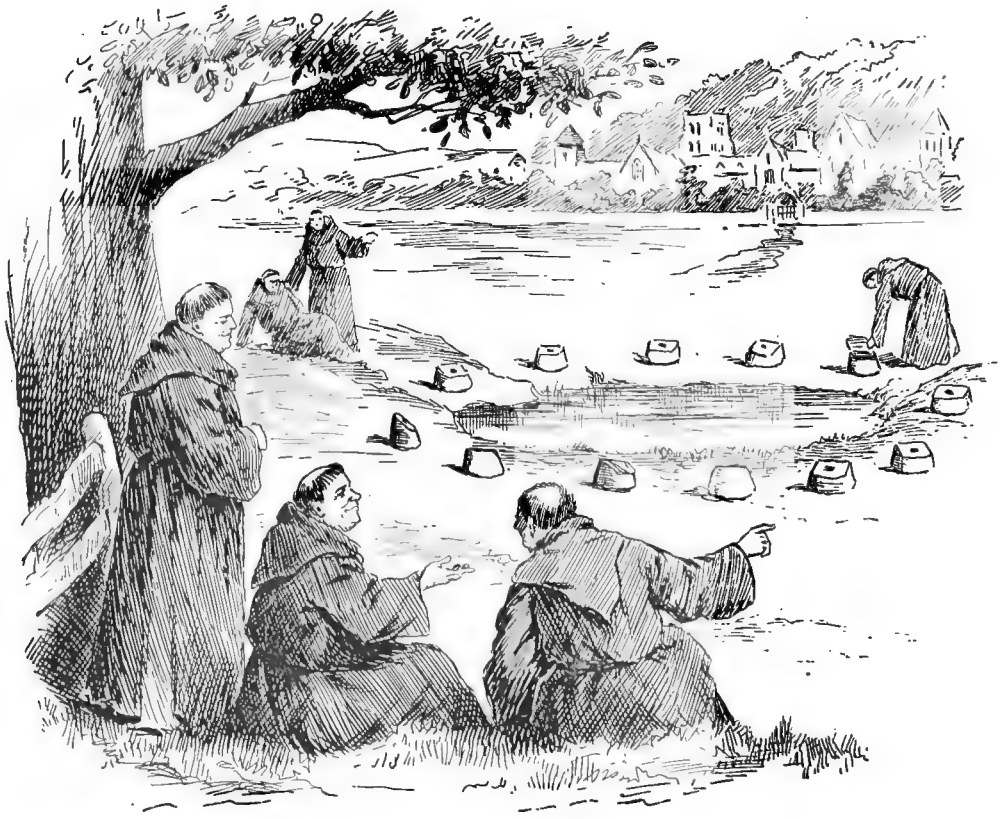
I will explain to the reader that it does not matter whether the two fishes that are passed over are in one or two baskets, nor how many empty baskets you pass. And, as Brother Jonathan said, you must always go in one direction round the pond (without any doubling back) and end at the spot from which you set out.

THE RIDDLE OF THE PILGRIMS.

One day when the monks were seated at their repast, the Abbot announced that a messenger had that morning brought news that a number of pilgrims were on the road and would require their hospitality.

"You will put them," he said, "in the square dormitory that has two floors with eight rooms on each floor. There must be eleven persons sleeping on each side of the building, and twice as many on the upper floor as on the lower floor. Of course every room must be occupied, and you know my rule that not more than three persons may occupy the same room."

I give a plan of the two floors, from which it will be seen that the sixteen rooms are approached by a well staircase in the centre. After the monks had solved this little problem and arranged for the accommodation, the pilgrims arrived, when it was found that they were three more in number than was at first stated. This necessitated a reconsideration of the question, but the wily monks succeeded in getting over the new difficulty again, without breaking the Abbot's rules. The curious point of this puzzle is to discover the total number of pilgrims.



The Riddle of the Twelve Fish Baskets.

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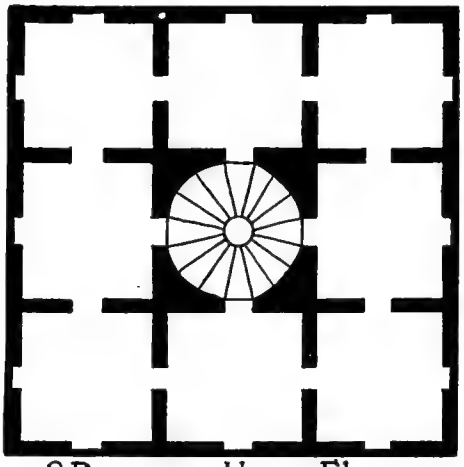
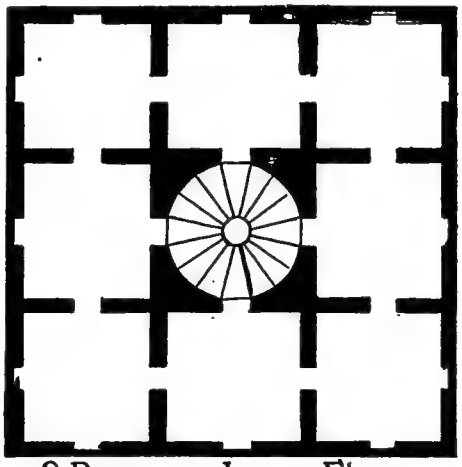
PLAN OF DORMITORY.



8 Rooms on Upper Floor.



8 Rooms on Lower Floor.

Can you solve the Puzzle of the Pilgrims and tell how many slept in the Floors of the Dormitory?

THE RIDDLE OF THE TILED HEARTH.

It seems that it was Friar Andrew who first managed to "rede the riddle of the Tiled Hearth." Yet it was a simple enough little puzzle. The square hearth, where they burnt their Yule logs, and round which they had such merry carousings, was floored with sixteen large ornamental tiles. When these became cracked and burnt with the heat of the great fire, it was decided to put down new tiles, which had to be selected from four different patterns (the Cross, the Fleur-de-lys, the Lion, and the Star), but plain tiles were also available. The Abbot proposed that they should be laid as shown in our sketch, without any plain tiles at all, but Brother Richard broke in—

"I trow, my Lord Abbot, that a riddle is required of me this day. Listen, then, to that which I shall put forth. Let these sixteen tiles be so placed that no tile shall be in line with another of the same design"—(he meant, of course, not in line horizontally, vertically, or diagonally)—"and in such manner that as few plain tiles as possible be required."

When the monks handed in their plans it was found that only Friar Andrew had hit upon the correct answer, even Friar Richard himself being wrong. All had used too many plain tiles.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SACK WINE.

One day, when seated at table, Brother Benjamin was called upon by the Abbot to give the riddle that was that day required of him.

"Forsooth," said he, "I am no good at the making of riddles as thou knowest full well; but I have been teasing my poor brain over a matter that I trust some among you will expound to me, for I cannot rede it myself. It is this. Mark me take a glass of sack from this bottle that contains a pint of wine and pour it into that jug which contains a pint of water. Now, I fill the glass with the mixture from the jug and pour it back into the bottle holding the sack. Pray tell me, have I taken more wine from the bottle than water from the jug? Or have I taken more water from the jug than wine from the bottle?"

I gather that the monks got nearer to a great quarrel over this little poser than had ever happened before. One brother so far forgot himself as to tell his neighbour that "more wine had got into his pate than wit came out of it," while another noisily insisted that it all depended on the size of the glass and the age of the wine. But the Lord Abbot intervened, showed them what a simple question it really was, and restored good feeling all round.

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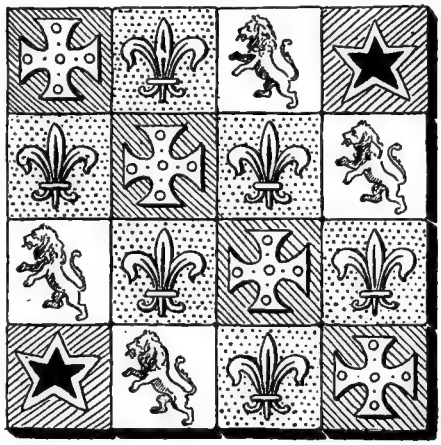
THE RIDDLE OF THE CELLARER.



The Riddle of the Tiled Hearth.

Then Abbot David looked grave and said that this incident brought to his mind the painful fact that John the Cellarer had been caught robbing the cask of best Malvoisie that was reserved for special occasions. He ordered him to be brought in.

"Now, varlet," said the Abbot, as the ruddy-faced Cellarer came before him, "thou knowest that thou wast taken this morning in the act of stealing good wine that was forbidden thee. What hast thou to say for thyself?"

"Prithee, my Lord Abbot, forgive me!" he cried, falling on his knees. "Of a truth, the Evil One did come and tempt me, and the cask was so handy, and the wine was so good withal, and—and I had drunk of it ofttimes without being found out, and—"

"Rascal! that but maketh thy fault the worse! How much wine hast thou taken?"

"Alack-a-day! There were a hundred pints in the cask at the start, and I have taken me a pint every day this month of June—it being to-day the thirtieth thereof — and if my Lord Abbot can tell me to a nicety how much good wine I have taken in all, let him punish me as he will."

"Why, knave, that is thirty pints."

"Nay, nay; for each time I drew a pint out of the cask, I put in a pint of water in its stead!"

It is a curious fact that this is the only riddle in the manuscript that is not accompanied by its solution. Is it possible that it

The Cellarer fell on his Knees, crying: "Prithee, my Lord Abbot, forgive me!"

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"A body of Crusaders went forth to fight," said Sir Ralph de Bohun.

proved too hard a nut for the monks? There is merely the note, "John suffered no punishment for his sad fault."

THE RIDDLE OF THE CRUSADERS.

On another occasion a certain knight, Sir Ralph de Bohun, was a guest of the monks at Riddlewell Abbey. Towards the close of a sumptuous repast he spoke as follows:

"My Lord Abbot, knowing full well that riddles are greatly to thy liking, I will, by your leave, put forth one that was told unto me in foreign lands. A body of Crusaders went forth to fight the good cause, and such was their number that they were able to form themselves into a square. But on the way a stranger took up arms and joined them, and they were then able to form exactly thirteen smaller squares. Pray tell me, merry monks, how many men went forth to battle?"

Abbot David pushed aside his plate of warden pie, and made a few hasty calculations.

"Sir Knight," said he at length, "the riddle is easy to rede. In the first place there were 324 men, who would make a square 18 by 18, and afterwards 325 men would make 13 squares of 25 Crusaders each. But which of you can tell me how many men there would have been if, instead of 13, they had been able to form 113 squares under exactly the like conditions?"

The monks gave up this riddle, but the Abbot shewed them the answer next morning.

THE RIDDLE OF ST. EDMONDSBURY.

"It used to be told at St. Edmondsbury," said Father Peter on one occasion, "that many years ago they were so overrun with mice that the good abbot gave orders that all the cats from the country round should be obtained to exterminate the vermin. A record was kept, and at the end of the year it was found that every cat had killed an equal number of mice, and the total was exactly 999,919 mice. How many cats do you suppose there were?"

"Methinks one cat killed the lot," said Brother Benjamin.

"Out upon thee, brother! I said 'cats.'"

"Well, then," persisted Benjamin, "perchance 999,919 cats each killed one mouse."

"No," replied Father Peter, after the monks' jovial laughter had ended, "I said 'mice,' and all I need add is this—that each cat killed more mice than there were cats. They told me it was merely a question of the division

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of numbers, but I know not the answer to the riddle."

The correct answer is given, but it is not shewn how they arrived at it.

THE RIDDLE OF THE FROGS' RING.

One Christmas the Abbot offered a prize of a large black jack mounted in silver, to be engraved with the name of the monk who should put forth the best new riddle. This tournament of wit was won by Brother Benedict, who, curiously enough, never before or since gave out anything that did not excite the ridicule of his brethren. It was called the "Frogs' Ring."

A ring was made with chalk on the floor of the hall, and divided into thirteen compartments, in which twelve discs of wood (called "frogs") were placed in the order shown in our illustration, one place being left vacant. The numbers 1 to 6 were painted white and the numbers 7 to 12 black. The puzzle was to get all the white numbers where the black ones were and *vice versa*. The white frogs move round in one direction, and the black ones the opposite way. They may move in any order one step at a time, or jumping over one of the opposite colour to the place beyond, just as we play draughts to-day. The only other condition is that when all the frogs have changed sides, the 1 must be where the 12 now is and the 12 in the place now occupied by 1. The puzzle was to perform the feat in as few moves as possible. How many moves are necessary?

These, then, are a few of the ingenious riddles that I deciphered from those old manuscripts. I, with a little thought and trouble, have solved them all, and you will doubtless do the same.

I will conclude this article in the words of the old manuscript, "These be some of the riddles which the Monks of Riddlewell did set forth and expound each to the others in the merry days of the good Abbot David."

(The solutions to the puzzles in the above article will appear in the ROYAL MAGAZINE *next month.)*

A Ring was made with Chalk on the Floor of the Hall.

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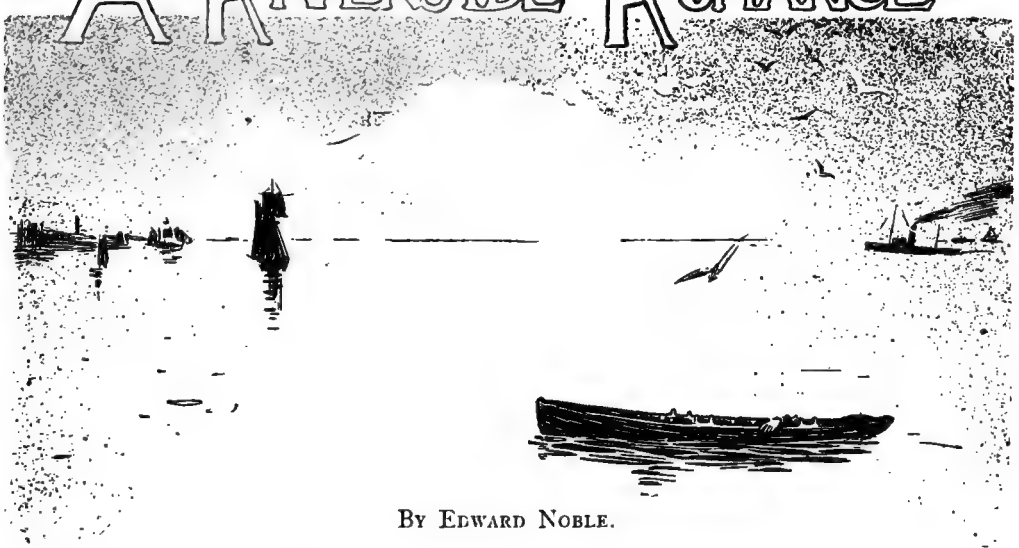
A Riverside Romance



By Edward Noble.

H-o-u-e-f-f! H-o-u-e-f-f!
H-h-o-o! H-h-o-o!

"What on earth," cried my friend, as he started into a sitting posture in the opposite bunk, "is that diabolic noise?"

"Two steamers meeting," I replied, from within my curtains. "A signal to show on which side they intend to pass. Go to sleep, and don't ask questions."

I need not have suggested it, for my friend is the most somnolent man I know; indeed, he was sound long before the swell rolled down from the distant steamer's track, and I had dressed to go on deck.

Last night, when the adverse tide and failing wind had compelled us to anchor, the sky was ablaze with flashing colour. The river ran in streaks of blood, the distant lightship flamed feebly amidst the brooding shadows, and all the puny, far-off ships were silhouetted against the brilliant sun, in sudden dabs of purple colour.

Now all was changed, the night was pitchy black, the river black, the marshes clothed in blackness. A leaden pall obscured the stars from view, scarcely a breath of wind stirred, and the silence was the silence that creeps upon the face of the waters in the stillness of a calm.

Close astern, the Grain Spit beacon blinked eerily out of shadow, lighting the yacht's decks and snowy sails with fitful gleams of flame. Farther afield the Nore swung its heavy glare slowly around the compass. No other spark of light was visible, no shadowy spars or hulls appeared within the scope of our horizon; the lights of the vessels recently passing in the offing, had vanished, and but for the sluggish ripple at the bow, the night was void of sound as well.

I had come on deck to take a look around and grow cool, intending presently to return and try to follow my friend's example, but now all thought of sleep vanished from my mind. I sat quietly huddled in my deck chair, watching the leaping gleams of light, and pondering on the brooding savagery lurking in the still air.

There should have been a watch forward, doubtless there was, but whether he slept or watched I neither knew nor cared. When I came on deck my pipe was alight, but before I had lounged ten minutes it had gone out and I had put it aside. I was engrossed with the curious silence, the solemn darkness, the eerie, scintillating lights; and nothing came to disturb me until a dark shadow floated silently past, and I knew a boat had drawn across the briefly lighted water.

Half-an-hour crept by, then a footstep challenged my attention, and I turned to see the skipper standing in stockinged feet, saluting.

"Well, Tranquil," I said, giving him the soubriquet he loved, "what is it? How comes it you are not in bed?"

"Beg pardon, sir," he replied, in his curious deep voice. "But there's no sleeping to-night for me—I couldn't do it comfortable, knowing what I know."

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I took her for runs about the beach.

"What is it?" I questioned again, for I could see the man was ill at ease, and wished to get to the bottom of a matter at which so far he had only hinted. "You know you can speak without reserve, and if I can help, why—"

"Sir," he broke in, "you're very kind. I'm troubled in my mind, and it's about the little maid."

"Go on," I said, "I understand. That was why you wished to fetch the Lightship before night fell?"

"Aye, sir—that was it. But what can a man do with this calm and sultriness, when he's looking for an anchorage two mile in the eye of the tide. Nothing—only anchor where you are, and keep a look-out for the boat. What boat? Sir, there's a long yarn trailing astern of that question, and maybe presently you'll be wanting to go below."

"No, Tranquil," I returned. "It is too hot to sleep, so cut along, long or short, I am interested."

The skipper remained silent awhile, he stood holding on to the spring backstay, gazing out into the night, and listening intently.

"I think you said her name was Nell," I remarked, noting the pause. "It is a pretty name—the name of a very beautiful woman."

"There's none, sir, like to Nell in my eyes," he returned, as he faced about and met my gaze, "and there never will be. In the days I'm going to speak of, she was just a dark-eyed, golden-haired slip of beauty, whom no man that's worth the name would dream of tying down to married life for maybe half-a-dozen years. Fifteen was her age, sir, and as coaxing and dainty a little woman she was, as here or there a score. I've known her since she were that high," said Tranquil, as he measured a distance of some three feet from the deck, "and ever since she were that high, I've been her playmate, big brother, chum—but nothing more.

"Mother and I lived down here in those days, and Nell was hidden away in a lonesome cottage on the marshes, near the fork of the river facing the Ness. That's where she was brought up and taught to do her duty, to fear God and honour the Queen, that's where she learned to read, and write, and spell, and her mother was her teacher—her only teacher, and the best. Her father is known as "Old Man Jenkin," and is as drunken a skinflint as ever boiled down shells for soup, and skimmed the grease to spread his bread; and when the mother died, Old Man Jenkin sold the home, and came across to the Ness, where he settled down to drink and laziness, as though he had shipped saloon and was bound by mail to the devil. And then it was she came to ask my advice in everything, and from then the trouble grew."

Tranquil paused, and stood staring out into the night, whilst I listened surprised at the intense emotion ringing in his speech.

"Sir," he continued after awhile, "my old mother and me looked after her from that out. It was mother who put her straight when she came past from school, mother who mended her bibs and tuckers, and set her pinafore aflame with ribbons; me who took her for her runs about the beach, taught her how to pull a scull, set a sail, and tell a brig from a schooner; me it was who

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walked her home along the parade, and kept her from noticing the gay soldier sparks that trapse the front on the look-out for pretty hearts to break. Me it was who taught her all she knew of sailor work, and she—sir, she gave me thought for thought, teaching for teaching, and was just my baby sister, a sweet, innocent lassie, fit for all men's love but no one's courting; how should she be, when she's only just fifteen?

"I didn't tumble to how things stood," the skipper continued, with a husky note in his voice, "until one day when I came back from a trip up river and saw her standing all flushed, and pretty as a picture, waiting in the doorway for me to return; and then it came upon me like a flash. The child was a woman grown, a woman to love, a woman to win; and I hung back, half afraid from the greeting she gave me, and my heart leaped at the kisses tingling on my face.

"She noticed the difference, and looked up quick, with a pretty laugh, and said: 'How startled you are, Tom. You musn't be startled, a girl may always kiss her brother. Come, take me for a walk.' Those were her words, sir. I remember them well; I shall never forget them, nor what followed, never!

"So my little maid and I went out, and wandered, as we often did, to the beach, far beyond the fortress, and sat down on an overturned boat to watch the leaping sea. It's quiet down there, and lonely; and we both had something in our hearts to keep us still.

"I mind the night well, it was fair and quiet as a sleeping child; no heavy clouds to smudge the horizon, no smoke or fog banks, only a silver sea rippling down to our feet, bright with the light of the rising moon. A whisper ran up the beach, from where it fell upon the stones, and the song droned in my ears like music from the band. I was happy. Sir, I was happy. Why? Because I saw the love light dancing in Nell's eyes, and thought it spelled love for me.

"Wrong, sir! All wrong and all astray. Men mostly are when they take to guessing the secrets of a woman's heart. I know it now; but then I had only just learned my own heart's secret, and I was prejudiced 'on my own.'

"For a while we sat in silence, Nell picking up little pebbles, and flinging them whilst I watched. I thought she was waiting for me to speak, and I didn't know quite how to tackle it. But I knew I must; so I cast my eyes about, and at that moment the Nore Light swung to face us. I caught at it quick, for it gave me a notion.

"'That's a pretty gleam, Nell,' I said. 'I could almost fancy——'

"'How funny!' she cried, breaking in with a laugh. 'I was just thinking about that light. How bright it shines now, how dark it is when it passes round. How I should love to live out there and see it flashing slowly, slowly, all night long, and to hear the tramp of the watch. Oh, it must be so lonely for the poor watch—nothing but the moaning river, the passing ships, and the distant glimpse of home. I should love to be out there, too. Oh, Tom! I should love to be out there always.'

"'It's a queer freak, Nell,' said I, wondering; 'but don't you set your heart on it. Women aren't allowed on the lightships; it's as impossible as on a man-o'-war.'

"'That is why I mean to go there,' she flashed, saucily.

"'It's more than I can compass, lass,' said I.

"'Ted Brady will manage it,' she answered; then, seeing my look—'Oh, Tom, don't be cross, don't be anxious; I long to go out there; I want to see that ship where——' She paused, and, stooping down, picked up some more pebbles and flung them at random across the beach.

"'Where what?' said I.

"'I think you are horrid!' she cried—I mind her words well, sir—'I think you are horrid!'—that's what she said; then, seeing my look, she tossed aside the stones and put her arms about my neck. 'No, no!' she cried! 'I didn't mean that. I meant, would you be very angry if I—if Ted Brady, for instance, took me out for a trip one day all by himself?'

"'Tell me, Nell,' said I, 'have you been seeing much of Brady?' I don't know, sir, why I asked the question. I only remember a chill had swept across me, just as if a fog was settling over the sea; but there was no fog; the water rippled bravely under the old moon, and Nell's face was very close to mine when I looked up.

"'Would you mind if I had, Tom?' she questioned.

"'Ted's a good lad, Nell. No, I can't say I would mind; he's a good lad.'

"Sir," said Tranquil, as he paused to stare out into the night, "I was giving myself away; but I could say no less, although it was easy to see how the land lay, easy as reading a book; and unless I told a lie, I could say nothing else of my old chum Brady.

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"'Oh! I am so glad,' she cried, 'because now I can tell you quite easily all I wanted to tell you; and it was so difficult to begin, wasn't it?'

"'Yes, Nell,' I made answer, 'the beginning was—what—you might call difficult.'

"'That is my own kind brother now,' she whispered. Then nestling close beside me, she told me all about Ted Brady, how Brady was a hero, the only hero on earth; she didn't say as much, sir, you'll understand, but she just showed her hand clear out in the moonlight, and laughed, and blushed, and coaxed, whilst I sat tight, gripping the boat's chime to keep from dropping a word to spoil it.

"The night was dark, but not like this, sir. There was light enough to see clear out into the depths. Away in the blue distance one could make out the vessels creeping slowly over the tide, outlined with little jets of fire; scarce moving they were, and very tiny on the sea-line, but twinkling like stars on a frosty night.

"I sat on awhile watching them, and wondering at the silence. I sat so long that at last Nell noticed it, and coming more in face of me, looked into my eyes. Hers were dancing, bright with love, and the moon showed me the flush on her cheek, the red of her lips, and the gleam of her white teeth; as I sat on all in the shadow.

"'Turn round, Tom,' she cried at this.' 'No—it isn't fair. I can't see you—turn round and talk—tell me, are you glad? Tom! you are not sorry? Say something—tell me you are—not sorry?'

"But I couldn't speak, sir; not for shekels I couldn't speak. Then Nell caught me by the arm, and holding me back to watch me, said: 'Tom, *you* don't mind—*do* you? Tell me it's nothing—to—you—or—I shall believe I don't know what!'

"She pulled me half round into the light, and then the words came, not the words I wanted, sir. God! they always halt when they are most needed.

"'If you mean, do I love you, Nell,' said I, 'except as a brother should; why, you flatter yourself, my dear. Cling on to Brady, and—I'll see fair play."

The skipper stopped short, and stood gripping the backstay in silence. Far down the reach a steamer was speaking Southend Pier. A group of coloured lights blazed in a triangle, and a glittering shower of fire balls, cleft the darkness, from her signal rocket.

"You'll easily see, sir," Tranquil went on quietly when the flash had disappeared, "my chance after that was gone. My little maid believed me—as she should—for why should I spoil her life for the sake of my desire?"

Again his voice broke, he paused in his speech abruptly, and taking a few hurried turns about the deck, returned, and stood before me with the air of a man who had made up his mind, and commenced anew.

"For a while, sir," he went on, his words falling with a singular rythmic cadence amidst the rippling river music alongside. "For a while it was difficult to go steady, but I held on for Nell's sake. I held on till she seemed quiet and easy, and then I took a berth in Colonel Villier's yacht, the Sunflower, and came round to Cowes for the season. I thought I wasn t wanted. I thought it best to stay away and forget, but I'd better have lost my right arm and leg than let what followed grow, for if my little maid could never be my wife, she was still my sister by our compact, and I should have stayed to see it through.

"That year, sir, as you may remember, the summer fell fine, and the colonel, after the Island racing was done, took a cruise West. We entered for no more matches, but just pottered about the coast, dropping in at Guernsey, Jersey, St. Malo, Brest; sometimes staying a week in a place, sometimes only a day, then moving on. So it fell that the letters that were sent after me never fetched, and I had no news until late in the autumn, when we happened to put into Plymouth on a run from the Scilly's to the Wight. And here I went ashore for the Colonel's letters, and whilst I was about it, asked if by chance there were any for me.

"Two were handed across the counter, one two months old, another three weeks. They were marked to await, and they had awaited.

"The first was from mother, telling me how Old Man Jenkin had come to hear of Nell's sweethearting, and had stopped it by taking her away to Rochester, where they were living in Crump's house, and enclosing a letter from the little maid herself, begging me to come to help her.

"The second was from Nell also, saying that Brady had taken the huff at something Old Man Jenkin had said, and asking why I had not answered her earlier letters.

"Letters! God forgive me, I had done my best to keep clear of letters. I wanted to forget, and forgot that the little lass might be praying for help from the only man who could give it. A miserable business, sir—selfishness, pure selfishness, and a touch of

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jealousy thrown in. I'd kept away, and this was the result.

"But I waited no longer. I saw the Colonel on my return, handed him my papers, and asked for my discharge. This he gave me, like the kind master he always was, with a £5 note to cover my expenses over and above my pay; so in fifteen hours from then I was back again at the Ness.

"All too late, sir! All too late! The little maid was married tight and fast, married to the pimp who had bought her, body and soul, from Old Man Jenkin, for the price of his rum and keep to the end of his days. Crump is her name now, Nell Crump, and her husband is the biggest villain on all the river front.

"A marine store dealer, they call him, with a surfeit of money and two or three shops. One at Rochester, one in Bluetown, one at Chatham. He spends his nights rollicking at one or the other of his houses, and his days in grabbing from the needy. Old Man Jenkin lives with him now, and word is going the rounds that Crump is tired of keeping him in his weekly allowance now he has the girl, and is plying him with double goes of rum to hurry him off.

"That's as may be. I went down to see Old Man Jenkin one day, but he was dead drunk, I could get no sense out of him. I tried to see Nell, but Nell was away, kept away on purpose. Oh! What could I do? Nothing! only watch and wait, and plan to get the chance of seeing her somewhen.

"I watched, and planned, and waited, for maybe six months; then, one day I met Nell by chance, and I could scarcely look her in the face for tears. My little Nell! My little maid that was, a twelvemonth ago, and now—!"

The skipper paused, and took a dozen rapid turns about the deck, whilst I sat on, staring into the darkness. The night was silent as the grave, silent, and wholly void of movement. Only the distant Nore threw its searching glare around the horizon, and the blinking beacon on the Grain Spit lighted the decks with recurrent flashes. Nothing else moved or stirred, the silence was intense.

"My little maid was tall, and pale, and quiet now," Tranquil resumed in steadier tones, as he halted once more before me. "Dressed all in black she was, with a dainty bit of white about her throat, for the child had come—and gone. Yes, sir, I thank God for that. It was gone. She asked me hurriedly why I had not answered, or come to see her when she sent. I told her I did not know she wanted me; and then she cried a little, and asked me if ever I saw Ted Brady, and I told her I had seen him, and come nearer to killing a man dead than ever I hoped to again. Then, clinging to my

I stood so long that Nell noticed it and looked into my eyes.

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arm, she told me what Brady had never whispered—that her father, having arranged with Crump to sell her, had driven her lover away with lies that smudged her name, and mine; and so, left by herself with no help, living in the house of the man who is her husband, she was compelled to marry him, or worse would have fallen.

"Was she happy? Sir, she looked me in the face and laughed. A pretty smile it was, but all aside the mark—meant as a blind to hide the truth. Eigh! if I had known then what I know now; if when God put it into my heart to ask for letters in Plymouth, he had put it into my little maid's heart to tell me what stood in the path beside her, day and night, night and day, week in, week out, I would have saved her then. I would have taken her out of it, let forty Crumps have joined hands to hold her back. But I knew nothing, she told me nothing; I only saw her white, and thin, and smiling, and didn't know enough to guess the rest.

"So months went by; I went jogging about the river, picking up odd jobs, fishing, yachting, but never going far afield in case I might be wanted; until one day I came home and heard that Brady had been ashore on leave, and folks were coupling my little maid's name with his.

"Sir, you can guess how it struck me. I tried to meet him, but he fought shy. I had no chance of seeing either, till Brady was near upon the time when his leave expired! and then, one night, down on the Hard, when I was coming back from my boat, I saw them standing together near the place where the little maid first told me of her love.

"It was a quiet, still night, with the gleam of a young moon lying crescent-ways down in the western shadow. Nell's head was resting on his shoulder when I came upon them, and he was bending over kissing her pretty cheek. They did not see me, or guess the grim pain they put upon me. It was all done in a flash. I saw them, and I hurried down and spoke.

Her husband is the biggest villain on all the river front.

"'For God's sake, Brady,' I cried, 'let the lass go home. Do you want to breed trouble? Do you want to kill the little maid?'

"He looked up quick at the sound of my voice, and drew her to him.

"'What would you have, man?' he shouted angrily. 'She's mine! She was stolen from me by lies—by lies and the devil's cajolerie. Stand back! No man parts us now!'

"'Is that so, Nell?' I asked, turning to her.

"She flung her lover's arms aside, and came towards me holding out her hands.

"'It is so—God forgive me—I love him. He was to have been my husband!'

"'Let me think it out,' I cried, and sat down on the bottom of the upturned boat. But she would not wait.

"'No, no!' she cried 'it is all settled! You must not look so sad—I can't live this life! The man Crump is killing me—he is killing me, as he killed those who have gone before me. I know it! Don't ask me how—I know

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it! And so I have promised to go to my lover. Oh! Tom, my brother, don't look so grave! Don't shake your head! You promised always to guard me, and now I want your help. Look, I am your little sister still —and I want my brother's help.'

"'God rest you, lass!" I said. 'It's that I want to give you—stay still and let me think!'

'So we sat on in the dark, sir, watching the grey sea gleaming under the dying moon; watching the lights as they stole past us in the offing, watching the sail-shadows looming nearer at hand. Vessels passing, every one, vessels passing and leaving no trace, like the souls of men at the end of their time. I was thinking, thinking, and looking for a ray of light. But no answer fell, no gleam of wisdom came to help my sorrow; the moon sailed behind a cloud, nothing was left. I turned to Nell and spoke what came first—

"'Let be a while,' I said, after a pause, 'let all stand, and in a month—two months—maybe something may happen. Crump is old; he may die. A thousand risks stand over him daily—in his launch, in the boat, on the railway, unloading his vans in the stores. Let be; don't give wing to the rumour that hangs about the town. A man like Crump can't live for ever, and you, Nell, are not as yet eighteen.'

"Then my little maid's face sank on her lover's arm. I saw a shiver run through her frame, and I took the hand she held towards me for answer. It was cold, and her pulses beat like the throb of a fluttering sail.

"A month! Two months! Oh! it seemed nothing to my despair. To them it seemed an age, but it was not long enough. It has passed, sir, and still—Crump—lives!"

Tranquil stood before me, strong, earnest, pathetic, his manner quiet, his words ringing with the pathos of his struggle. I could not bring myself to speak. I only waited silently until presently he continued:

"They promised that night, and their promise was kept. Brady and Nell stood apart. But now all is away, nothing binds them, only love. What can a man do? Something, surely, he may try. I, sir, have tried and failed.

"I have tried and failed. I recognise to-night what it truly is. It's failure, spelled all in capitals. How could it be otherwise when God sits still and will not show His hand? Never a gleam of light! Never a vision! No help—only Crump lives; and what is worse, the rumour now has found him, too!

"Brady is on the lightship. His spell of leave is over, and a vessel's decks are lonely quarters for a man in love, whose love is in hourly dread of—God knows what brutality. What can be done to relieve the pain he suffers, waiting for news? Only one thing. Nell must carry the news herself; her love bids her carry it to him. Sir, she has carried it to him many times across the lonely Swatch.

"In fine weather the road is easy for them, who know. A bee line from Garrison Light, I showed her years ago, leads just inside the Spit buoy straight to the Nore. So Nell rows out, and for a space Brady walks his spell under the lamp, with visions dancing in his eyes, for the little maid is safe, and he has held her in his arms.

"Last evening she went out once more. Crump had gone to London, and the night promised to be quiet; but before we sailed from Queenborough I saw him fiddling about his boat down by the pier. What use was he going to make of her? Why had he not gone to London? Sir, has he gone afloat?"

The skipper paused abruptly, and stood looking out into the darkness, whilst I rose from my chair and paced the deck before him, for the grim pathos of his story had stirred me greatly.

"Do you anticipate this man Crump intended following her?" I questioned.

"Sir, there's no saying.

"Work for a divorce, Tranquil." I said. "Come to me in the morning and I will tell you what to do. Rely on me, I will gladly help you."

"You are very kind, sir." he returned. "God willing, I'll be able to bring it about. A divorce is the very word."

The skipper's voice ceased. I waited half in hope of some further explanation, but none came; and when presently I turned to where he had leaned, the place was vacant. The darkness and the eerie flashing lights alone outlived.

When morning broke I was again in my chair. For an hour or so I must have slept, and then sat on in a waking dream watching the failing shadows. It was cooler now. The heavy clouds had vanished, and low in the far north-east, a primrose streak was stealing slow across the sky. A violet shadow still brooded over the seaward reaches. The west was wrapped in darkness, and although night still lay heavy across the distant marshland, the swinging Nore was paling, the flashing Spit no longer leaped out of space filling the air with eerie signals; and the Maplins were glinting yellow in the growing dawn. And with the light, the gulls swept screaming seaward.

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The morning grew golden, luminous runners whipped the sky. A ripple lay on the face of the waters, scattered in twenty wide-spread patches. Groups of dark-sailed vessels marked the horizon, idly as the smoke-cloud drooping in the glint of the sun; then, a dazzling glare spread like a crown over the heavens, as a flaming ball of fire stole from its shimmering bed. The dawn was past, and day had come; and still the gulls flew screaming seaward.

For a while I sat on, dreamily content to watch the glowing sea, listening to the birds, the soft ripple at the bows, and the little thuds and jerks of the impatient rudder; and then, the chorus growing, I looked about until my eye chanced on the stern, and I saw the dinghy no longer floated in its place. The gig lay in the davits as at sundown, but the dinghy surely was missing.

I rose from my chair, and walking aft, looked to see if by any chance the boat had drifted under the counter; but no, it had disappeared. Turning on my heel, I marched forward bent on speaking my mind to the careless watch in the bows, but as I approached he turned round, and I saw he was not sleeping.

"I thought, sir, I heard a shout," he said, and faced about to stare at a blotch of shadow lying beneath the whirl of screaming gulls.

"What is it?" I cried.

"Sir, it looks like a boat—but I don't make out why the gulls are skirling."

I took the glass from him, and stood examining the blotch.

"Call the Cap'n," said I, after a while; "we will go out and see what it is."

"Sir, the Cap'n's not aboard, begging your pardin, he went away in the dinghy two hours agone."

"Where did he go?" I cried, angrily, remembering my intense drowsiness.

"He was to have told you, sir," the man replied, "but you were asleep, an' he thought he would be back directly."

"Get someone with you," said I. "We will take the gig, and get away at once."

He rose without a word, called the mate and came on deck; then lowering the boat, we rowed away in the path of the sun; and as we went, the blotch resolved into two blotches two boats — one near, the other farther seaward. And above the distant boat, the gulls swerved, and fought, and screamed unceasingly.

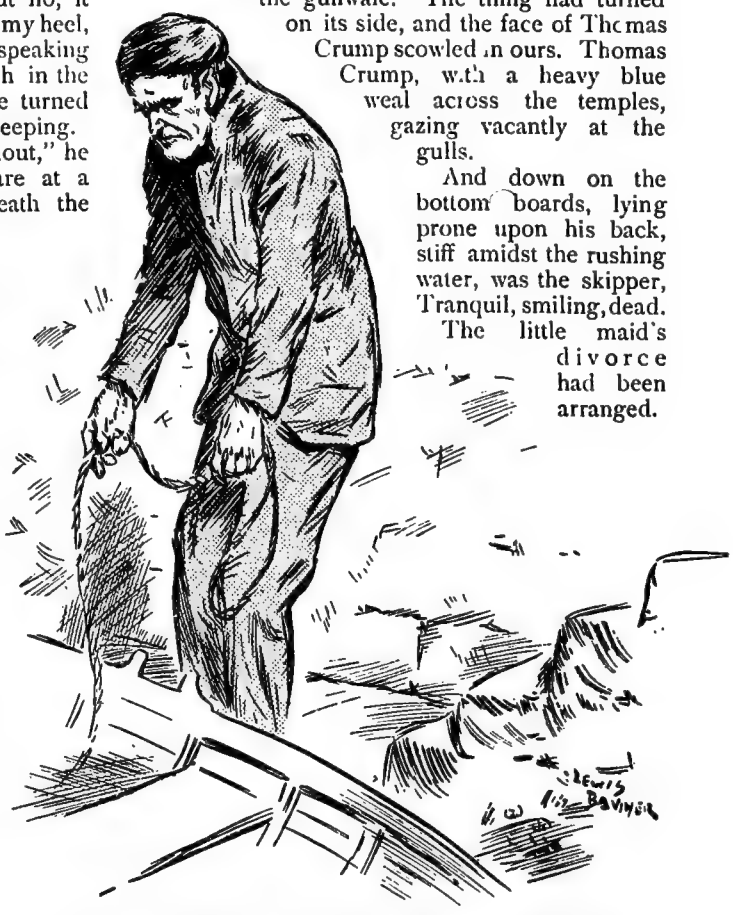
We rowed on and came up with the first. It was the dinghy, her painter trailing deep, oars, rudder, rowlocks, all in their place; but Tranquil was missing.

I turned and looked with new interest at that farther blotch with its attendant flock of whirling gulls, and started rowing quickly, staring into the obscuring sun-glare. Then we came upon the boat, and the gulls swooped wide to avoid us.

A half water-logged wherry lay beside us, cumbered in the stern sheets by a curiously flaccid bundle. The mate leaned forward prodding the bundle with his oar. It lurched heavily sideways, and fell with a splash across the gunwale. The thing had turned on its side, and the face of Thomas Crump scowled in ours. Thomas Crump, with a heavy blue weal across the temples, gazing vacantly at the gulls.

And down on the bottom boards, lying prone upon his back, stiff amidst the rushing water, was the skipper, Tranquil, smiling, dead.

The little maid's divorce had been arranged.



I saw him fiddling about his boat down by the pier.

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THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By GEORGE A. BEST.

Illustrated from photographs by Arthur Ullyett, Leigh-on-Sea.

INTRODUCTION.

Leslie Gordon is borne in a balloon to the home of Santa Claus. The Patron Saint of Children tells the story of his life, and then prepares to carry Leslie on his back to the town of living toys.

CHAPTER V.

SANTA CLAUBERG.

WHAT a wonderful journey it was! Gliding slowly at first over the even surface of the snow, Leslie could give vent to the exclamations of delight and wonder which rose to his lips, and Santa Claus was able to answer all the eager questions of his little companion. But as the pace increased, and the pair dashed madly through gloomy forests of pine, over the courses of frozen mountain torrents, and across a huge glacier where the snow rose in steam like clouds as the shoes of Santa Claus flew over its glittering surface, it was impossible to carry on any kind of conversation. The keen mountain air nearly took Leslie's breath away as it sped shrieking and roaring by; and his eyes gradually closed more and more as the drifting snow covered his face and hair with a thin white powder.

Opening his eyes by a great effort, Leslie beheld a most beautiful valley nestling at the foot of the mountain, now scarcely half-a-mile distant. At the same moment the air grew quite warm and balmy, and the breeze was laden with the sweet scent of flower and blossom. The bewildered little rider now noticed that the snow-line on the mountain side was left far behind, and that the wonderful shoes of Santa Claus were gliding, with a soft, murmuring sound, over a long slide, or track, composed of boards of polished pine, which extended right from the snow line to the streets and roadways of the toy city itself.

Even now they were sliding, at a greatly diminished speed, past the detached toy villas which formed the suburbs of Santa Clauberg. There were sweet little dolls' houses, newly built amidst shrubberies of primroses; larger and older mansions almost hidden amongst forests of fragrant wall-flowers; tiny cottages scarcely larger than a mouse-trap, bounded by neatly trimmed hedges of box plant; and a thatched farm surrounded by haystacks which Leslie could easily have carried in the palm of his hand. And the farmer with his wife and daughters (all well-dressed and intelligent-looking dolls) ran eagerly to the garden gate to see Santa Claus and Leslie pass by; while the toy cows and sheep which were grazing peacefully in a two-foot meadow adjoining the farm bleated and lowed in the most natural manner possible.

A party of gentlemen dolls, drinking cowslip wine at the door of a roadside inn, waved their hats and cheered lustily; and a number of toy cyclists who had been racing towards Santa Clauberg jumped off their bicycles to bow low in the roadway before their King and his honoured guest.

And now the dusty highway was hidden for a second beneath an arcade of thistles which bounded it on either side and met overhead, and when the road again appeared in view it was crowded with all kinds of traffic, and enclosed by a long double row of shops. Smartly dressed dolls walked on the footpath; toy hansoms, drawn by beautiful metal horses, ran to and fro; and a large number of tin omnibuses of different colours were rumbling heavily towards the town,

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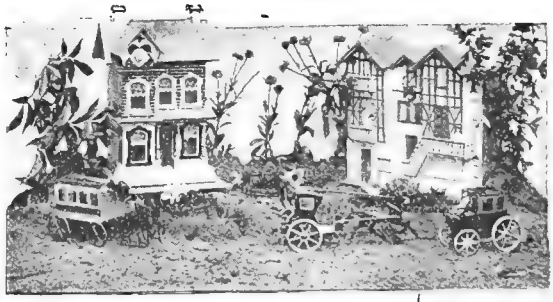


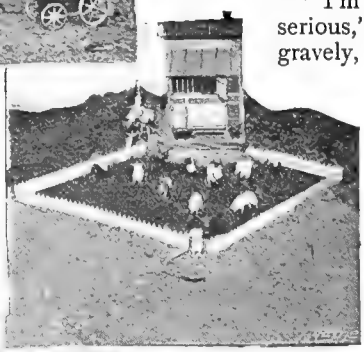
Some fine houses in Santa Clauberg.

accompanied by a few clockwork motor cars, a yellow brake full of china dolls, and a water-cart.

Santa Claus and Leslie were travelling so slowly at this time that a clockwork train, running on a railway embankment close to the pine-wood slide, easily kept pace with them, and the driver and his mate were so delighted when their engine actually gained on the visitors that they ran past a danger signal, and crashed into the rear of a long luggage-train heavily laden with coal, which was travelling in the same direction.

A party of gentlemen dolls drinking cowslip wine.

"What a splendid accident, Santa Claus!" shouted Leslie, forgetting that, unlike the collisions which had been purposely brought about in his nursery at home from time to time, this train was full of live dolls. "The carriages are all piled one on top of the other, the engine is upside down, with its wheels spinning in the air, and the guard's van is half way through the next carriage. Isn't it beautiful!"



The toy cows and sheep were grazing peacefully in a two-foot meadow.

"I'm afraid it is very serious," said Santa Claus gravely, as he came to a standstill and lifted Leslie off his back. "That train was a china dolls' excursion, and there must have been at least twelve of the poor creatures in each compartment. They had been for a two days' picnic to the thistle woods, and were returning by special train."

"Their broken arms and legs can be easily mended with white of egg, if you can find all the pieces," said Leslie unsympathetically, "I suppose there are doll doctors in the town of toys?"

"Quite a number of them," replied Santa Claus. "In that big house which stands in the poppy forest there lives a white-of-egg surgeon who has a very large practice amongst the china dolls of the neighbourhood. His name is Doctor Bantam Dorking, and he is very clever and rich, doing his daily round in a handsome carriage, and employing seven assistants. Then there is Doctor Ink Eraser—a famous physician who attends only

A terrible accident to the china dolls' excursion train.

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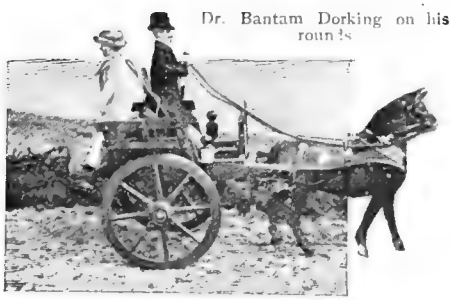


Dr. Bantam Dorking on his rounds

to the india-rubber inhabitants of Santa Clauberg, and is the chief surgeon to the Royal Gutta-Percha Hospital, one of the finest buildings in the town. But the hardest worked doctors in the neighbourhood are Messrs. Vesta and Candles, the clever specialists in wax and sawdust, and Dr. Army Surgeon Solder, who has made a lifelong study of the constitutions of lead soldiers and metal dolls."

"I should like to catch Dr. Solder and carry him home to grandma," said Leslie thoughtfully.

"Why would you wish to do that?" asked Santa Claus, as he led Leslie towards a grassy mound, which commanded a splendid view of the toy city.

"Because dada says that grandma has an iron constitution," explained Leslie. "But she suffers dreadfully from bronchitis, and makes a noise like baby's rattle every time she breathes. Iron constitutions are awfully noisy in foggy weather."

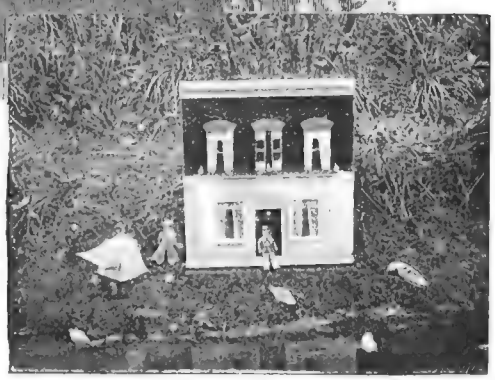
The mound on which Leslie and his companion were standing is known as the "Mountain of Mirth." It is scarcely ten feet higher than the city itself, yet from the summit a glorious view is obtained of the whole of Santa Clauberg. At the foot of the hill runs the River of Many Carols, which is alive with toy yachts, launches, and rowing boats of all sizes and shapes. The wealthier dolls possess beautiful sailing-craft and clockwork launches, which are wound up from time to time in the various winding docks constructed at intervals along the banks of the river. But upon that part of the stream, which wends its way through the poorer portions of the city, the boats are of a much cheaper and less imposing kind, and it is no uncommon sight to behold a happy party of dolls afloat in a rusty can or broken bottle, or drifting sideways down stream in a leaky starch box, propelled by a queer looking sail of elderberry leaves.

And the stately ironclads of the Santa Clauberg navy, varying in length from nine to eighteen inches, and accompanied by three-ounce torpedo boats, occasionally pass down the river on their way to the Sea of Health, making great waves which are often fatal to the mustard-tin craft, and have sent the occupants of many an unseaworthy starch-box down to a watery grave.

On both sides of this interesting stream, the doll merchants of Santa Clauberg have built for themselves the most charming river-side villas, the grassy lawns of which, sloping right down to the water's edge, are enclosed by lovely shrubberies of violets, and plantations of sweet peas. And on the gradually rising ground behind this first row of villas, the main streets of the town stand out boldly

The wealthier dolls possess beautiful yachts and launches.

Here is an ironclad of the Santa Clauberg navy.



A charming house by the riverside.

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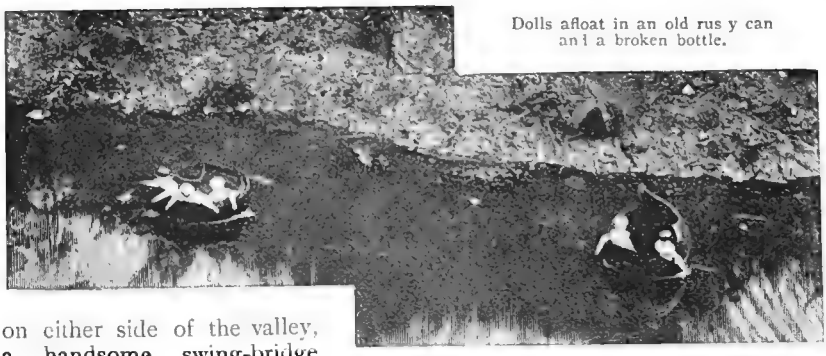
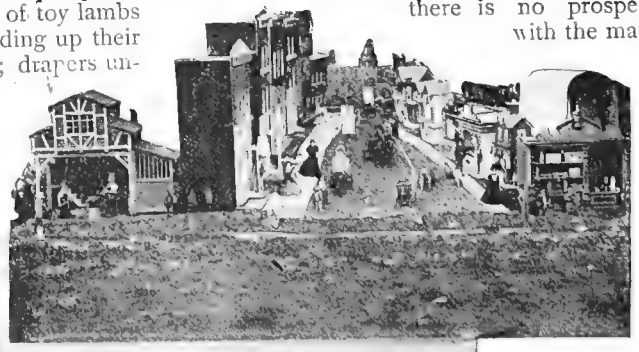


Dolls afloat in an old rus y can an l a broken bottle.

on either side of the valley, a handsome swing-bridge being built across the river to connect the North and South portions.

The streets, which are simply teeming with all manner of tin and wooden vehicles, contain many handsome shops. There are butchers presiding over neatly shaped joints cut from the legs and shoulders of toy lambs and oxen; bakers loading up their carts with tiny loaves; drapers unrolling beautiful dress material at four-and-elevenpence three-farthings per inch (double width) before



This represents a busy scene in one of Santa Clauberg's market streets.

The streets contain many handsome shops.

the critical eyes of lady customers; tailors busily measuring indiarubber gentlemen for five-guinea suits which could be easily packed away in a match box; hairdressers trimming the straw-coloured tresses of waxen beauties; publicans serving thirsty customers with far more honeysuckle beer and cowslip wine than is good for them; and confectioners' stores filled with baby dolls who are eating penny ices out of split glass beads, and drinking nettle beer from beautifully polished tankards of nutshell.

And beyond the long rows of shops there are the handsome offices of the *Dolly's News*, the *Santa Clauberg Times*, and the *Daily Mail-Cart*, all newspapers which are to be found in every doll's house in the city, and are only guilty of telling fibs during the silly season when news is scarce and there is no prospect of war with the mannikins.

Towards the west end of the town one may find quite a number of toy theatres, in which doll actresses perform nightly to large audiences. These buildings are lighted

Sandwich-men dolls walk up and down the main road.

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entirely by hundreds of glow worms, each imprisoned in a glass globe. Theatres illuminated in this way are beautifully cool, even on the warmest nights, when waxen beauties would find a greater heat decidedly bad for their complexions. In the streets near to these places of amusement a number of poorly dressed dolls are engaged to walk to and fro in the crowded roadways, each doll imprisoned between a pair of boards, which are strapped across his shoulders, and bears the name of the latest play in large letters.

"I should like to see a doll's play, Santa Claus," said Leslie, as he peered eagerly at these poor, hard-working little creatures, who were moving in a long line up the main street. "Which are the favourite plays?"

"'The Death of Poor Cock Robin' is very popular just now," replied Santa Claus. "It is a tragedy in four acts, and is much appreciated by dolls, who like to go to the theatre on purpose to indulge in a good cry. And a powerful detective play entitled:—'Old Mother Hubbard, or the Mystery of the Lost Bone,' is drawing large audiences to the Strawmarket Theatre."

"I don't think I should like to see 'Cock Robin,'" said Leslie thoughtfully. "What is the use of spending your money on things which make you cry and feel miserable?"

"No use at all, Leslie," replied Santa Claus, "But there are many real people in

Gentlemen dolls shooting butterflies.

A cock fight in old Santa Clauberg.

London, and other large towns, who act in the same foolish manner, so we must not judge our sentimental dolls too harshly. And, after all, the Laughter Theatre where one can see a clever comedy entitled 'the Elopement of the Dish and Spoon' is more crowded than any other place of amusement in Santa Clauberg at the present time."

"How tired and shabby those poor little things look!" remarked Leslie, pointing again to the india-rubber men with the advertising boards. "They seem to be quite out of place amongst the crowd of beautifully dressed dolls. Where do they come from?"

"From the East-end of Santa Clauberg," replied Santa Claus gravely. "The shabby and grimy East end where the poor live, and where the factories and shipbuilding yards are to be found. All the doll's houses in that neighbourhood are small and mean, and shockingly overcrowded; the streets are narrow and dirty; and even the River of Carols is muddy and unclean in that quarter. There you will find the great engine works and mills where all the real Santa Clauberg toys are made, and streets of tiny cottages and model

The vulgar performance of a blue monkey on a yellow stick.

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dwellings, peopled by an industrious class of dolls who work from morning to night while their neighbours in the West-end spend their time in boating on the river, theatre going, or shooting bees and butterflies on the outlying moorlands.

"What a shame," cried Leslie, stamping his foot angrily. "What is the use of giving life to dolls who are unable to do anything but wear fine clothes, ride on toy bicycles, and kill butterflies just for the fun of the thing?"

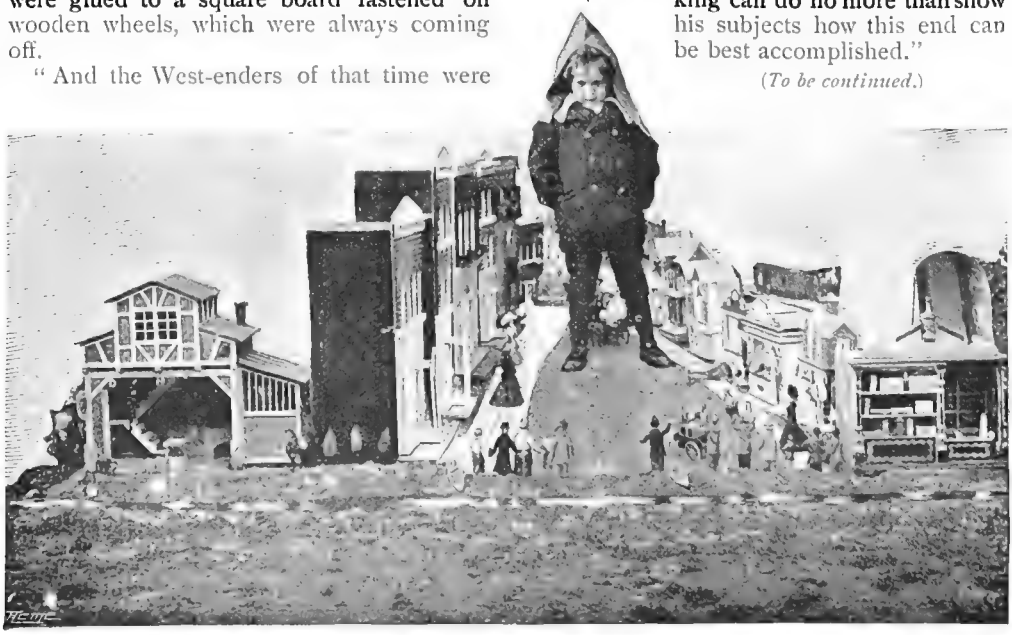
"What is the use of giving life to real people for the same purpose, little man?" asked Santa Claus gently. "It was not I who first called this wonderful little city into existence. When, at the will of the Four Winds, I was appointed Emperor of Santa Clauberg and King of Winter, the same state of things existed here, but in a worse form. In the early days of my reign, the poorer people of this town were little better than savages and slaves. They were simply naked Dutch dolls, with badly painted faces and stiff knee-joints, which creaked loudly as they walked. The dolls' houses were nothing more than wooden boxes fitted with shelves and furnished with chairs and tables made from matches; the boats were merely blocks of wood hollowed out by fire, and there were no clockwork trains in those days. Even the horses were clumsy-looking animals, which could not move their legs because they were glued to a square board fastened on wooden wheels, which were always coming off.

"And the West-enders of that time were haughty rag dolls, wearing nothing but a gaudy muslin dress which could never be taken off, or trousers which were glued on to badly shaped legs, ornamented by a pair of painted boots. And having no guns, or decent boats or bicycles, the gentlemen of the period were wont to spend their time in fighting amongst themselves with finely sharpened lead pencils, while their neighbours in the East kept a large number of plaster-of-Paris cocks, which were forced to peck and spur each other to death at the will of their cruel masters.

"And the only amusements provided were the vulgar performances of blue monkeys on yellow sticks, or gallanty shows which were nothing more than the shadows of doll tumblers thrown upon an illuminated tissue-paper screen.

"But as the years rolled by I taught my little people to dress better, to improve their houses, to make toys which were more like the real things they were intended to represent, and to imitate, as closely as possible, the many improvements and inventions which were being daily made in the great world outside. And that is why the toys you receive from me at Christmas time are so much better than those which delighted the eyes of your father and mother when *they* were children, Leslie," concluded Santa Claus. "It is for the people themselves to improve their condition, and the wisest emperor or king can do no more than show his subjects how this end can be best accomplished."

(To be continued.)



Leslie Gordon visits the town of toys.

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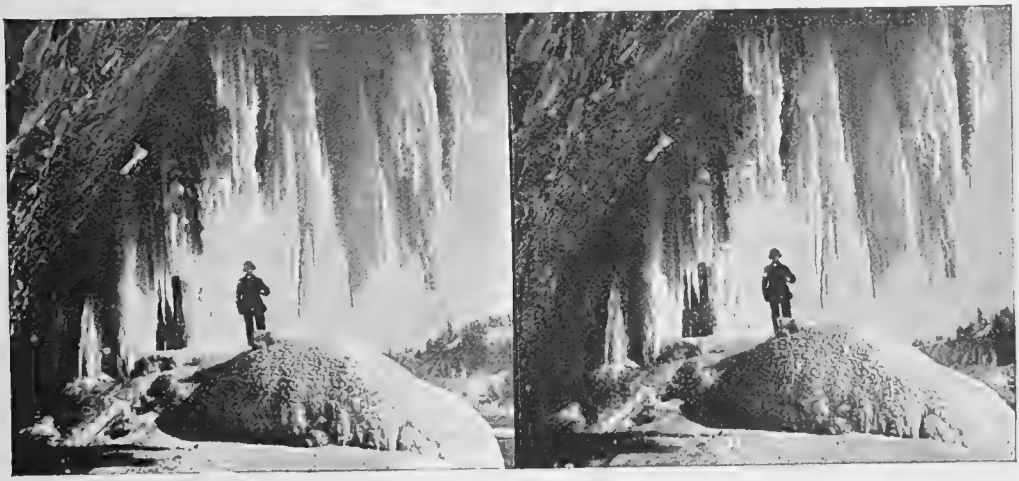
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.

The Country of Santa Claus.



Beneath Niagara Falls in Winter.

An Ice-bound Cottage.

To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., at* 2s., *post free.*

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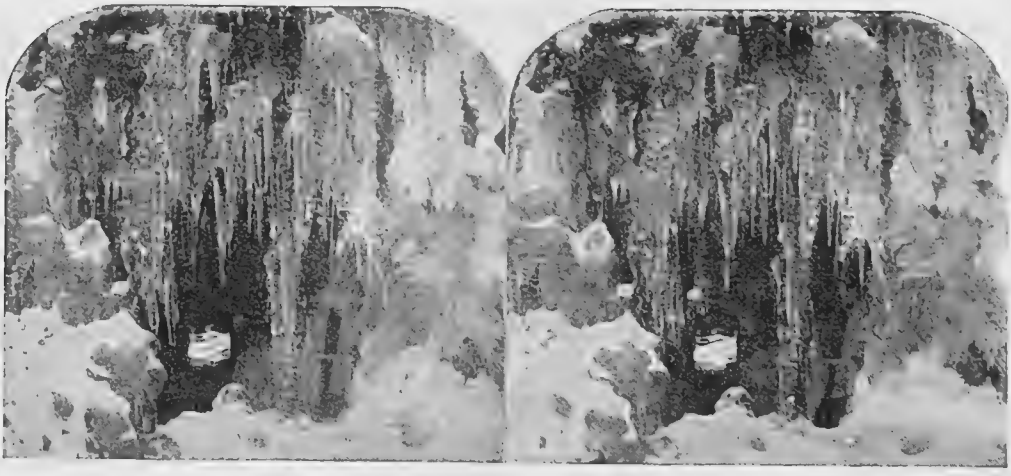
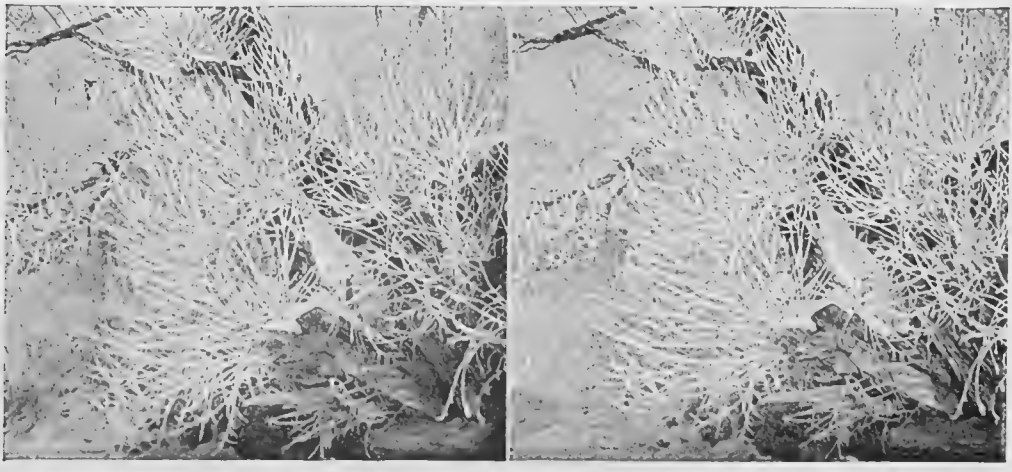


Will you take something?



Trees after a Severe Frost.

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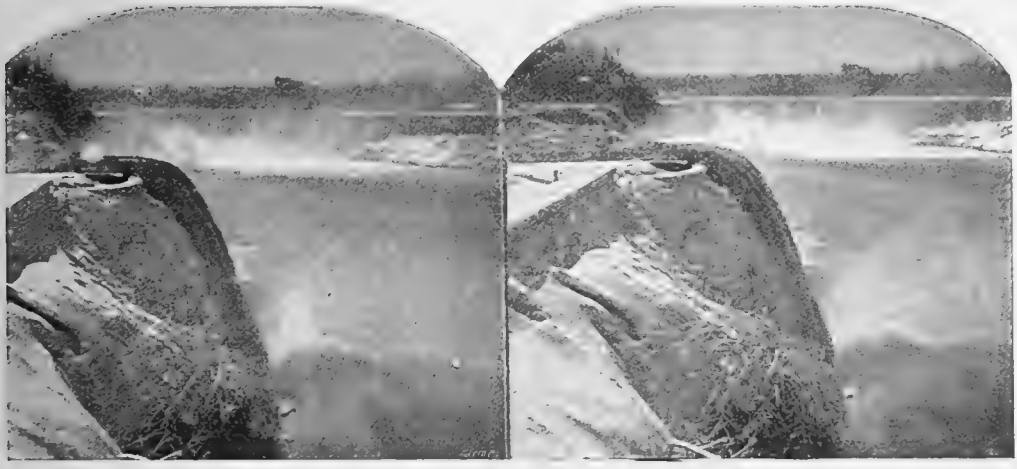
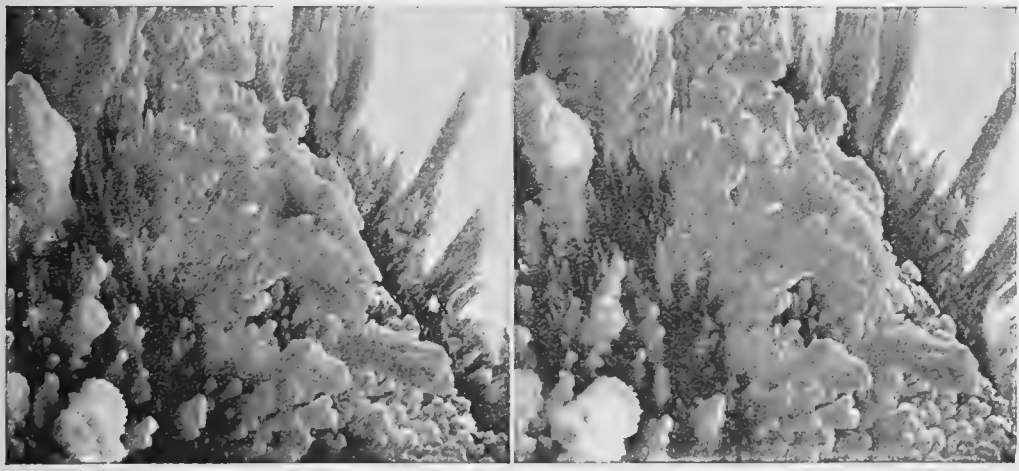


Niagara Falls in Winter—from above



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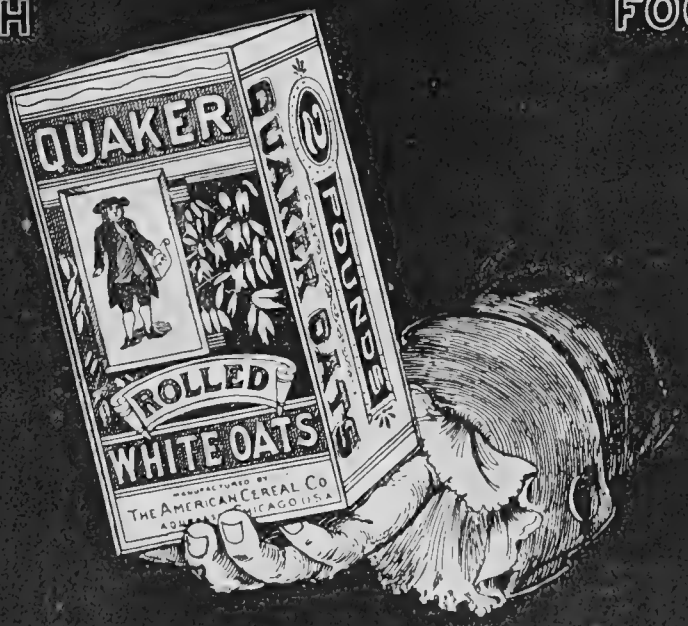

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The first and second are now subjects of ordinary knowledge and experience, but the development and extent of the third have not popularly, or indeed even professionally, been yet fully appraised. The general practitioner of a generation ago, who killed or cured with an innocuous mixture "to be well shaken before taken," is now practically extinct as far as the graver organic diseases are concerned. He has been succeeded by the specialist, who does not profess a profound knowledge of the entire human organism, but who has concentrated his energy and ability and centred his investigations on one particular organ, or on an intimately associated organic group, and it is thus that diseases which had hitherto been considered to be incurable, especially after the chronic stage had been passed, can now be quickly cured by specialised treatment.

No one at the present day, either in the scientific world or among the public at large, can be ignorant of the remarkable results attained by the Drouet system of treatment for deafness. Let us briefly remind your readers that this treatment is based upon the external application of a specific medicine, which acts, by gradual impregnation, on the mid-ear—that portion of the organs of hearing which contains the delicate agencies most needful for the due working of the whole. The application of this specific is perfected in action by the aid of treatment varying in each case, for it must not be forgotten that deafness is brought about by an endless number of causes, which often lead to the extension of the local treatment to neighbouring organs, as the nose, the pharynx, and the larynx—and which also frequently give reason for the use of internal treatment, when the auricular ailment is caused or is aggravated by a constitutional tendency or by any other general disorder.

The sphere of action for the aural practitioner, extends, of necessity, not only to diseases of the ears, but also to those of the neighbouring organs, and it can be no matter for surprise that the Drouet Institute, having obtained so complete a success in treating affections of hearing, is also fortunate in dealing with the maladies of the nose, the throat, and the larynx.

There is a general concensus of opinion that ear disease, when attended by discharge, is the most frequent cause of cerebral abscess. In the synoptical record of seventy-six cases, given by Sir William Gull and Dr. Sutton, in their article on "Abscess of the Brain," published in 1872, twenty-seven cases, or rather more than one-third, were due to ear disease. In Virchow's Archives for 1856 the proportion given in eighty cases of cerebral abscess is one in four.

Again, such forms of ear diseases may cause exceedingly serious complications, such as decay of the interior bones of the ear, facial paralysis, meningitis, and even embolism. Now, when we remember that 35 persons on an average, out of 100 suffering from ear diseases, are also attacked with discharges, can it be said that these affections are only an inoffensive infirmity more inconvenient than dangerous? And what shall we think of the physician who advises a patient to "leave the discharge alone," as, unfortunately, is still too often the case? Are not the worst forms of ear diseases met with in patients whose ears discharged in childhood, and were not then properly attended to? Another widespread belief is that when the drums are perforated no cure is possible. This is entirely wrong, and, unlikely as it may seem, we may add that "the larger the perforation the easier the cure will be effected." (Vide Dr. M. Gelle's Precis des Maladies de l'Oreille.)

Below we give some instances of such cases, which have been radically cured:—

Mr. Peter Bartley, 41, of Coneston, Dunshaughlin, County Meath, who had suffered from discharge from the ears for many years, the tympana being also perforated, while deafness and noises in the ears existed in a marked degree, nineteen days after commencing treatment reports progress as follows:—

> "The noises in the ears have completely disappeared, and the discharge from the ears has stopped. My throat is entirely cured. I can hear my watch tick at arm's length."

Chronic catarrh or chronic inflammation of the middle ear is the affection more commonly met with. It is painless and causes deafness more or less pronounced, and also continuous or intermittent noises in the ears. Below we give the text of several letters from patients who have been completely cured of that complaint:—

"Swona.

> "I return my heartfelt thanks for the great benefit your treatment has done me. I believe myself perfectly cured. I will gladly recommend any of my friends who are afflicted in the same way to your Institute.
>
> "JEMIMA CROMARTHY."

This patient, who is 20 years old, had been affected for twelve years.

"43, Portland Road, Hove.

> "Am thankful to write my hearing has quite returned, and am rejoiced at it. . . . It has been a quick and wonderful cure. You can insert in your paper my letter.
>
> "SUSANNAH BOYS."

In this case the cure was indeed extraordinarily rapid, it having been effected in exactly twelve days.

Mrs. R. B., a widow, of Tinaker Street, Southport, 65 years of age, who had suffered from the same complaint for over thirty years, has sent her photograph to the Drouet Institute, where it can be seen. In the letter accompanying the photo, the lady expresses her gratitude in the following words:—

> "I must say that the Lord has blessed the Drouet treatment for the deaf to my good, for which I am grateful."

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